Milwaukee-Downer College

THE FORUM

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WHEN THE WAR IS OVER[1]

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

I

BEFORE the close of this war, whose days of grief and horror appear to be numbered, let us for the last time weigh in our minds those words of hatred and malediction which it has very often wrung from us!

We have to do with the strangest of enemies. *He has knowingly and deliberately, while in the full possession of his faculties and without necessity or excuse, revived all the crimes which we supposed to be forever buried in the barbarous past.* He has trampled under foot all the precepts which man had so painfully won from the cruel darkness of his beginnings; *he has violated all the laws of justice, humanity, loyalty and honor, from the highest, which are almost godlike, to the simplest, the most elementary, which still belong to the lower worlds.* There is no longer any doubt on this point: it has been proved over and over again until we have attained a final certitude.

But, on the other hand, *it is no less certain that he has displayed virtues which it would be unworthy of us to deny;* for we honor ourselves in recognizing the valor of those whom we are fighting. *He has gone to his death in deep, compact, disciplined masses, with a blind, hopeless, obstinate heroism, of which no such lurid example had ever yet been known* and which has many times compelled our admiration and our pity. *He has known how to sacrifice himself,* with unprecedented and perhaps *unequalled abnegation,* to an idea which we know to be false,

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inhuman and even somewhat mean, but which he believes to be just and lofty; and a sacrifice of this kind, whatever its object, is always the proof of a force which survives those who devote themselves to making it, and must command respect.

I know very well that this heroism is not like the heroism which we love. For us, heroism must before all be voluntary, freed from any constraint, active, ardent, eager and spontaneous; whereas with them it has mingled with it a great deal of servility, passiveness, sadness, gloomy, ignorant, massive submission and rather base fears. It is nevertheless the fact that, in the moment of supreme peril, little remains of all these distinctions and that no force in the world can drive to its death a people which does not bear within itself the strength to confront it.

Our soldiers make no mistake upon this point. Question the men returning from the trenches: *they detest the enemy, they abhor the aggressor,* the unjust and arrogant aggressor, uncouth, too often cruel and treacherous; *but they do not hate the man: they do him justice; they pity him; and,* after the battle, *in the defenceless wounded soldier or disarmed prisoner they recognize,* with astonishment, *a brother* in misfortune who, like themselves, is submitting to duties and laws which, like themselves, he too believes lofty and necessary. Under the insufferable enemy they see an unhappy man who likewise is bearing the burden of life. They forget the things that divide them to recall only those which unite them in a common destiny; and they teach us a great lesson.

Better than ourselves, who are far from danger, at the contact of profound and fearful verities and realities they are already beginning to discern something that we cannot yet perceive; and their obscure instinct is probably anticipating the judgment of history and our own judgment, when we see more clearly. *Let us learn from* them to be just and *to distinguish that which we are bound to despise* and loathe *from that which we may pity, love and respect.*

Setting aside the unpardonable aggression and the inexpiable violation of treaties, *this war,* despite its insanity, *has come near*

to being a bloody but magnificent proof of greatness, heroism and the spirit of sacrifice. Humanity was ready to rise above itself, to surpass all that it had hitherto accomplished. It has surpassed it. Never before had nations been seen capable, for months in succession, perhaps for years, of *renouncing their repose, their security, their wealth, their comfort, all that they possessed and loved, down to their very life in order to accomplish what they believed to be their duty.* Never before had nations been seen that were able as a whole to understand and admit that the happiness of each of those who live in this time of trial is of no consequence compared with the honor of those who live no more or the happiness of those who are not yet alive. *We stand on heights that had not been attained before.* And, if, on the enemies' side, this unexampled renunciation had not been poisoned at its source; if the war which they are waging against us had been as fine, as loyal, as generous, as chivalrous as that which we are waging against them, we may well believe that it would have been the last and that it would have ended, not in battle, but like the awakening from an evil dream, in a noble and fraternal amazement. They have made that impossible; and this, we may be sure, is the disappointment which the future will find it most difficult to forgive them.

What are we to do now? *Must we hate the enemy to the end of time? The burden of hatred is the heaviest that man can bear upon this earth;* and we should faint under the weight of it. On the other hand, we do not wish once more to be the dupes and victims of confidence and love. Here again *our soldiers, in their simplicity,* which is so clear-seeing and so close to the truth, *anticipate the future* and teach us what to admit and what to avoid. We have seen that *they do not hate the man; but they do not trust him at all. They discover the human being in him only when he is unarmed. They know, from bitter experience, that, so long as he possesses weapons, he cannot resist the frenzy of destruction, treachery and slaughter;* and that he does not become kindly until he is rendered powerless.

Is he thus by nature, or has he been perverted by those who lead him? Have the rulers dragged the whole nation after them, or has the whole nation driven its rulers on? Did the

rulers make the nation like unto themselves, or did the nation select and support them because they resembled itself? Did the evil come from above or below, or was it everywhere? Here we have the great and obscure point of this terrible adventure. It is not easy to throw light upon it and still less easy to find excuses for it. If our enemies prove that they were deceived and corrupted by their masters, they prove, at the same time, that they are less intelligent, less firmly attached to justice, honor and humanity than we; in a word, that they are inferior to those whom they claimed the right to enslave in the name of a superiority that did not exist; and, unless they can establish that their errors, perfidies and cruelties are to be imputed only to those masters, then they themselves must bear the pitiless weight. I do not know how they will escape from this predicament, nor what the future will decide, that future which is wiser than the past, even as, in the words of an old Slav proverb, the dawn is wiser than the evening. In the meanwhile, let us copy the prudence of our soldiers, who know what to believe far better than we do.

ABUSING "FREEDOM OF SPEECH"

ROGER B. WOOD
Assistant United States Attorney of New York

[*There have been times in the past year when American citizens have asked themselves how much farther foreign plotters could go in defiance of American Law. Arson, murder, bomb plots, followed in quick succession. The outrages by foreign plotters became a challenge of American sovereignty. Just when the public was exasperated to the limit, two men were brought into international prominence by answering the challenge. They were Snowden Marshall, United States Attorney, and Roger B. Wood, Assistant United States Attorney, for New York. Mr. Marshall's indictment of certain plotters brought about an impeachment by the House upon a resolution offered by an indicted Congressman; and both Mr. Marshall and Mr. Wood have been threatened with political extinction for this defence of American sovereignty and American Law, but the American public recognizes public servants, who serve the public; and the threats up to the present have only secured both federal men in public esteem.*]

A FEW years ago a great many Americans were shocked by the vicious utterances of anarchists delivered on the streets of New York and in halls frequented by agitators. Many of us quietly protested against this sowing of the seeds of discord and open advocacy of disregard for law and order. No steps were taken, however, by the law-making bodies of the State or Nation for the reason, in all probability, that any legislation to curb the anarchists might be regarded as a blow at the "Freedom of Speech."

There were instances a few years ago of insults to "The Flag," but, happily, these were few and far between; and a very efficient sheriff promptly took steps to prevent a repetition of such deplorable conduct.

These speeches were made and the insults offered to "The

Flag," at a time when, broadly speaking, all the Nations of the World were at peace. Their effect at that time could not be properly measured or fully understood; and those who gave thought to the matter did not consider it likely that the seed would bear fruit for many years to come. Many forgot that only a few years ago President McKinley was assassinated by one in whose brain such seed took firm root.

Since then, a great change has come to pass, to the great detriment of all mankind. The nations of Europe are in a life and death struggle. The armies of five of the great nations have been in almost continuous conflict for practically two years. Millions of men have been destroyed, millions of wives and mothers left homeless and penniless. The terrific war goes on and the end is not yet.

This conflict of the nations started when an assassin slew a ruler whose laws he did not like and whose authority he defied. Who can tell when the seeds were sown which led to the assassin's act?

Only a few weeks ago, the Press announced that one Maurer, a so-called labor leader, in a public speech in one of our public schools said, "To hell with the Stars and Stripes." This is only another way of saying, "To hell with the United States, its government and its laws." Let us hope he was misquoted, as he claims! He is further credited with having said: "I have nothing to fight for."

It may be that Maurer is willing to have *others fight to preserve* our institutions and *to protect him* and others of his class in the extraordinary rights and privileges which they enjoy under the protection of the Flag.

In our schools, the children of the land are taught to love their country, to honor its government, obey its laws and respect its Flag. Yet this man, who is anything but an American, in a public school dared to insult every true and loyal American well knowing that there was no law to punish him for his seditious language.

No one knows how many Maurers we may have in our midst; no one can tell how many there are who secretly applauded his treasonable talk. What the effect of such speeches

will be time alone can tell; but ought we not to take some effective measures to put a stop to the free speech of Maurer and others of his stripe? This nation cannot afford to harbor men like Maurer; and it is high time to tell them so in no uncertain tones.

I think a way may be found to deal with this situation; but what shall we do with representatives in Congress who publicly traduce the President of the United States? A few short weeks ago, when the nation was on the threshold of war with Germany and after Mr. Wilson had informed Congress of the action he proposed to take, the minority leader was reported as saying:

> "I think this government should be neutral. The President never has been neutral. He has been on the English side all the time. What he said about Germany, while it is grossly exaggerated, is a just complaint. But he could say just the same about England and our shipping, substitute 'seizing ships' for 'sinking ships.' It is a mistake to break off diplomatic relations with Germany. That is simply to quit in a pet. It is perfectly evident that the President, as a campaign political dodge, is trying to work up to a point where he can get into a war with Germany during a Presidential campaign. The truth is the President is a Scotch Presbyterian and he hates 'the Dutch.'"

Is it any wonder the New York *Sun* characterized him as "Jim Mann, the Wasp?" The arm of the law is not long enough to reach any one for such a speech. A Congressman cannot be impeached. The people of his district, however, will surely rise in their might and repudiate him as a warning to others who cherish like sentiments, if not for a stronger reason.

Every fair-minded person believes in fair, honest criticism of the public officers of our government and of our laws. If free speech be confined within its legitimate sphere no one will be heard to complain. Indeed, a useful purpose is served when the individual opinion is fairly and freely expressed upon proper subjects in a proper spirit.

If such utterances as have been attributed to Maurer and to Representative Mann are examples of free speech, then something must be done which will put a stop forever to the expression of sentiments which tend to instil hatred for our form of government and contempt for the President of the United States.

THE NOURISHMENT OF THE PACIFISTS

SAMUEL CROWTHER

Is pacifism endowed? Is it bought and paid for—or are a few ardent enthusiasts giving their heart's blood to the "cause"? These are questions raised by Mr. Crowther, a thoroughly informed New York magazine writer. It is a question that we would like to know about. Mr. Crowther reveals the pacifists as he finds them. In a subsequent number, the Peace Party's point of view will have a hearing in The Forum.

BEING a pacifist is now a business.

The business was founded by Henry Ford last December when he announced that he was willing to devote his whole fortune to "Getting the boys out of the trenches by Christmas" and to preventing the proper armament of the United States. When Mr. Ford dangled his millions, the professional iconoclasts and agitators—the anarchists, socialists, single taxers, charity-as-a-business workers, and the whole ragtag, bob-tail crew that circles pariah-like about strikes and social disorders—at once found that they were, ardently, shriekingly, for the cause of peace.

Hundreds of societies formed over night; they represented every possible phase and every possible angle from which preparedness might be opposed. The first act of each of these societies was to write a word of encouragement to Mr. Ford and delicately to hint the appreciation which would follow a substantial subscription. And always from out of Detroit came the promise of golden help; but in very few instances has the help been bankable. While wistfully waiting the checks, the societies have collected enough subscriptions and dues from members to provide satisfactory salaries to various kinds of secretaries, collectors and assistants, to pay liberal "expenses" to speakers and to obtain publicity for the organizers.

The movement against preparedness advertises itself as a poor man's cause.

This "workingman's protest," this "spontaneous uprising

against an attempt to place the iron heel of militarism upon the neck of the already down-trodden" and etc., etc., is spending more money than a very well financed, presidential campaign. They are spending about five times as much as the advocates of preparedness. This poor man's movement has expended about one million dollars since December, 1915, and the expenses are daily increasing!

Rather more than one-half this great sum has been contributed by Henry Ford and almost wholly in enterprises in which the name of Ford is prominently displayed. The other large contributors are the Carnegie Foundation, the Edwin Ginn Estate of Boston, and the United States Post Office. The Post Office involuntarily aids through the wholesale use of the Congressional franking privilege by Representative Tavenner of Illinois, who co-operates with Henry Ford. These are the big money bags of the pacifists; smaller money bags are to be found in every community. The pacifist propaganda lives on the fat pocketbooks; the preparedness campaign lives on the dollar offerings.

A substantial peace movement has existed in this country for many years and has enlisted the best citizenship of the land —for all good citizens are lovers of peace and especially such citizens as have been called upon to serve in actual war.

The oldest two societies are the American Peace Society and the World Peace Foundation. These societies have many pacifists in their membership, and they are both opposed to war, but a considerable number of their leading men are not opposed to a reasonable preparedness against war. Thus they find themselves divided in their councils. For instance, the American Peace Society has ex-Senator Theodore E. Burton as president and William Howard Taft as a vice-president; ranged against these two gentlemen, who are lovers of peace but believe in preparedness, are two vice-presidents who are pillars of pacifism— William Jennings Bryan and Andrew Carnegie.

Among the honorary vice-presidents one finds equally discordant fellows: Dr. Lyman Abbot, the venerable editor of the *Outlook;* Governor McCall of Massachusetts, John Bassett Moore and Dr. Charles F. Thwing, are arrayed against Miss

Jane Addams, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and Dr. David Starr Jordan.

The American Peace Society was founded in 1828 and it is now well organized, with a head office in Washington and field departments in Chicago, Boston, New York, Berkeley, Cal., and Atlanta, Ga. The object of the society is "to promote permanent international peace, to educate and organize public opposition to war as a means of settling international differences and to promote, in every proper way, the general use of conciliation, judicial methods and other peaceful means of avoiding and adjusting such differences." But the policy of this society is, at the present time, not in accordance with its stated object in so far as a very considerable number of its fanatic members are concerned. The ruling policy is absolutely anti-preparedness.

The American Peace Society is now spending about one hundred thousand dollars a year. This is from the home office alone; the expenditures of the affiliated societies will total as much again. Arthur D. Call, the acting secretary and executive director at Washington, receives $8,000 a year. The five department directors together receive $10,000. They are Louis P. Lochner, James R. Tryon, Samuel T. Dutton, Robert C. Root, and James J. Hall. There are thirty-four constituent branch societies and twenty-one sectional societies, while twelve other societies have recently been added and numerous societies are in process of organization. These are supported in part by local contributions but the parent society assists them to the extent of from $10,000 to $12,000 a year. In 1914, which is the year covered by the last available public report, the society maintained nine equipped offices, with twenty-two salaried officers and, out of a total expenditure of $81,830.68, the salary roll was $36,010.42, with travelling expenses of $2,472.63 with an item for extra wages of $2006.80. The principal source of revenue is a subvention from the Carnegie Foundation of $31,000 a year, with various additions thereto from time to time. Out of a total income of $93,852.12, the fees from members amounted to only $14,691.63. This report covers only the money paid from the central organization.

This society publishes a magazine called *The Advocate of*

Peace and maintains a corps of peace lecturers who make their own terms with whosoever desires to hire them. The names of these lecturers are: Mrs. Fannie Fern Andrews, Boston; Rev. A. E. Bartlett, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Charles E. Beals, Worcester, Mass.; Franklin S. Blair, Guilford College, N. C.; Raymond L. Bridgman, Boston; E. Howard Brown, Westfield, Ind.; Arthur Deering Call, Washington, D. C.; W. C. Dennis, Washington, D. C.; Rev. Charles F. Dole, Jamaica Plains, Mass.; Prof. Fred Morrow Fling, Lincoln, Nebr.; Rev. Bradley Gilman, Canton, Mass.; Dr. Thomas Edward Green, Chicago, Ill.; Prof. A. L. Guerard, Houston, Texas; Rev. J. J. Hall, D.D., Atlanta, Ga.; John F. Hanson, Portland, Ore.; Prof. Benjamin H. Hibbard, Ames, Ia.; Prof. George Elliot Howard, Lincoln, Nebr.; Rev. William G. Hubbard, Sandy Lake, Pa.; Seichi E. Ikemoto, Kansas City, Mo.; K. S. Inui, Detroit, Mich.; Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago, Ill.; Louis P. Lochner, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. George L. Mason, Holderness, N. H.; Edwin D. Mead, Boston; Lucia Ames Mead, Boston; Judge William F. Norris, Washington, D. C.; Joseph H. Peele, Guilford College, N. C.; Rev. Arthur S. Phelps, Los Angeles, Cal.; Judge Robert F. Raymond, Newton Centre, Mass.; W. P. Rogers, Cincinnati, O.; George T. Smart, D.D., Newton Highlands, Mass.; Prof. Bromley Smith, Lewisburg, Pa.; Dr. Emanuel Sternheim, Baton Rouge, La.; Dr. Homer B. Sprague, Brighton, Mass.; James L. Tryon, Boston, Mass.; Arthur L. Weatherly, Lincoln, Nebr.

Fees for lecturing form a not inconsiderable part of the income of all of these speakers.

The other large peace corporation is the World Peace Foundation which was established by the late Edwin Ginn of Boston for the purpose of " educating the people of all nations to a full knowledge of the waste and destructiveness of war, its evil effects on present social conditions and on the well being of future generations, and to promote international justice and the brotherhood of man and generally, by every practicable means, to promote peace and good will among all mankind." As in the case of the American Peace Society the trustees are divided between present advocates of preparedness, as Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell

of Harvard, and Hamilton Holt, and advocates of non-preparedness like David Starr Jordan and Samuel T. Dutton.

The World Foundation has devoted a great deal of attention to establishing peace organizations in the colleges, and to distributing books and pamphlets to teachers and clergymen. The headquarters members are Fred B. Foulk, Charles H. Levermore, Denys P. Myers, George W. Nasmyth, composing the general staff; Edward Cummings, the general secretary, Norman Angell, and G. Lowes Dickinson, "peace lecturers." The latter two do more writing than lecturing and are not pacifists in the invidious meaning of the term.

The society has been very active in the way of lectures, principally before university audiences. Dr. David Starr Jordan, who is also on the pay roll, toured the country from coast to coast, making 70 addresses in two months and then later gave 60 lectures on the Pacific coast and in the Middle West and made another swing across the Continent. During the summer he took part in twelve congresses, held in connection with the Panama Pacific Exposition. Drs. Levermore and Nasmyth are active speakers, who have made more than 100 addresses. The organization has distributed some 25,000 sets of a series of nine leaflets against increasing the armament of the country; and most of these have gone to libraries, teachers and clergyman.

The World Peace Foundation is now spending about $100,000 a year, although it does not maintain offices other than the home office in Boston. The last financial report covers the fiscal year ending September 30th, 1915. During that time they paid out $94,119.24 of which $31,366 went for salaries and $3,302.03 for travelling expenses. They also gave $2,500 to the American School Peace League and spent more than $5,000 for publicity. The whole revenue is derived from the Estate of Edwin Ginn, the income of real estate and securities given by him in his lifetime and the receipts from the society's publications. The total income for the year was $94,697.91. There are no contributing members—it is a one-man organization.

The American Peace Society and the World Peace Foundation might be termed the old line peace advocates and, always excepting the fanatics, they are willing to discuss the pros and

cons of preparedness without trotting in all sorts of exotic social theories. The new lot of peace organizations are offshoots of socialistic or anarchistic groups who use the peace propaganda to circulate the radical ideas of life. These are the societies that deny patriotism, declare the Stars and Stripes a meaningless rag and circulate pledges in which the signers promise never to bear arms in defence of the nation. The great majority of these agitators are either foreign-born or in the first generation of the foreign-born. Their advent in the active pacifist movement is coincident with Ford's announcement that he would spend unlimited money for peace.

These societies follow the Ford-Tavenner lead that the whole preparedness cause is founded on the desire of the munition makers and the bankers to make money out of war. They have raised the ever-serviceable cry of "Wall Street" and have denounced those who favor military and naval strength instead of going into the merits of the question. Their programme has been to throw dust in the eyes of the people on the real issue and make the discussion a vehicle for socialistic propaganda. The adherents embrace almost every known "ism" and have drawn to themselves not a few estimable social workers who can see in preparation against war, only preparation for war. Among these are such worthy women as Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, and Miss Lillian D. Wald of the Henry Street Mission.

The Woman's Peace Party with Miss Addams at its head is the largest organization. It has branches in nearly all the larger cities and is spending large sums of money for the support of workers and the distribution of "anti" literature. The branch in New York spends $600 or more a month, although it pays no office rent, having quarters in a building which is owned by the president of the Board of Trustees of the World Peace Foundation. The Woman's Party includes such suffragettes as are opposed to war and has "War Against War" as its slogan. The members pay one dollar a year as dues but the main funds are derived from large subscriptions. Mrs. Amos Pinchot is one of the heaviest contributors to the New York branch. Ford money has been promised but has not yet been paid over.

The Anti-Preparedness Committee, now known as the Amer-

ican Union Against Militarism, is located in Washington under the leadership of Miss Crystal Eastman. She is a sister of Max Eastman, who denounces patriotism and declares that love of country is a silly thing; he is also the editor of a quasi-socialistic journal which, for some time, regularly printed a form of pledge against military service of any kind under any conditions. The salaries and wages of the employees of the Union Against Militarism and the circulation of its propaganda costs, according to Miss Eastman, about $1,000 a month. The funds have been obtained from 611 contributors; of these twenty gave sums from $50 to $2,000 and one hundred sums of $5 to $50. Ford money has been promised but has not yet been paid.

The most spectacular work of this organization has been in the promotion of a tour of pacifist spellbinders in the wake of President Wilson's speaking trip in the Middle West. The tourists were all " peace at any price " men, among whom were Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Amos R. E. Pinchot, who has been in all kinds of movements for many years; Rev. John Haynes Holmes, who gained notoriety for his vehement speeches against the power of the State to require military service of its citizens; the Rev. A. A. Berle and Herbert S. Bigelow. None of these men has been prominently identified with the older peace societies.

The expedition visited New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Des Moines, Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburg and other cities.

Miss Eastman managed the trip which, she says, cost about $10,000, without payment of the speakers. The principal financial backer was said to be a representative of the First California Congressional District, which comprises the northern coast counties; he was elected to the Sixty-second Congress as an Insurgent Republican and has since been elected as an Independent. He is now a member of an organization formed to further the re-election of President Wilson. He is a wealthy lumberman but had not been known to have pacifist leanings; in fact, on January 24th, 1916, he declared in a speech that National Defence was an insurance and advocated the adoption of the Swiss system. He is said to have paid $5,000 towards the cost of the cruise; the balance of the money was raised by

divers subscriptions and by two organizers, who went ahead of the orators.

There are no end of other societies; the list is a yard long. The Anti-Enlistment League has its headquarters in Brooklyn and aims to discourage national fealty by the pledge of the members to refuse to take up arms for the nation under any circumstance; the Collegiate Anti-Militarism League has somewhat the same general programme and tries to work among students. The League to Enforce Peace in the East is for preparedness as a means to force peace, but in the West is largely supported by the followers of Bryan and is pacifistic.

The active managers of all societies make speeches, distribute literature and hunt subscriptions.

In addition to these societies, and working with them whenever the chance offers, are the numerous organizations under German auspices and supported by German money which, under various peace names, seek to prevent the export of arms and munitions to the Allies.

Labor's National Peace Council is, or was, a purely pro-German organization, which has been denounced and discredited by Samuel Gompers and the American Federation of Labor. The principal officers are now under indictment in the United States Courts for endeavoring to stir up strikes in munition plants.

The funds for the Peace Council, it is alleged, came from German sources. From the same sources came the funds for many public meetings held throughout the country which, under the guise of peace meetings, resolved themselves into meetings to pass resolutions against the export of arms and munitions. William Jennings Bryan spoke at such a meeting in Madison Square Garden and the funds for a peace meeting extensively advertised as "The Truth About Preparedness" and held in Carnegie Hall, New York, at which Rabbi Stephen S. Wise was one of the principal speakers, also came indirectly from German sources. The amount which the German propaganda has expended through pacifists is unknown and is not included in the million dollars which the opponents of prepared-

ness have expended in the past six months. It probably amounts to another half million dollars.

One of the most comical stories of the War concerns one of these propaganda meetings. A certain Wall Street promoter told a certain German agent, who was distributing funds with a lavish hand, that he could "buy" a big pacifist for $25,000. The German agent wrote the check—to the promoter, of course; for the pacifist's name must not appear on the check. The promoter then persuaded the German agent that 1000 "labor" delegates could be "got" for $100 apiece. Again, the German agent wrote the check. Needless to say—neither the spell-binding, barn-storming pacifist nor the "labor" delegates ever got a sniff of the checks. The promoter is now under sentence of the courts, and the German agent is in London Tower. His name, rightly or wrongly, has been connected with the sinking of the *Lusitania.*

The chief result of the bogus German peace movement was the enlisting of Henry Ford by Mme. Rosika Schwimmer, first, to stop the European War, and incidentally to stop all future wars. Mme. Schwimmer is a Hungarian by birth and was held by the Allies to be a Teuton agent. She somehow captivated Mr. Ford with a scheme for ending the war, one of the principal features of which was a free trip to Europe by a shipload of pacifists. Mme. Schwimmer's exact plan has never been revealed. The best opinion seems to be that she never had a plan of any kind but merely deluded Mr. Ford into making a spectacular peace demonstration.

The trip was utterly futile in so far as peace was concerned and shortly resolved into a junket; some of the party, on the credit of Mr. Ford, were buying everything they saw from jewelry to fur overcoats until Mr. Gaston Plaintiff, the Ford business manager, called a halt on the expenditures. The net cost of the expedition to Mr. Ford was $400,000.

As a souvenir of the expedition, some of the crew of the peace ship remained abroad more leisurely to promote international amity as members of the Ford payroll. They added to their numbers from citizens of Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Norway and Sweden and established headquarters at

Stockholm under the pretentious name of "The Neutral Conference for Continuous Mediation." Some unregenerate scoffers declare that the word "Mediation" should read "Meditation"; for, according to S. S. McClure, who recently returned from Europe, the labors of these "Commissioners" had been concentrated on a resolution of about 200 words which they draughted and sent to each of the belligerents.

Mme. Schwimmer seems to have dropped out of the Ford circuit and the Rev. Charles F. Aked, whom the movie cameras showed to have been easily the most expert leap-frogger of the original expedition, is also off the list of regular "Commissioners." Louis P. Lochner, a field secretary of the American Peace Society and who also acted as secretary to Mr. Ford on shipboard, is the General Secretary and Miss Emily Greene Balch is the other American delegate. Frederick Holt of Detroit acts as comptroller of the Ford funds.

Upon Mr. Ford's return he announced that he was ready to spend $25,000,000 or as much more as might be necessary, to prevent any improvement or extension of the naval or military establishment of the United States. He evolved the theory that the only advocacy of preparedness was on the part of munition makers and others who might profit directly or indirectly in the manufacture of the implements of war. He has advanced this theory in a series of full-page, newspaper advertisements which have been published throughout the United States under his signature. This advertising was a complement to the speeches of Representative Clyde H. Tavenner, of Illinois.

Mr. Tavenner has made a number of speeches containing loose and indefinite charges against the munition makers as being behind the entire preparedness campaign. Not all of these speeches were actually spoken upon the floor of the House of Representatives, but a "leave to print" was granted in every case and the speeches thus duly appeared in the Congressional Record as having been made. All the statements were therefore shielded by the legal privilege which attaches to Congressional debate. Then Mr. Ford followed the speeches by advertising, calling attention to the charges and stating that a copy thereof might be obtained by addressing Mr. Tavenner at Washington.

Mr. Ford paid for the printing by the Government office of some 2,000,000 copies of the Tavenner remarks and also paid for a staff of clerks to send out the pamphlets to all who asked for them. The speeches went out under the postal frank which Congress has granted to its members for their official business correspondence.

The advantages of this scheme were these:

1. Mr. Ford protected himself from libel in his advertising by quoting verbatim from Tavenner and thus succeeded in safely placing unproved charges before the public.

2. All postal charges were saved. These charges would have amounted to at least $20,000 if postage had been paid.

3. A country wide advertisement was secured for Mr. Ford and Mr. Tavenner.

Although the charges as contained in the Tavenner speeches have been shown to be untrue, they have been repeated constantly through the Ford advertising. The Navy League and Col. Robert M. Thompson were direct objects of attack in this advertising and therefore the Navy League sent the following telegram to Mr. Ford:

Chicago, Feb. 22, 1916.

Henry Ford,

Detroit, Mich.

In your full-page advertisement in today's papers, you insinuate that the Navy League of which the writer is Secretary, was organized by war traffickers for profits, quoting insinuations by Congressman Tavenner as charges that have never been refuted.

Such insinuations have been refuted and have absolutely no foundation. They have been constantly denied by the Navy League, whose books are and always have been open.

I hereby offer to submit to you all Navy League minutes and books which will give you complete evidence that the motives of the League's organizers, members and contributors have been purely patriotic and unselfish. I do not question your motives but ask you to be fair and square with the Navy League and give the League the opportunity to

show you or your representative our books which will entirely refute your insinuations.

I cannot believe that you will fail to grant this opportunity to the Navy League to defend its good name and ask for an immediate reply. Address Chicago Navy League Office.

(*Signed*) A. H. DADMUN.

But Mr. Ford did not want facts. Here is his reply to the League's telegram:

Detroit, Mich., February 23, 1916.

A. H. Dadmun,

Office of Navy League, 38 South Dearborn St., Chicago.

News columns I know have carried denials of Tavenner charges, but mere denial is not refutation. I am merely offering newspaper readers opportunity to read Tavenner charges and form their own conclusions.

(*Signed*) HENRY FORD.

Mr. Tavenner is a former newspaper correspondent who became secretary to a Congressman and, later, was himself elected to Congress. I do not know whether or not he believes in preparedness, but I do know that he offered to give his support to the Navy League if it, in return, would support his bill to have the government make its own munitions of war. In this plan was a provision for locating a million and a half dollar arsenal and a $6,000,000 armor plate plant in the Tavenner Congressional District.

Had it not been for an unfortunate miscarriage of the Ford-Tavenner plan, the Navy League would have been unable to force a public investigation of these charges. It so happened that on May 1st, Mr. Ford published one of his full-page advertisements calling attention to a Tavenner speech, but the release of the advertisement came a couple of days ahead of the printing of the speech in the Congressional Record and therefore, for once, Ford lost his shield of privilege. The Navy League at once brought suit for $100,000 for libel.

Take the case of Colonel Robert M. Thompson. He is

Chairman of the Board of Directors of the International Nickel Company, which Mr. Ford called in his advertisement "a firm that has profited and will probably profit more than any other concern by the passage of the Navy Bill."

Here are the facts: Colonel Thompson owns six-tenths of one per cent of the common stock of the Nickel Company. The amount of nickel in a ton of armor plate is not over 2% by weight and less than 3% by cost; if the total value of the nickel in a ton of armor plate was all profit, Colonel Thompson's share would not be over fifteen cents a ton.

It is to promulgate reckless charges like these that a special room in the Capitol of the United States has been set aside, and a special force of men employed to forward Mr. Tavenner's speeches as printed in the Government printing office.

Mr. Ford has spent, according to the man who makes the payments for him, about $150,000 in advertising and other pacifist work since the return of the peace argosy. This makes a total of $550,000 expended by him since last September.

Is Mr. Ford a sincere advocate of peace? Or is he seeking advertising after the manner made famous by Tom Lawson? I cannot answer this question; I do not know.

On the one hand is the inevitable presence of the name "Ford" on his every undertaking—he puts his name in large letters on the top of his peace advertising; and he will not sponsor a statement which is other than a quotation from an official record—Mr. Tavenner making the official records to order. A peace organizer with a society ready at hand for a Ford donation, somewhat pathetically said, "Mr. Ford seems to prefer to give through his own agents and where his name is prominent." These facts make against sincerity.

And then there is another angle. Mr. Ford vigorously and insistently attacks the Navy League. But there is also an Army League, of which no mention is ever made in the Ford advertising. The Navy League advocates preparedness in general but especially at sea because, from the military point of view, the United States is an island and should therefore be defended by a navy. A navy is thoroughly in accord with American institutions and brings no dangers of militarism, and therefore is not

properly subject to much of the attack which the pacifists base on the danger of militarism. But Mr. Ford chooses the Navy League as his especial target. He says nothing of the Army League.

The navy uses very few automobiles but the Ford cars are being very extensively used by the United States Army at its various posts and along the Mexican frontier.

On the other hand, there are the odd personal tenets. Mr. Henry A. Wise Wood a short time ago talked with Mr. Ford for some hours. He found that Mr. Ford would not discuss any subject—he would make a statement and that was the end of the matter; he waved away all that was in opposition to his views and was absolutely impervious to information. He has a theory that the present war was caused by two bankers and that he was going "to pull their teeth." He was very mysterious about the bankers, as mysterious as when he had the secret plan to end the war: he said, "Wait and see." He does not believe in history because it is past—he thinks that history should not be taught in the schools. He holds that the police should carry neither revolvers nor clubs, yet he suddenly asked Mr. Wood if he were a deputy sheriff—"You should be; I am one and so are also all my men." He said that, even if the country were invaded he would not make one dollar's worth of arms or munition for the government and, once the war were over, the American flag would come down from the Ford Works, never again to go up——.

A man of this sort lives in a world apart; he is shut in by a great wall of self-satisfied ignorance. And then Ford has so much money and it came upon him so suddenly that he knows nothing of its value. It is as a new toy with him—a very dangerous toy for those about; but he himself does not realize the danger. Someone has likened Ford to a baby throwing a stick of dynamite against a wall and enjoying the frantic efforts of the bystanders to make him stop.

But—whatever may be the brand of Ford sincerity—it is certain that this new professional pacificism is as dynamite in the structure of our nation.

THE ISSUES OF 1916

HON. JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

[*The Issues on which John Hays Hammond—the Great Mining and Financial Expert—Thinks the Elections of 1916 Will Be Determined*]

Unifying of American Citizenship.
Military and Naval Defence.
Protection of Home Markets.
Extension of Foreign Trade.
Cutting Out Waste.
A Firm Foreign Policy.
Preparedness Against War by Being Prepared for War.
Preparation for a Reconstructed Economic World.
Protection of American Life, Property and Investment Abroad.
Business Men, not Parlor Knights, in Diplomatic Service.
The Establishment of an American Merchant Marine.
The Establishment of a National Budget.
Immigration Laws Based on Character Rather Than Education.
A World Court to Prevent War.
The Abolition of Secret Back Stairs Diplomacy.

THE coming twelve months hold the United States in the balance. The thought of the world as well as the governments of the world are in process of change. Europe is in the labor of a new birth. We do not know where the new thought will lead and we do not know what the new Europe will be like. But we do know that at the close of this Titanic struggle Europe will be confronted with dire poverty, and in these desperate straits she will become more formidable than ever in industrial competition with the rest of the world.

While Europe is thus changing, we in the United States are going more or less blissfully forward to the accumulation of vast wealth—obtained not by our striking efficiency but because a large portion of the world has been taken from the mill and put in the trenches. Our present prosperity has come upon us as suddenly as summer rain and we have had as much to do with its coming as we have to do with the coming of the rain.

The war over, we must meet Europe in the battle for supremacy. We cannot decline the ordeal unless we are willing to abdicate our present high position among the nations of the world. We cannot stand still. We must progress or retrogress. We have changed from an agricultural to a manufacturing people and our products are greater than the home consumption; we must have a foreign outlet. We cannot alter our economic development and therefore we should be prepared to meet all com-

ers in all fields. We are not now thus prepared, and, unless we clearly see what is before us and adjust ourselves to meet new conditions, our prosperity will vanish as quickly as it came.

The vital American undertaking is this: To make a nation, united and purposeful, with a co-ordination of all forces to realize the best that is in us.

The grave, fundamental problems that are before us, as a nation, to solve, group themselves under these broad heads:

1. The obtaining and sustaining of an adequate military and naval defence in harmony with our institutions.

2. The safeguarding of our home markets and the extension of our trade into foreign markets.

3. The co-ordination of our government and our industry upon a basis that will eliminate waste and gain the highest efficiency in each.

4. The safeguarding of our nation against war by strong international relations and a firm, well-considered foreign policy.

It is unfortunate that the solution of these great economic problems is not entirely dissociated from party politics. Problems essentially economic in import, and vital to the welfare of the entire nation are too often determined on strictly political lines. These questions are, in a large measure, settled by politicians upon the stump, not by business men in boards of trade.

NATIONAL DEFENCE

Preparedness—preparedness against war is one of the great, if not indeed the most important of problems today, demanding the immediate attention of our National Congress.

The present unspeakable conflict in Europe has brought with it a vivid realization of how unintelligent our present methods are, how pitifully we lack in the field of international relations the most elementary machinery for the redress of grievances and for the avoidance of conflict such as is provided in the internal organization of the State. No individual is safeguarded; and the Nation is defenceless when "might becomes right."

That we have not the power to defend ourselves is now universally admitted—reluctantly admitted, it is true—by some whose duty it was to apprise the Nation early of the fact so it

should no longer be lulled into a feeling of security based upon misrepresentations which unwisely considered political expediency rather than the welfare of the Nation.

Only two objections can be urged against military preparedness. The ultra-pacifist, peace-at-any-price class oppose it because they fear that our Nation might develop a spirit of imperialism; jingoism; or a militaristic mania which would tend to provoke rather than to prevent war.

Against this contention is the irrefutable argument of the cosmopolitan character of our population which tends to conservatism in international relations; the unimpeachable tradition of th pacific policy of our Nation; and the fact that we have no occasion and no ambition for territorial expansion.

If we Americans cannot depend upon our own self-restraint; if we cannot entrust to our own people the exercise of might for the reasons advanced against preparedness, what convincing argument can there be that governments of other nations, possessing superior power, might not abuse that power when international controversies arise?

I believe that *the mania for peace at any price* and unpreparedness *is a far greater peril to the Nation than the mania for militarism.*

There is a second objection: the cost of national defence. The estimated wealth of our Nation is upwards of one hundred and eighty-five billion dollars. It is the opinion of recognized authorities that the expenditure of less than one billion dollars, in addition to our present naval and military budget, would provide a navy and an army that would afford the Nation adequate protection against any probable contingency—that is, an expenditure not exceeding the cost of a few weeks' war on the part of any of the present belligerents; an expenditure far less than would be inflicted on our country by a first-class Power within a few weeks of the outbreak of war. And therefore, while all thoughtful men admit that the maintenance of great armies and navies is a futile expenditure in that it serves no useful purpose; that it is a prodigal expenditure in that it diverts enormous sums of money from the alleviation of human suffering to which it could otherwise be applied; nevertheless, *I believe* that under

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existing conditions *it would be indefensible, indeed execrable parsimony to oppose national defence solely because of the expense involved.*

I believe that time, in carrying out our programme of national defence, is of supreme importance not only to safeguard against menace, but to enable our Nation to exercise an influence in the Council of Nations commensurate with our position among the nations of the world.

THE SAFEGUARDING OF OUR TRADE

With a rapidly increasing population and especially a rapidly increasing number of wage earners, we must extend our industrial activities, but we must not lose sight of the fact that over-extension in industry inevitably causes depression in times of business recession. Authorities agree that we are now rapidly approaching the limit—the point of saturation, in our domestic markets, in so far as demands under normal conditions are concerned.

It is obvious, therefore, that we must either curtail the capacity of our factories (which would result in throwing out of employment millions of wage earners and the disorganization of complementary industries), or we must depend upon the exploitation of foreign countries for the relief of our congested home markets.

In foreign markets we meet our great trade rivals, who, by years of experience and by the expenditure of colossal sums of money, have obtained a firm foothold in the markets we seek. Therefore, successfully to compete with these nations we must secure for ourselves every advantage we can derive from the most efficient exploitation of our national industries, fostered by constructive legislation at home and promoted by able commercial diplomacy abroad. This has been notably the policy of Germany and its success is evidenced by the unparalleled strides she has made in the development of her great foreign commerce.

There should be, in my opinion, a readjustment of our commercial treaties as soon after the war as possible to enable our Government to make separate treaties with the different nations to our mutual advantage, giving us an adequate return for any concessions we may make as to the admission of their exports.

This is, admittedly, dollar diplomacy—but good, honorable, legitimate business; the Pecksniffian pinheads to the contrary notwithstanding.

One of the effects of the European War will be a radical change in the commercial relations between the different European nations. England's policy will probably undergo important modifications. I believe that she will adopt the principle of a protective tariff to safeguard her industries during the period of rehabilitation, and, incidentally, as a source of national revenue. England would be wise to base upon such a protective tariff reciprocal trade treaties and conventions with her Colonies and with her present Allies, to whom she has given large financial aid during the war. The effect of such a policy would be, for some time at least, to shut out Germany's exports from the markets of Great Britain, her Colonies and Dependencies, with the result that Germany would be compelled to seek other markets and thus become our most formidable competitor. We likewise would be adversely affected by such a change in England's fiscal policy; and it is for such contingencies that trade treaties should provide.

The investment of a nation's capital abroad is of great advantage in the expansion of its commerce; it is the "Open Sesame" of export trade.

In order to stimulate the investment of American capital in foreign lands it is a prerequisite that the investor be assured of protection by his government against any unfair interference or discrimination on the part of foreign governments. It will *not* be necessary for our Government to assume a truculent attitude towards the smaller nations where investments may be less securely established than in other countries, nor is it expected that our Government should in any way guarantee the success of commercial enterprises—business men are willing to assume legitimate risks in their investments. But it is imperative that our Government secure the fair treatment of its citizens who have invested their capital in legitimate industry under laws obtaining in the country when those investments were made. Laws which result in the confiscation of property, legally acquired, do not justify a great nation in repudiating its obligation to obtain the

redress for its citizens. If our Nation hopes to compete with other great nations, it must at least secure for its citizens the same guarantee of the protection of life and property as is assured the nationals of our competitors.

During recent years our Consular Service has been greatly improved and reflects credit upon our Nation, but there is room for further improvement. I advocate, in the selection of Consuls, that due consideration be given to their qualifications for future service in the Diplomatic Corps, so ambassadors be chosen from men who have attained distinction in the Consular Service. We need business men and men of affairs rather than parlor-knights in our diplomatic service.

An American Merchant Marine would be most valuable in the development of our foreign trade. Today only about ten per cent of our foreign commerce is carried in American-owned vessels, ninety per cent being carried in vessels for the most part owned and controlled by trade rivals. Direct and frequent sailings are of inestimable advantage in the development of trade relations; but I do not approve steamship lines being owned or controlled by the Government, as that would obviously deter private investment in lines which would be subject to competition by Government-owned vessels.

The rehabilitation and expansion of our Merchant Marine can best be accomplished by private enterprise after the necessary amendment of our navigation laws, but to compensate for the subsidies given to their nationals by other Governments we must either give American shipping the benefit of subventions or of discrimination or countervailing duties in favor of imports carried in American bottoms. According to Senator Underwood, "all of the great shipping nations of the world are today granting subsidies in one form or another to their ships passing through the Suez Canal except our own Government. Already," he states, "two of the shipping nations are providing subsidies for the ships passing through the Panama Canal and undoubtedly the other shipping nations will shortly adopt the same policy." In addition to its trade uses, a Merchant Marine is an indispensable auxiliary to an efficient navy.

But, far more important than an American Merchant Ma-

rine, is the extension of American banking facilities in foreign countries. This is now made possible by the Federal Reserve Law, and the National City Bank of New York is to be commended for the enterprise it is showing in establishing branch banks in South America and elsewhere.

Many of us have been deluded into a feeling of national financial security, because of the so-called "favorable" trade balances, amounting to several hundred millions of dollars a year, that our Nation has enjoyed. The present trade balance, because of our "war orders," now soars into the billions and is greater than any nation has ever enjoyed.

But our normal trade balance is fictitious, because of what are known by economists as "invisible exports." Our normal "invisible exports" are, first, one hundred and seventy-five million dollars or more on account of payments of loans made to this country, and of interest and dividends due to European financiers on investments made here, the United States still being a large debtor nation to Europe for money borrowed to develop our industries. This indebtedness has been reduced by the resale of securities but it is still very large. Second, money drawn on foreign drafts by Americans abroad, amounts to a net yearly sum of about one hundred and seventy million dollars. Third, funds remitted abroad by immigrants residing in this country. These remittances amount to from one hundred and fifty million dollars to two hundred and fifty million dollars annually. Fourth, sums remitted by American manufacturers and merchants in payment of freight shipped in foreign bottoms, estimated at a net sum, after deductions, of about one hundred million dollars. This make a total sum, conservatively estimated at from five to six hundred million dollars yearly of invisible exports, to be deducted from our "favorable" trade balance.

From this explanation it is obvious that our Nation must have an excess of exports over imports to cover these "invisible exports," OR IT MUST PAY THE DIFFERENCE, THAT IS, THE DEFICIT, EITHER BY THE SHIPMENT OF GOLD ABROAD OR BY SELLING ADDITIONAL AMERICAN SECURITIES TO FOREIGN INVESTORS.

In time of a great European war and its aftermath, the sale of American securities abroad is, of course, impracticable, and there is then no alternative but the exportation of American gold to liquidate our indebtedness. The continued shipments abroad of large sums of gold would soon menace the financial integrity of the Nation. The present tariff unfortunately operates to produce an excess of imports rather than of exports. In the five months preceding the outbreak of the European war, the monthly imports actually exceeded the exports owing to the unscientific Underwood Tariff Law.

Fortunately, the effect of the war has been to create what is tantamount to a protective tariff by reason of the incident restriction of exports to this country from the belligerent nations.

A great national calamity—financial and industrial—has been averted by a fortuitous and abnormally large exportation of foodstuffs and munitions of war to the belligerent nations and by their economic inability to export to us.

We have learned, from the war, the interdependence of our industries—the vital dependence, for example, of agriculture upon the prosperity of the manufacturing industry. We have learned the importance of all of our industries to our transportation systems, to our agencies of distribution. We have learned that THE KEYNOTE OF OUR LEGISLATION MUST EVER BE TO PRESERVE UNIMPAIRED THE INTEGRITY OF OUR HOME INDUSTRIES AND THE PURCHASING POWER OF OUR DOMESTIC MARKETS.

Our home market absorbs yearly thirty-five billion dollars' worth of American products—more than twice the value of the entire exports of the whole world.

Greater New York City alone manufactures yearly products with a value of two-and-a-half-billion dollars, which is considerably more than the entire exports and imports of South America.

We cannot preserve this great home market without a tariff upon imports.

One of the economic lessons of the European War is the complete vindication of the principle of a protective tariff. That policy has resulted in the building up, the expansion and the diversification of our national industries, and has provided an

adequate revenue for our Federal Government without levying a "war" tax in time of peace.

The tariff is inherently an economic and not a political problem, and while it may not be possible to take the tariff out of politics, it is, at least, possible, and certainly desirable to keep politics out of the tariff.

For this reason, as a business man, I favor the creation of a permanent, non-partisan commission of tariff experts to present authentic facts to Congress and to the people on proposed tariff revision.

I also advocate tariff revision, schedule by schedule, not only to prevent shock to industry occasioned by sudden and sweeping changes, but also to prevent log-rolling which makes it possible for selfish interests to secure excessive protection. As a sine quanon in giving any industry the benefit of a protective tariff, that industry must pay to its wage earners, as the minimum, a fair *living* wage according to American, *not* European standards.

Our tariff policy should be a national, American policy, permanent in its character and subject only to the occasional modifications demanded by the exigencies of changing conditions. Such a tariff policy would dispel the uncertainty among industrial interests and the consequent business depression that characterizes periods immediately preceding national elections.

CO-ORDINATION OF GOVERNMENT AND INDUSTRY

One of the great problems before the American people is how to increase efficiency—co-ordinated efficiency—in industry, in the political administration of City, State and Nation, and in our domestic affairs. As a nation we are characterized by prodigality, and have, as yet, devoted little scientific endeavor to the curtailment of waste—waste in the consumption of millions of dollars yearly by preventable fires, waste in the development of our great timber tracts, our mines, our farms, economic waste from excessive industrial accidents, waste in our domestic affairs —waste in every phase of our national life.

The fundamental requisite for successful competition for the world's markets is efficiency, which means low cost production. It is well to disabuse our minds of the cherished delusion of the

tremendous "superiority of American labor," "Yankee ingenuity" and "American machinery" over that of all foreign countries. This superiority in productive efficiency no longer obtains in the same degree as formerly for the reason that technical training abroad, coupled with the introduction of American machinery, has already minimized the advantage that America formerly had. For their self-protection, American wage earners will be compelled to increase their efficiency to render possible the maintenance of the American standard of living while lowering the cost of production to enable our country to compete successfully in foreign commerce.

An important problem, indirectly affecting our trade, is that of the curriculum of our public schools. The policy of our public school system is directed to the preparation of boys for the university and it subordinates the preparing of them for efficient service in industrial and commercial pursuits. The curriculum of the public schools should be so arranged as to equip the graduates to earn their livelihood in commercial and industrial vocations. I believe that boys should have *less erudition and more knowledge.*

Far too many young men add to the congested ranks of the professions, whose energies could be far more profitably expended in other pursuits. They should be included in the producing, rather than in the non-producing, part of the community.

There has been much unintelligent prejudice, partly inspired for political purposes, against what we call "Big Business," but the people of the country ought by this time to be convinced that unless our industries can be developed on large-scale production, as is the practice of our great European trade rivals, we shall be seriously handicapped in our quest for foreign markets. England permits, France encourages, and Germany sometimes even compels, combinations in the interest of the industry involved and of the general public. The policy of Germany has been to promote the prosperity of its industries, not to invoke the technicalities of laws formulated by unpractical theorists in political economy, as in America.

In this country, competition is regarded by many of our political leaders as the "life of trade." As a matter of fact, com-

petition, when unduly stimulated, often works irreparable injury to industrial communities by the resulting lower wages; by fluctuations in prices which depress business, and by the loss of investments. "Reasonable stability in prices is the basis of prosperous trade."

I have always opposed restriction of immigration on an educational test, believing *that a character test is very much more important. Deficiency in character cannot be supplied by any system of education,* for as the African Zulus say, *"Wherever a man moves he takes his character with him;"* whereas lack of knowledge can and has been remedied in a short time by our excellent public school system. Following this line of thought, I would favor that the Ellis Islands be transferred to the home countries of the emigrants, and that our Consular Service be made responsible for the class of emigrants destined for our country. Also, that measures be taken by our national government to prevent a congestion of immigration in certain localities by directing the flow to other sections of the country.

I have had many years of experience among the peoples of all the warring nations, and as the result of that experience, I entertain a high regard for all of them. I know them all to be imbued with lofty ideals, and, in fact, very similar ideals; and I would, therefore, hesitate to ascribe to the great mass of the peoples of a particular nation any inherent virtue that the same class of another nation does not possess in an equal degree.

It is by stimulated misunderstanding that the latent savagery, common to all men, is aroused and the passions so engendered, when unrestrained, lead to war; and the vaulting ambitions of selfish and incompetent statesmanship of those shaping the destinies of nations are at fault, rather than the peoples of the nations themselves. It seems unbelievable that the co-operation of the great intellects of the world, exercising but a modicum of that ingenuity expended in the invention of terrible engines of destruction, should not be able to devise a plan by which the nations of the world would submit their controversies to a Supreme Court of Nations, and thus relegate to the scrap-heap of progressive civilization the settlement of disputes by the arbitrament of arms.

THE TRUTH ABOUT OUR MUNITION-MAKING

OUR MUNITION-MAKING FOR EUROPE HAS:

INCREASED MUNITION FACTORIES FROM 6 TO 1,000, WITH MANY THOUSAND OTHER SHOPS MAKING SMALL PARTS AND SUPPLIES.

ENABLED US TO SPEED UP IN TURNING OUT THREE-INCH SHELLS FROM ONE IN THREE HOURS TO ONE EVERY FIFTEEN MINUTES.

GIVEN EMPLOYMENT TO HALF A MILLION UNSKILLED MECHANICS.

ENABLED HUNDREDS OF MEN WHO ORDINARILY MADE NO MORE THAN $2 A DAY TO MAKE AS HIGH AS $33 A DAY.

SENT UP THE PRICE OF HIGH-SPEED STEEL FROM 60 CENTS TO $4 PER POUND.

NECESSITATED THE MANUFACTURE OF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS' WORTH OF "SINGLE PURPOSE" MACHINES WHICH, AFTER THE WAR, WILL BE "SCRAPPED."

CAUSED HUNDREDS OF MEN TO ESTABLISH BIG PLANTS WHICH WILL BE SOLD AS JUNK AFTER THE WAR.

CAUSED SUCH A SCARCITY OF FORGINGS THAT MANY CONCERNS BORE ONE-POUND SHELLS FROM SOLID BARS—AND WITH 40% PROFIT!

NECESSITATED AN INCREASE OF WAGES IN NON-MUNITION MAKING MACHINE SHOPS IN ORDER TO HOLD THE MEN.

ENABLED ONE FIRM TO USE MORE THAN 500 UNSALABLE STEEL COFFINS FOR CASES IN WHICH TO SHIP AMMUNITION.

PROVED ONE OF THE BEST POSSIBLE HELPS FOR OUR OWN PREPAREDNESS.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *This article is by the managing editor of one of the biggest and best of mechanical publications in the country. He has just returned from a six-months tour of the United States, visiting every munition plant to be found and studying the work and the conditions.*]

TWO years ago there were not more than six concerns, outside of our arsenals and the manufacturers of sporting rifles and ammunition, that were producing munitions of war. Today there are more than a thousand shops devoted to the making of munitions. I have visited practically all of the larger concerns and many of the smaller ones during a tour of six months devoted solely to learning the truth about our munition-making.

No more than 3,000 men were employed at making munitions before the war. There are now more than half a million men so employed, and a great share of these are unskilled mechanics. The number of concerns engaged in manufacturing canteens, uniforms, equipments and other supplies and war materials, aside from the actual munitions, cannot be even estimated.

At the outbreak of the war the easiest thing to do was to secure a "war contract," and the past eighteen months has proved that the most difficult thing to do is to fill these satisfactorily. Not that it is not being done, but *for every shop that is succeeding there are a dozen that tried and had to give up, or went flat broke.*

Contracts alone, it has been found, do not spell dividends. In fact, they have been found to be rather staggering liabilities in an astonishing number of instances. Many a contractor found to his sorrow that what appeared like "fat prices" for work a year ago turned out to have many streaks of "lean" in it. This was largely because of the astonishing increase in the prices of machines and materials.

It is almost ludicrous—it would be, were not so many cases pitiful—to look back at some of the earlier war contracts and see how eagerly they were sought by men who knew nothing at all of this kind of work, but who believed they must be profitable since they were "war orders."

I found that builders of printing presses and makers of tin cans, manufacturers of locomotives and owners of hairpin factories all made a rush for these war contracts, and most of them secured a number. Millions, not two or three millions but twenty, thirty, or forty millions of fuses and shells were contracted for by men who had no idea where they were to be built, how they were to be built, or where to secure the necessary machinery.

One small shop took every order in sight, at the start. This was a shop so small it couldn't have turned out a million shells in twenty years, but it secured credit on the strength of its staggering orders, bought other shops, went to work and made good. But where this small man succeeded many and many others went to the wall.

Men securing war orders bought rubber factories, paper mills and almost every other variety of shop solely to secure the machinery for converting into munition-making machines. Even machine tool shops were bought to get machines for the work. But these men went about it blindly. *One concern went to the wall with a crash, even with its sixty million dollars' worth of war contracts. Another firm failed with twenty-three million dollars' worth of such contracts.*

The greatest trouble at the start was in taking so many of these contracts without realizing the amount of material necessary to use in filling them or—and this proved the greatest stumbling block—without anticipating the difficulty in obtaining these necessary materials. The same thing held good in relation to the machinery for the making of shells and similar parts. Almost over night the prices for these materials leaped skyward. High-speed steel jumped from 60 cents to $4 a pound.

One concern I visited had some far-sighted men at its head. These men sent their agents scurrying over the country buying tons upon tons of copper tubing, and they secured options on still more tons upon tons of it. The tubing they bought came in sizes proper for the rifling bands on shells. These men did not bother to make shells, they merely sat back and sold this tubing to shell-makers at such a handsome profit that they have already amassed immense fortunes.

No one knows how many small contracts are placed in different parts of the country, and this is what makes it difficult to get an accurate line on the number of people engaged in making munitions. Many of these factories make the claim that they are manufacturing "metal bottles" or "hardware" or any other article or articles far removed from the actual munitions they are turning out. They have their reasons for this secrecy, or did have at first. Most of them who did this feared trouble or interference of some sort if it became known.

Lathes, the backbone of every machine business, have more than doubled in price and are difficult to get, at that. This situation is, however, being made easier now because many new concerns have been formed solely to manufacture lathes, wise heads anticipating the great demand for them.

To the uninitiated it is surprising to know that manufacturers of machinery today are reaping a bigger harvest than the manufacturers of munitions in a great many cases. Old machines have brought fabulous prices. Many shop owners have stripped their shops entirely of machinery at such a profit they can afford to remain idle until after the war and wait until prices for machinery are normal when they will re-equip with all new machines. One man sold an automatic screw machine which cost him $2,800 four years ago, for $4,600. His profit on that machine was four years of good usage and $1,800 cash!

This scarcity of machinery has not only led new people into the machine building game, where they must be reckoned with as a business factor in future, but actually compelled many contractors to build machines before they could start on their own contracts. These are, in many cases, entirely special, that is, they are known as "single purpose" machines, and are only useful for the one operation. One concern has equipped its whole plant with such machinery for making 3-inch shells. All of this machinery will be worth only so much scrap when there are no more contracts. There is a machine for each operation and there are fifteen of these, making fifteen entirely different equipments for this work.

The effect of such work as this has been more far-reaching

than many realize. When we understand that almost no one outside of arsenals knew anything about shell-making, we begin to see the tremendous opportunity we have had for learning how to make munitions at the other fellow's expense. Nor is this all. The experience gained will have its effect on regular machine work of the future where it is done in large quantities. Methods have changed in many ways as a result. Highly specialized automatic machines, though eagerly sought at first, have given way in most cases to plain heavy lathes built just for the job; lathes that any farm hand or ex-barber can be taught to handle in a few hours' time.

And this has resulted in reducing the time required to an astonishing degree. *Instead of three hours, which was a fair machining time at the start, three-inch shells are now being machined in fifteen minutes,* on the plain, specially built machines referred to. And the fact that they are turning out ten thousand shells a day indicates that the plan must be working out.

The sudden demand for labor brought us face to face with the fact that skilled mechanics were few and far between, for the simple reason that we have not been making them for fifteen years or more. And you cannot expect a crop of machinists without sowing the seed any more than you can in the case of potatoes or other necessities. So the really skilled men, being in great demand, had the unusual experience of being offered high wages without having to kick for them, and tool makers are now getting from 75 cents to a dollar an hour, even more in some cases, while specialists in munitions can get almost anything they ask.

But as there were not enough skilled mechanics at any price to go around, it became necessary to tackle the problem from another angle. So the single-purpose lathe became much more of an institution than ever before, and mechanics, of sufficient skill to do the single operation required, can be trained almost while you wait. They are merely taught to pull a lever or turn a wheel; to put in a piece of work and take it out again; and to do this as fast as they can learn how. What they are doing or why they are doing it—except in exchange for the well-filled pay envelope—is none of their concern. Skilled men set up the ma-

chine and skilled or semi-skilled men measure the product, but the work itself becomes almost automatic enough to do with an automaton.

But while this unskilled labor soon becomes skilled in its particular line, it is a bit strange that it should reap rewards far in excess of the all-round men, the men who set up the machines and who direct the work in general. Yet this is the case in many instances. One machine operator, an ex-barber who never saw the inside of a machine shop before the war, is making his $18 a day for 10½ hours' work in one shop I visited. Others, in some especially favored localities, are making $24 and as high as $33 per day on similar work, turning the bands on three-inch shells. This means hard work, and almost incredibly fast work on their part, but the returns can at least be called fair; especially when the foreman gets along on about $30 a week and the machine setter on even less. Naturally the much-to-be-commended loyalty toward the firm is a minus quantity in such cases. The men are paid piece work while the foreman is a "salaried" official. This, of course, sounds good but it hardly makes up for a difference of from $50 to $100 a week in the pay envelope.

This indicates that the munition makers must get a "fair" profit or they could not pay such wages, even at piece work. So "fair," in fact that they can afford to abandon plants bought just for this work. But on the other hand there are many cares and annoyances that do not appear on the surface. In many cases getting the contract was the easiest part of the whole thing. Then came the question of gages, of special tools, even assuming you could get the machines, and of satisfying the inspectors. This does not mean that many want to get defective work passed. But it does mean that unless you know what idiotic specifications an old-established arsenal like Woolwich can get out, you have a surprise coming. If there is a most expensive way to make anything, trust them for having it in the drawings and specifications.

The inspectors are for the most part mighty nice fellows in every way. But "orders is orders" and they have almost no discretion in the matter. And when you consider that a single time fuse sometimes has nearly three-hundred inspection gages

which must be used on every one, one of the little sidelights begins to loom up into a real beacon. It wouldn't be so bad if all the things they measure were all-important to the thousandth of an inch. But when you know, and they know, that many of the measurements demanded have almost no bearing on the sole purpose of a shell or fuse—that of going off or "functioning" at the right time—it is exasperating. And particularly so when you know how badly the stuff was needed a few months ago.

These very gages have made a big problem in themselves. Hundreds of sets were necessary and few shops, taking contracts, were in position to make their own. The result has been the establishment of hundreds of little shops in the East and Middle West just for the making of gages and the small special tools which were necessary. These give an excellent opportunity for the really skilled mechanic to start his own little shop or to get good wages working for someone else. The future of many of these shops, when the war is over, is somewhat of a problem. These gages run into large sums of money and must be reckoned with in figuring the cost of manufacture. Then, too, many have proved unsatisfactory and entailed not only a financial loss but also delayed production so that penalties were enforced. I know of one case where a *firm was penalized $125,000.* Fortunately it was on a very large contract and will be more than made good before it is ended.

The making of shells is comparatively simple, being practically a plain lathe job which any shop ought to be able to handle with fair success. There are, of course, many kinks and short-cuts which have been developed from experience, but there is nothing inherently difficult in the job. But when it comes to drawing cartridge cases or making fuses or primers, only those who are accustomed to nice work need apply. Either the detonating fuse, which goes off on impact, or the time fuse, which is set to explode its shell when in the air just in front of advancing troops, are very different propositions. The latter is the worst because there is more to it. The parts are small, of a particularly tough brass for the most part (with some aluminum in some of the models), and more joints and holes and threads than you can imagine.

And all to be blown to bits in the fraction of a second and to destroy as many human beings as possible.

Fuses and primers are bad enough in themselves but they are *easy compared with the rifle game* about which the papers talked so glibly a year ago. *Many are ordered but few are shipped,* to paraphrase a well-known saying. For, with one exception, not a single rifle plant has shipped a rifle at the time of this writing. Two huge new plants have several hundred thousand rifles under way, but the final assembling and shipping are yet in the future. Samples have been made, but samples are of no use in fighting battles. And instead of the wonderfully efficient planning, so that everything is coming out as per schedule, according to a recent writer, the time table is as badly twisted as was the colored porter on the Erie, who, when asked what time it was, replied: "Ah doan carry no watch on dis road, boss, all ah need is a calendar!" And so it has been thus far with rifles from our great factories. Probably no one knows the exact reason, but some of the best guessers along this line attribute it to *too many "efficiency experts" and too few real experienced workers of the practical variety.*

Do not forget that making the military rifle is no simple matter. *Take our own Springfield,* supposed to be one of the simplest army rifles in existence. *It takes more than twelve hundred different operations in the making!* And there can be no guess-work about any of it. Each piece must be right, so as to fit its neighbor and allow interchangeability in repairs. Special tools and fixtures are required by the hundreds, and there are more gages needed than in any other mechanism. It is an immense proposition and was underestimated in nearly every case. Despite this, there were scores of shops accustomed only to ordinary coarse work which tried to get rifle contracts. Many did. These included even builders of steam engines and rock crushers. They are hardly suited to rifle making.

About rifles and our own preparedness. *We have but two plants which can make our army Springfield rifles,* the Springfield and the Rock Island Arsenals. Springfield can turn out 500 rifles a day, working single shift. Rock Island can, or could before it was closed, turn out half that number. This makes a

total of 750 a day, single shift, or 1,500 running at full capacity. This may seem like a lot of rifles, but it means that *we would have to wait nearly two years to get a million rifles,* and *a million would last an army of eighty thousand men only a year at the usual allowance of a rifle a month in service.*

Considering further that it took nearly three years to fit up the Rock Island Arsenal (having Springfield as a model and copying all the machines, fixtures and methods), the time required to fit out addition rifle plants can easily be calculated. So, if we need rifles, *and we do,* it is time to get busy without delay.

A thousand shops should be able to turn out a large amount of ammunition, but it is hardly a drop in the bucket to what is being used on the Western battle front. It must be remembered that these thousand shops are not making complete ammunition in hardly any case. One shop is forging shells, another turning them up, another making the brass powder cases, another the fuses, while the primers for firing the powder charge is made in still another.

Then there is the maker of the shell nose-plug which keeps the dirt out during shipment and handling, and before the fuse is finally screwed into place, as well as the lead or tin foil covering which protects the time fuse from moisture until it is ready to be fired. Some shops are loading, some making boxes for shipment, still others making the balls for shrapnel, and so on down the list. From Maine to Missouri I have seen some of these various parts being made in tremendous quantities. How many, would be the veriest guess work, as numbers mean little after you get over four figures.

One forging plant is turning out over ten thousand three-inch shells every twenty-four hours. Another single plant is turning up an equal number from forgings obtained from various places. Still another forging plant is turning out fifteen thousand a day by a different method and is enlarging to make its capacity twenty-five thousand a day. One fuse shop I visited had worked up from two thousand fuses a day to seventy-five hundred, and hoped to reach the twenty-thousand-per-day mark before my next visit. This contract is for about three million fuses.

One shop makes nothing but one size and makes money on the contract. Another has nine different sizes and shapes, mostly for poor little Serbia, and has a tough proposition from a money-making standpoint. One old-fashioned shop is making both a one-pound shell and some twelve-inch shrapnel, boring the latter from the solid bar because forgings cannot be obtained. In others makeshift machines have been used and used successfully, showing that a good mechanic will find a way out of a difficulty if he has half a chance. But when it comes to production in large quantities, mass production, as the engineers like to call it nowadays, the " ex-barber " has the call.

One munition shop in a small town away from the beaten paths was formerly a shop where all-steel coffins were made a few years ago when an attempt was made to introduce them as the correct thing in last resting places. The fashion never obtained a very strong hold and it so happened that they had about five hundred perfectly good steel coffins on hand, stored away in various barns in the neighborhood. So, instead of spending money for wooden boxes and still further depleting our supply of timber, some bright mind conceived the idea of using these steel coffins for shipping the shells. After one gets over the first shock, it seems the most appropriate kind of a shipping case imaginable.

While the wages, mentioned previously, are, of course exceptional, there has been a big advance all along the line, even in shops not making munitions of any kind. This has been made necessary in order to hold men away from munition plants and to get out orders which are indirectly due to the war. It is, in fact, difficult to say how far the present activities in all lines of machine work are dependent on the making of munitions. For there are hundreds of men at work building machinery or parts of machinery, which, in its turn, is used to build machines for making munitions, and one hardly knows where the chain stops.

Besides higher wages, shorter hours in many cases can be traced directly to the munition work. Bridgeport and Springfield are concrete examples. And instead of being a handicap as some predicted, it is sure to be beneficial, as it gives them the pick of

the best men in ordinary times as well as at present. Hundreds of men have left surrounding cities in which the manufacturers are still thinking in terms of the past, and the effect is already being felt. Not only is this being felt in shops but housekeepers are having difficulty in keeping servants, even around New York, owing to the more attractive wages paid in loading plants.

Just how the shorter day works out in practice may perhaps be shown by munition plants working two shifts of men. The night shift is usually much longer than the day shift, owing to custom and the fact that men do not care to go home in the wee small hours. But in every case of which I know the day shift turns out more work in from two to three hours less time, than the night shift. This is, in a small measure, due to the difference in lighting, but this cannot account for nearly all the difference in output per hour.

In view of this, and all shop men have known it for years, it is difficult to understand the dogged opposition to the eight-hour day on the part of the managers of plants. This is especially true at present when high prices and urgent demand make it an ideal time to inaugurate a change of this kind. In fact it will enable three eight-hour shifts to be put in. This is being done in some of the more progressive shops.

One of the indirect effects of the rush for munitions felt by those who are now buying machinery for its manufacture, is in the inaccuracies that creep into machines built under pressure. Many machines from shops of known reputation are found to lack the proper alignment, to be out a few thousandths of an inch here and there, and to require much costly doctoring before they can be made to turn out their accustomed accurate work as they should. These are known as "war machines" by the foremen who have them to contend with. There are, however, a few of the more conservative builders, not always the oldest or the largest, who have religiously maintained accuracy. Some of them have refused to run nights on this account, turning down orders rather than risk their reputation for good work. There are even some who have refused to raise prices beyond the point made necessary by the advance in materials and labor. But these are few and far between and prices have been boosted out

of sight in most cases. Many firms are going on the principle of "after us, the deluge" and milking the market dry as they go along. They say frankly that they will retire and care not what comes after. But the men who buy such plants in the hope of continuing the business have my sympathy, not to mention a reputation to live down.

Perhaps the most interesting case I have found is a comparatively small shop, run by two of the best mechanics I have ever met, who handled the whole problem in a novel way and made barrels of money in doing it. Work was slack and they figured on a shell contract and got it. Instead of trying to buy machines at high prices they utilized what they had by making ingenious fixtures and special tools. They built the only home-made machine I've seen for squeezing on the copper bands, and it is a good one, and cheap. And they are making shells in less time than some of the larger shops I know of. They have made all new tools and fixtures for less than the money they get for the scrap or waste metal turned from the shells, and they are making forty per cent profit on the job. Then, too, when the shell game is over, and prices of machines get back to normal, they can buy new machines for their shop instead of having some more or less special machines which are half worn out.

This same firm is doing another interesting thing which is both unusual and interesting. They have a large contract for brass pieces which they are machining for nothing, the brass being supplied them. They get the scrap brass or turnings. On this particular contract they are making even more than on the shells. Scrap material has to be figured very carefully when it is selling at from 35 to 45 cents a pound.

Our experience gained in making munitions in this country is one of the best forms of preparedness we could have. And this experience is being condensed and crystallized by the technical papers for future use when necessary.

THE CHILD IN ME

MARY RILEY SMITH

1

SHE follows me about My House of Life
(This happy little ghost of my dead youth!)
She has no part in Time's relentless strife,
She keeps her old simplicity and truth
And laughs at grim mortality—
This deathless child that stays with me—
This happy little ghost of my dead youth!

2

My House of Life is weather-stained with years—
(O Child in Me, I wonder why you stay?)
Its windows are bedimmed with rain of tears,
Its walls have lost their rose—its thatch is grey:
One after one its guests depart—
So dull a host is my old heart—
O Child in Me, I wonder Why *You* stay!

3

For jealous Age whose face I would forget
Pulls the bright flower you give me from my hair
And powders it with snow—and yet—and yet
I love your dancing feet and jocund air,
And have no taste for caps of lace
To tie about my faded face:
I love to wear *your* flower in my hair!

4

O Child in Me, leave not My House of Clay
Until we pass together through its door!
When lights are out, and Life has gone away
And we depart to come again no more,
We Comrades, who have travelled far,
Will hail the twilight and the star
And gladly pass together through the Door!

THE CONSTRUCTIVE WORK OF THE WILSON ADMINISTRATION

VICE-PRESIDENT THOMAS R. MARSHALL

THE VICE-PRESIDENT POKES DROLLERY AT THE CRITICS OF THE WILSON ADMINISTRATION, BUT BENEATH THE PERSIFLAGE AND BADINAGE IS THE RAPIER OF A FEARLESS DEFENDER, AND THE VICE-PRESIDENT MAINTAINS THAT:

THE BITTEREST COMPLAINTS AND ATTACKS FOR THE COUNTRY'S UNPREPARED CONDITION COME FROM THE PARTY RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS CONDITION.

THE PRESIDENT HAS BEEN A GENUINE LEADER IN THE OLD-TIME SENSE OF LEADERSHIP.

TAXATION SHOULD NOT TAKE MONEY FROM THE MANY FOR THE FEW.

THE RIGHT TO CREATE CORPORATIONS CARRIES WITH IT THE DUTY TO CONTROL THEM.

THE STATE SHOULD PROTECT INDIVIDUALS FROM THE GREED OF OTHER INDIVIDUALS.

THE SEAMAN'S ACT WAS THE FREEDOM OF SLAVERY ON THE SEA.

THE REFORM OF THE CURRENCY INSURES STABILITY IN FINANCES.

RURAL CREDITS WILL DO FOR THE FARMER WHAT REFORMED CURRENCY DID FOR THE FINANCIER.

IN that spirit of humility which so well becomes a Vice-President of the United States, I was enjoying my after-dinner cigar in the smoking compartment of a Pullman and listening to a political argument which can always be heard there. A full-blooded, heavy-featured man, who seemed on the verge of an apoplectic seizure, was doing most of the talking. His voice as well as his face revealed inner excitement; and he gave expression to his words by viciously pounding with his

fists. He was decrying the Wilson Administration and everybody connected with it and everything done by it.

The President was a blue-nosed Presbyterian, a college president—and his sneer gave significance to his words; the Vice-President was a country lawyer with a narrow, Hoosier outlook; the Secretary of State was a polished clerk who signed his name to what the President wrote; the Secretary of the Treasury was a socialist with the additional qualification of having married into the President's family; the Secretary of War was a second Tom Johnson; the Attorney General was an old fogy; and the Secretary of the Navy did not know a submarine from a dreadnought.

Each member of the official family was taken up in turn. The Secretary of Agriculture was all right; but what had agriculture to do with real prosperity? The chief asset of the Secretary of Commerce was a set of side-whiskers; and the Secretary of Labor seemed to think that a working man possessed certain rights and was entitled to three meals a day. Now and then, he named an official in the administration whom he deemed to be fairly sensible; but, in the main, the entire crowd at Washington was made up of fools,—fools because they seemed to be possessed with an idea that the government could so adjust its laws as to guarantee a real opportunity for success to every man.

Feeling sure that my travelling cap and horn glasses would continue to protect me against recognition, I ventured to inquire whether he regarded the gentlemen at Washington as knaves as well as fools. He promptly replied:— "No, they're honest enough all right. They're not wise enough to be dishonest. I don't question their purpose nor their faith in the things they're doing; but they are not competent to be in charge of the government." Becoming a bit bolder, I suggested that the people of America might prefer simple honesty to a combination of wisdom and knavery and that, however foolish and however mistaken the legislation of the Wilson Administration might be, it might commend itself to a majority of the people, in view of the fact that it had been honestly inspired. But he would have none of it.

Many times since, I have recalled to mind that smoking-com-

partment conversation and each time my conviction grows that throughout the governmental fabric woven by the Democrats at Washington runs a golden thread of honesty which is traceable from the very beginning and seems to grow brighter and brighter as the fabric enlarges. And I feel compelled to deny that the work of the administration has been as foolish as my friend seemed to think. No honest man can be wholly foolish. No legislative enactment which has an honest purpose can be utterly valueless, and no executive act inspired by honesty can fail to be beneficent. Epithets do not convince or convict. Calling the President a "blue-nosed Presbyterian" proves no more than calling Mr. Justice Hughes a "Baptist hypocrite," or Colonel Roosevelt a "Dutch Reformed dinosaur." Unwittingly, my Pullman friend was really lauding the administration; for the pages of history are full of verifications of the Scriptural statement that "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise."

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR LACK OF PREPAREDNESS?

Let us recall under what difficulties the Wilson Administration began its work and examine a few of the many things it has done, and let us thereby determine for ourselves whether the results of the administration's efforts, admittedly put forth, as my friend conceded, in the interest of no particular class of citizens but with an eye single to the commonweal, may truthfully be characterized as foolish. But, by way of parenthesis, I wish to observe that criticism is the easiest of accomplishments. *It is with difficulty that I preserve my serenity of mind when I hear vociferous complaints directed at the present administration because of our country's unprepared condition to defend itself against aggression,* particularly so *when these complaints are voiced by the very men who in former administrations had charge of our army and navy and fortifications.* I am sometimes reminded by these complaints of an incident at Jeffersonville, Indiana, one morning when I was boarding a train for Indianapolis. A large concourse of colored people were at the station, laughing and talking and bidding good-bye to one of

their number who was dressed in deep mourning and wore a long crêpe veil which trailed to the ground behind her. The sheriff of the county who knew me explained that he was taking the woman to the prison at Indianapolis to begin a life sentence. I asked him for what she was convicted and he stated for the murder of her husband. I then asked him for whom she was wearing mourning and he replied: "For that same husband."

I am hoping that too many crêpe veils will not be worn this campaign because of our unpreparedness.

But to return to a consideration of the conditions under which the Wilson Administration came into power and of some of the things which it has accomplished,—and I wish to make clear at the beginning that I am not writing for the expert nor for the man with a grievance, but as an old-fashioned American I am seeking merely to make a plain exposition for the consideration of that part of our population which does not become excited over non-essentials in a political campaign. No mere mortal can with any degree of authority say how much or how little present conditions are affected by the slaughter of the innocents at the command of the Herods of Europe. Each of us has his own particular view, and data by which to check up are lacking. There will be, therefore, no attempt to express an opinion as to the effect, or to take the effect, itself, into consideration.

WILSON A LEADER, NOT A FOLLOWER

Immediately following his selection by his party, Woodrow Wilson became its sole leader through a unanimity of belief on the part of Democrats everywhere,—a unanimity that surprised even Democrats themselves. This leadership has been re-enforced in numerous ways and at numerous times when developments in critical instances have proven him to be right when other great men feared that he might be wrong. *His leadership has been so pronounced as to make the achievements of the Democratic Administration his own achievements.* This does not in any way discredit those who are assisting in the accomplishment of the work the President has set out to do. It rather adds to their intelligence and honor as it adds to his renown.

For it is apparent that in the enactment and enforcement of law there must be an arbiter—some one to have the final say as to the course to be pursued. The baton of leadership remains in his hands and the Democratic Party presents a serene and serried front to its ancient enemy.

In considering the constructive legislation of the administration, we must remember that legislation properly defined means more than the writing of laws in our books of statutes. An enactment cannot be considered by itself, for the legislative body which brought it into existence had to consider how the court might construe it, how the people might feel about it, and how it might affect the conduct of mankind. He is not wise who is not just and he is not just who does not consider these points in determining the benefits and injuries of an administration's service.

It is the happy faculty of language that words change their meaning with the changing centuries. Truth undoubtedly is always the same; but different positions afford different views of her features. The constructive legislation of the Wilson Administration has newly defined some old-time expressions. It was never denied that every human being had an inalienable right to life. Under previous administrations this was construed to mean that a man had a right to breathe, to eat if he could get anything to eat, to work and to earn such wage as his employer might be willing to pay; also, that other men were inherently entitled to assistance by the government in their business enterprises and to divide among themselves wonderful profits which the government enabled them to make. This, of course, was for the common good. It was strenuously insisted that the doctrine of protection for protection's own sake aided every citizen in the Republic either directly or remotely. Revenue bills were passed for the purpose of building up the infant industries of the United States and of making the Republic self-sufficient in any hour of stress.

Yet, during the present administration, after the European war had disclosed that some of our manufacturers were in a helpless condition because of their inability to procure German dyestuffs, it was established that their helpless condition grew out

of the fact that the textile manufacturers of America had objected to a sufficient tariff upon these German dye-stuffs to enable the building up of dye-manufactories in this country and that they had objected because they could buy far cheaper in Germany. Just now they are clamoring for a protective tariff upon dye-stuffs not because they need it and in spite of the fact that their profits are enabling them to pay for their plants in one year, but because they fear that with the close of the war competition will reappear and that they will not be able to meet it. Who now doubts that previous tariff bills were enacted in the interests of a few pampered and favored industries and at their behest? And who now doubts that the definition of the right to live meant one thing to one man in America and another to another?

With this as one of the numerous examples of the former and usual method of making tariffs, I do not think the people will pay much heed to the solemn warning of our Republican friends not to forget that temporary prosperity is not necessarily permanent.

I do not propose to take up the different schedules of the Underwood-Simmons Tariff Law. It suffices to point out that no one has had the hardihood to charge that any ulterior motive inspired the schedules or that any private interest was subserved by any one of them. Under normal conditions the new law would have raised ample revenue to meet governmental expenditures. Under the changed conditions traceable to the European War, it may need revision; but a revision, if made, should be scientific and should be conducted not by the friends of those who may be affected by the revision but by economists who are interested only in that larger definition which promises an equalization of burdens upon the shoulders of men as well as an equality of opportunities for men.

PRINCIPLES OF TAXATION

Under the Wilson Administration, *the theory of taxation does not contemplate any surreptitious transfer of money from the people to a favored few,* but contemplates the preservation of the individual in his person and the preservation of his accu-

mulated wealth; neither does it contemplate that funds shall be taken exclusively from an individual as an individual, but that an individual shall pay a just proportion of taxes that the government may secure him in his life and liberty and wealth,—in other words, that the wealth of the country shall pay its proportion of taxes for its own preservation. This is splendidly exemplified in the Underwood-Simmons Law which provides an equitable adjustment between the tax which is levied upon the individual by consumption and upon the incomes of the rich to as to distribute fairly the burden of taxation between the persons and the property of the Republic.

DUTY TO CONTROL CORPORATIONS

Definitions as applied to government have been enlarged by the constructive legislation of the Wilson Administration. *A right is* no longer a mere right. It is *a dualism—right and responsibility*. The Union is as much as ever a union of states and the states have as many rights as they ever possessed. Among these is the inherent right to provide for the organization of corporations. The general government has in no wise attempted to abridge this right; but the Wilson Administration has very sharply reminded the states that *the right to create carries with it the responsibility to control* and even to destroy if the corporation organized by the state conducts itself in such manner as to be inimical to the welfare of an unshackled citizenship. The complaints of corporate abuses, some justified, many unwarranted, which have vexed our ears for many years agone might never have been heard and the causes of these complaints might have been entirely eliminated had the state in its corporate capacity exercised its power to regulate and if need be to destroy, for no General Assembly was ever so corrupt as to be willing to write into its statute books an enactment for the organization of a corporation which in its actual workings would be permitted to do an injury to even the humblest citizen. So the Wilson Administration, believing as it does in the doctrine of states rights, nevertheless holds that with those rights go responsibilities and that the general government must, because of

the intimate social and business relations between the several states, exercise supervisory power and redress grievances whenever the states refuse to correct the evils which the states have brought into existence through their power to organize. This is simply an adaptation of the principle that the proper place for the training of the youth of the land and of teaching respect for the law is in the home and that, if the home fails to discharge this duty, the public school may attempt to do so, and that, if the school fails, then the penal arm of the state shall administer corrective punishment to the youth.

The administration believes that the same principles which work so well in sociology may be applied to politics and economics. We now know that mere punishment does not lessen crime and our sociological movement is toward prevention rather than toward punishment. Theories are constantly being pushed aside by conditions. The day when the father was an actual guardian of his child gave way to the day when the court might say whether the father or the mother should have the child and that day has given way to this good day when the court may say that the child shall be placed with neither parent but where the child itself will be the best off. Theoretically, my house is yet my castle, within which I may be a beast with lower pleasures and a beast with lower pains. Theoretically, not even the king may pass its threshold without my consent; but, practically, no man, because of our increased population with its resultant congestion, now may live unto himself. I may wish to pasture my cow in my front yard and keep my pig in the parlor, but the larger definition of life which fixes the relation of the individual to the community says to me,—nay. And so the sanitary conditions of my home are a matter of public interest and public control regardless of the correctness of the theory upon which the home is established. Theoretically, I have control of my own children, but the state has an interest to see that they do not grow up to be vicious and criminal; and, if I neglect my duty to them, the state may, regardless of all theories, intervene and look after them.

The business men of America may be divided into two classes, honest business men and dishonest ones. Theoretically, the

state has no right to interfere with the business of any man until he has violated some law. But the Wilson Administration in believing that the principles of sociology, which look to the prevention of crime rather than to its punishment, may well be applied to governmental affairs, created a Federal Trade Commission whose business it is to correct business by suggestion and advice and to curb those business men who are inclined to go wrong by admonition and reproof. The government has no desire to see business men pass into the dishonest or criminal class. It wishes to do everything it can to keep them in the class of honest men. And it is for the good of business men themselves as well as for their country that unfair practices cease. Our country and the world at large will never return to the theory that nothing shall be done by the government to prevent its citizens from becoming criminal.

DUTY TO PROTECT FROM GREED

Into the definition of liberty has been written *the duty of the state to free the individual* as far as possible *from the greedy encroachments of other individuals*. Therefore, the enactments of the Wilson Administration which have been characterized as socialistic—notably the acts to build the Alaskan Railroad and to establish an armor plate plant and a nitrate plant—are not socialistic, and are not due to any desire upon the part of the administration to subvert the individualistic principles of Thomas Jefferson. If this Republic ever drifts into a socialistic democracy—and if it does it will be to my everlasting regret—it will do so not by virtue of democratic principles but because self-appointed trustees under God have placed burdens too grievous to be borne upon the shoulders of those for whom they claim to be acting as trustees.

There never was a reason why the railroad as a common carrier should not have been compelled to carry small packages as well as large ones; but it did not receive them and was not compelled to do so, and as accessories to railroad transportation there grew up the express companies. These companies imposed unjust charges, sought to escape the just burdens of taxa-

tion, evaded state laws, and declared large dividends. The people finally demanded and received the parcels post, not because they wanted socialism but because they wanted redress, and when the Wilson Administration increased the maximum weight of parcels post packages, the express companies made admissions through their acts which were startling. For instance, in a state where the public service commission had fixed express rates and the company had procured an injunction on the ground that the rate was confiscatory, the companies themselves voluntarily reduced their rates to a point below that fixed by the commission, thereby impressing all citizens with the fact that during the years prior to the enlargement of the weight of the parcels package, they had been overcharged and duped by the company.

JUSTIFIES THE SEAMEN'S ACT

Ninety millions and more of Americans would undoubtedly be unutterably shocked to hear that a laboring man whose feet were upon American soil could not quit his job if he wanted to and whenever he wished, and they, save here and there an isolated man, would resent the declaration that labor is a commodity just like pork and beans and bread. Yet, for seven hundred years, *the sailor upon the high seas was as much a slave as our black man of the South before the Civil War.* As an artisan, I might be engaged in roofing a house with a storm arising and I could consult my own wishes as to whether I should seek to conclude the work before the storm broke or throw my hammer down and quit, and my only liability would be a civil one in its character. But if I had signed as a sailor and was serving under a brute of a master with insufficient food and rest, I could not quit even if I reached an American port and, if I did quit, would have been hounded like a criminal by the officers of the United States, arrested if they located me, put back on board the vessel and sent out of the harbor.

Marine disasters had been met at sea by an insufficient number of lifeboats inefficiently manned by crews made up of men many of whom were in no sense seamen but who were employed

on board as stewards and waiters. The crew of many a vessel did not contain more than forty per cent. who in the hour of danger could understand the commands given from the deck. But under the Wilson Administration all this has been changed by the Seamen's Act so ably championed by Senator LaFollette of Wisconsin. *The sailor now is a free man and his contracts are similar to those of other men. The crying need of the American people may be for a merchant marine; but this people in their sober judgment will prefer to sail painted ships on painted oceans rather than to return to the former conditions of marine slavery.* They will not ignore humanity and liberty that commerce may thrive. They will find another way to encourage commerce.

REFORMED CURRENCY SYSTEM

A larger meaning has been written into the definition of liberty. Use of the word is no longer confined to the expression of the right of a man to do as he pleases within the limitations of the law, to take part in political discussions, freely to write and speak his opinion upon all subjects and concerning all persons; but its use is enlarged to embrace his right to use such property and such credit as he may have in the gainful occupations of life without endangering himself of being swept into bankruptcy through the foolish and illegal financial ventures of persons with whom he has no business connection. For fifty years, the Republican Party suffered and permitted a banking and currency system to be upheld by the law of the land which, briefly put, permitted a bank to urge you to take money when you had no use for it and to insist upon its repayment when you needed it. The banker, himself, was not to blame for this condition of affairs. Speculation and the movement of crops produced stringencies in the money market. A bank naturally would be uncertain as to how its depositors might feel under the circumstances. Therefore, at the least financial disturbance, the banker would begin to insist upon the payment of loans that he might fortify his institution against runs and be enabled to meet not only the just but very frequently the mistaken demands of his depositors. There was no way in which to prevent the deposits

of the entire country from going to that part of it which engaged in speculation and which could afford to pay the greater interest. This unfortunate condition of affairs was recognized by all thoughtful men; but the Republican Party offered no solution, being afraid to approach the subject lest, by its interference with fixed conditions, it might bring on a panic. No one ever dreamed that the local banker was calling in his loans because he wanted to call them in. His desire was to extend credit to the limit of the responsibility of his customers, but so stringent were the banking laws, both civil and criminal, that the collection of his loans became an imperative necessity, and the banker was gradually falling into disrepute with the masses of the American people, into a disrepute that was undeserved. It was the condition of the law and not his attitude of mind which drove the banker to his course of conduct.

The Wilson Administration had not only *the courage* but the ability *to put upon the statute books of the Republic the most advanced and perfect banking law in the world.* And this law has solved our problems. It keeps the deposits of the country from flowing into any one particular channel and divides them up among different regional banks. It gives elasticity to our currency. It enables a bank to procure currency upon its loans instead of compelling it to force payment of them, and thereby to hamper the business enterprises of the honest and solvent debtor. This constitutes a larger degree of liberty for the individual. It gives him the right to proceed with his business affairs without the fear of being embarrassed or crippled by some sudden flurry in the money market. He now knows that money will be obtainable when he needs it and that, if he is prudent and economical, his banker will not drive him into bankruptcy. No liberty will ever again be worth the having unless it guarantees to the individual citizen his right to succeed if he have the ability to spell success.

In the midst of such unprecedented financial conditions as the world had never seen, the new banking and currency system stood the test. It has encouraged and promoted our business interests, has made stable our enterprises and has enabled the honest and solvent debtor to devote his entire time to his busi-

ness rather than to worrying over the question whether his credit might be suddenly withdrawn.

RURAL CREDITS

In consonance with this idea Congress has passed a Rural Credits Bill which probably will become a law soon if it has not by the time this article is read. Wealth naturally drifts to the centres of population and to the older districts of the country. The farmer, so long as he can be, is a pioneer. His lands are distant from the sources of money supply. He is not a lawyer, a banker, nor a financier. He is not familiar with the best ways in which to obtain money and, even though he were a lawyer, banker and financier, he is compelled to pay a greater rate of interest than is consistent with his vocation, because of the deviousness of the avenues to the money. This Rural Credits Bill will bring together the farmer who needs money to improve his lands, and the man who desires safe and long-time loans. A spirit of justice impels the statement that there was no partisan dispute about the need for this legislation. The fact remains that it was accomplished under the Wilson Administration.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION

This administration has recognized the fact that whenever a theory comes in sharp conflict with a condition, the theory must go down. Regardless of how we may theorize as to the right of government to aid its citizens in fitting themselves for the very best conditions in life, its practical duty to do so will never again be seriously disputed. For a long time we had cheerfully acquiesced in the doctrine that it was both the right and the duty of the State to educate its citizens along literary lines; but it remained for this administration to educate our farmers along the lines of their special calling. By the Smith-Lever Agricultural Bill, passed by a unanimous vote of both branches of Congress, the government extends assistance to farm extension work with a view to educating the farmer to greater efficiency and to increasing the productiveness of American farms, thereby

adding to the income of the individual farmer and at the same time reducing the cost of living to the man who is not a farmer. So great has been the increase in urban population that if the sun should cease to shine and the rain to fall and the farmer to work, in twenty-two months, it is estimated, the entire American population would starve to death, even though all our products were kept at home. It is not at all wonderful, therefore, that with these few days between comparative luxury and absolute starvation, the Democratic Party should deem it its duty as well as its right to make appropriations looking not only to larger crops for the farmer and cheaper prices for the consumer but also to the lengthening of that period between plenty and famine.

The civilization of a people is largely marked by the condition of their highways. Speedy communication both for mails and products is most desirable in this twentieth century. A good roads bill establishing a joint partnership between the general government and the several states has been passed. This bill extends federal aid in the building of new roads, matching dollar for dollar, up to a certain total, money appropriated by the states.

The Department of Agriculture, one of the most valuable departments of the government, is being splendidly encouraged in its work. It accomplished the stupendous task of stamping out the hoof and mouth disease with appropriations wisely appropriated by the Congress and wisely expended, under the able direction of Secretary Houston. The department is expending large sums to preserve and increase the fruits and crops of the country. These are mere samples of the kind of legislation written upon nearly every page of the statute books for three years,—legislation which may be summarized as promoting the general welfare by helping those who are helpless without harming others.

There are those who believe—and I include myself in the number—that the real statutes of a people are not written in books of statutes, but that they are written upon the hearts and consciences of mankind. The most constructive of the work of the Wilson Administration has been the rewriting on the minds and hearts of the American people of that statute which declares that nothing pays permanently which is not just, and that statute

has been written upon the hearts and minds of men of both high and low degree. Voluntarily, interlocking directorates are disappearing. Corporation managers are scrutinizing their business affairs, not for the purpose any longer of putting them exclusively to the touch of profit, but for the purpose of considering them in the light of right and wrong. The withdrawal of Mr. Morgan and his partners from the directorates of twenty-seven different corporations has been followed by like conduct upon the part of other men. The voluntary dissolutions of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company and of other well-known corporations, reveal the new corporate attitude, which is, that business is no longer just business,—that now, it is justice as well as success. It may have been thought when the Wilson Administration came into power that there would be nothing more than a shifting of the benefits of government from certain favored persons to other favored persons; but the lobby investigation promptly disillusioned prospective beneficiaries as well as the public. From the very beginning the legislative business of the Wilson Administration, whether wise or foolish, has been conducted without a trace of suspicion that any motive was the source of inspiration save the motive to promote the common welfare.

Thomas Love Peacock, that delightful satirist and novelist of the early years of the nineteenth century, gives in his "Maid Marian" an account of the formation under law of Robin Hood's Merry Band of Foresters and of the practical workings of its laws. Friar Tuck immediately became a beneficiary and upon complaint that the laws were "turning discipline into profit, penalty into perquisite, public justice into private revenue," promptly replied: "Why are laws made? For the profit of somebody. Of whom? Of him who makes them first, and of others as it may happen. Was not I legislator in the last article and shall I not thrive by my own law?"

In the years agone, it was regarded as perfectly legitimate that those who contributed the most in the way of money to the victory of a political party should receive rewards in legislation from that party. So little regard was given this ancient

belief in the constructive legislation of the Wilson Administration that the belief soon fell into innocuous desuetude; yea, more than that happened, for the eyes of good men were opened to the injustice of such legislative procedure. Injustice does not always come from evil-mindedness. It is just as likely to spring from precedent. This change was so startling that it brought from Elihu Root the remarkable admission that the people of New York had for many years been living under an Invisible Government and that its officials had been his personal and political friends. When an administration by the course of its legislation and its method of law enforcement secures a voluntary confession of error from an Attorney General of the Invisible Government, the people well may applaud.

Legislation is more comprehensive than mere statutory enactment in that it embraces not only the law written by Congress, but also the Supreme Court's decision as to what Congress meant when it wrote it and the opinion of the people of it. Citizenship has been defined many times by Constitutions, by statutes and by judicial decisions; but the hyphenated-American has been recognized as a slightly different citizen from the everyday American. We have had Irish-Americans, and Franco-Americans, and German-Americans, and then just plain, old-fashioned Americans. The Wilson Administration has not sought to prevent America from continuing to be the melting-pot of the world, but it has insisted that the man of foreign birth in going into the pot shall melt into a genuine American and that in coming out, if he retains a more tender regard for any other land or more affection for any other institution than he holds for our Republic and her institutions, he is not an American, although he casts a ballot. There are two kinds of divorce known to the law, one, a vinculo matromonii; the other, a mensa et thoro. Our naturalization laws have been satisfied if the foreign-born citizen divorced himself by his oath of renunciation from the bed and board of his native country. The new naturalization law of the Wilson Administration, not written as a statute but accepted by the people, demands that the foreigner's oath of renunciation shall be a divorce from the bonds of matrimony to his country in thought, purpose and conduct.

The most perfect government that the world has ever known was the old Jewish theocracy. God decreed in justice and mercy and His servants executed. But the cupidity and ambition of mankind did not suffer it to survive long in its purity. The next most perfect government is the individualistic American democracy. If it does not survive, its theory will not be at fault nor will it be because any political party desires its extinction. It will come to its fall because of the ambition and cupidity of a certain class of its citizens just as the Jewish theocracy went to its fall, for no honest man, however much he may be enamored of a system of government, is going to cling blindly to that system after he observes that in its practical workings it is doing injury to the commonweal.

But the curbing of cupidity so noticeable just now, the contraction of ambition within its lawful restraints, the prominence fair dealing has assumed in public affairs—these developments, which were first heralded by the golden thread of honesty which the Wilson Administration wove into the governmental fabric, will save our Republic from the fate of the Jewish theocracy and preserve America as the greatest apostle of God-given Democracy.

The leaders of the old thought which brought the Republican Party to its downfall are all back either upon the tickets or in charge of the party machinery. From Cannon to McKinley, from Penrose to Watson, the old guard stretches out its Jacobean hands seeking the people's blessing, and loudly proclaiming its willingness to die for the rights of man. But a suspicious electorate cynically asks, "What Man?"

WHAT IS BEHIND THE JAPANESE PERIL?

SIGMUND HENSCHEN

[*This article is written by an authority, who regards the Japanese Peril as great.* THE FORUM *does not necessarily agree with the views expressed; but the views expressed are held by a great many Army and Navy officers.* THE FORUM *will issue in a subsequent number, an answer to this article.*]

THE CONTENTIONS OF THIS AUTHORITY ARE:

THERE IS A GREAT PERIL TO AMERICA IN JAPANESE AGGRESSION.

THE GREATEST DANGER IS TO AMERICAN OCCUPATION OF THE PHILIPPINES.

JAPAN HAS MENACED AMERICAN POSSESSIONS.

RESENTMENT TOWARDS THE UNITED STATES ARISES FROM MEMORIES OF THE PORTSMOUTH TREATY AND FROM FRICTION IN CALIFORNIA.

JAPAN IS BECOMING FRIENDLY TOWARDS GERMANY.

GUAM AND HAWAII ARE THREATENED.

JAPAN HAS GAINED BRITISH GOLD IN THE WAR BY SELLING MUNITIONS TO RUSSIA, WHO IS FINANCED BY ENGLAND.

THE Japanese are a greatly maligned people. They are our friends. They bear us no ill will. We do too much business together. Some of them love us. Noted Americans who have made the trip to Japan have told us so. Such a rare thinker as ex-President Eliot of Harvard has said so. Japanese noblemen who have visited this country have assured us of it. Americans who have been received at the Japanese Court credit only the highest motives to the Island Empire. Why should they quarrel with us?

"I am not suffering from any vision," declared Captain Hobson before the House Committee on Naval Affairs. "In May, 1913, and some weeks afterwards, our canoneers on Corregidor Island were busy by day and night with their guns. The harbors were blockaded with mines and our troops were sent out. The government itself was ready to go to the Pacific Coast. The Secretary of the Navy is present. I will ask him. In case it is not true, he can deny it."

No, that didn't happen when Roosevelt was President. It is not an old war scare being dug out of forgotten things. Captain Hobson said those words on December 15th, 1914, and our Secretary of the Navy did not deny them. Such facts never get into the newspapers.

It was on May 20th, 1913, that a United States officer's command in an outlying district received an order to report at once to Manila. The order was from General Bell. That night the same order was received in every outlying post of the Philippine Islands. The mobilization of our troops in Manila began. Speed was the command; forced marches were necessary. Day and night, from all parts of the Island the United States troops converged towards Manila. The command of one officer covered 50 miles in 48 hours. Arriving in Manila they found that a strict censorship had been put on the cables. They learned that only one regiment of cavalry and two mountain batteries had been left at Camp Stotsenberg. Filipino scouts had been left in the outlying regions.

They learned their orders. All the American forces were to be concentrated on Corregidor Island. They were to prepare to combat a Japanese landing, the object of which was Manila. They were to hold out until the fleet came. If the Japanese landed at any other place, it was a foregone conclusion that they would overrun the Islands until they reached Manila. In Manila, everything but guns, ammunition and food was abandoned. Infantry and light artillery were transported to Corregidor. The cavalry was too; but its horses were left behind. All the ammunition that could be gathered up around the Islands was brought to the fortress. It totaled 20,000 rounds—not enough for two days' hard fighting. We had more than the

million rations for our forces. Thirteen million pesos in gold were taken from the Manila banks and stored on Corregidor. Fort McKinley was abandoned. The Fort on Grandee Island was regarded as untenable and dismantled. All the machines on the dry dock Dewey were put out of business.

We were very strong on Corregidor to combat the Japanese. Supplementing the fortress' armament, we had 40 pieces of field artillery. Our forces were large, too. In the Corregidor Garrison were 10 companies of Coast Artillery, 4,200 infantry men and 16 light field pieces. Of course, however, when reinforcements were brought in from outlying parts of the island we were much stronger—the force an enemy could land would only outnumber us about four to one.

Across the bay from Corregidor is a mountain. It faces the sea and descends towards Manila in a gradual slope. It was on the other side of this mountain that the Japs were expected to land. By so doing they would be protected from the guns of the fort. Accordingly we decided to defend the crest of this mountain which is called Marivales.

These are the forces that took positions on Marivales: the 13th and 24th Infantry, three companies of the 15th, three regiments of Field Artillery and one mountain battery. Gun emplacements were built, trenches were dug, barbed wire entanglements were strung up. Day by day messages from the War Department became more alarming; day by day, to prevent a panic, the people in Manila were told it was only a manœuvre; day by day for two months an enemy's fleet was expected—but it did not come. What happened?

Let us get into the diplomatic history of the month of May, 1913. The California legislature had passed the Bradford Bill, excluding the Japanese from holding land. The San Francisco *Chronicle* said " . . . the people of this State are overwhelmingly opposed to them (the Japanese) or any Orientals owning our land." This created an uproar in Japan. Every outcry of the Pacific Coast newspapers was cabled back to Japan and fanned to war heat. Of course those charming Japanese whom Americans have met here and in Japan, did not do the fanning. Neither did the Japanese people.

The Mikado's Government sent a protest to our State Department. President Wilson requested Governor Johnson of California to relieve the situation. He quietly took up the matter with the Legislature which refused to make any concessions. The people of California are fanatics. The man sitting comfortably in the East could not see that the Californians were fighting for the homes of the small fruit farmers and the safeguarding of American community life against Orientalism. War demonstrations occurred in Tokio—Bryan left the Chautauqua Circuit flat and made a trip to California. He returned to Washington. The California Legislature refused to revoke the Bradford Bill. The diplomatic conversations in Washington became alarming. There came a cipher message to General Bell; there came our mobilization on Corregidor Island.

It was about this time that a beautiful word in diplomatic language was used. The word is "indisposed." The British Ambassador became "indisposed." To handle the post while this official was indisposed, there came to Washington a very charming English gentleman, Sir William Terrill. Sir William Terrill was well liked in France, Russia, Servia and Montenegro. Before the second Balkan War broke out, he was also well liked in Bulgaria. With Isolowsky, the Russian Ambassador to France, the brains of Sir William were responsible for the Balkan league against Turkey. European diplomats admire his rapier. They know him as the right hand man of Sir Edward Grey, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs. He is one of the most important diplomats on the British foreign office staff. Washington welcomed him with open arms.

Of course it was only a coincidence that Sir William Terrill came to Washington when an event of extreme importance to British diplomacy was in the air. It was the Panama Canal Tolls Controversy. Admirable moment, too—with the California Legislature running amuck against the Japanese. You see England and Japan were allies—they are still, but not such close allies—but more of that later.

One does not profess to know the conversation of Sir William Terrill. One merely knows the facts of the Washington situation and what happened. It is not difficult, however, to imagine

Sir William smiling in his friendly way and saying, "You ask us to use our influence with Japan and call her off. We appreciate fully that you are our blood cousins, we like you, but is it reasonable, dear friends, to expect us to injure our relations with Japan while you are opposing us on the Panama Canal question? We should like to know, really,—but,——"

It happened. We renounced our coastal rights in the Panama Canal. Our boys on Corregidor were finally sent back to their posts. Japan was called off.

If anything has been implied against the Japanese, I'm sorry. They love us. Many of our great Americans have told us so. It's pretty hard not to love anybody when you get $20,000 for a single lecture. A club of Tokio paid that for a talk by a distinguished American.

Baron Shibusawa came to America. He is known as the Morgan of Japan. One might call him a Japanese Sir William Terrill. He made one mistake. He began his speeches in San Francisco. There is an American sentiment in San Francisco on Oriental immigration. It has no illusions about the English, the Germans, or the Japanese.

But why should Japan go to war with us? They trade with us. They are tax-ridden; they can't afford war. Let us first understand the Japanese! Do you know what Bushido is? It is something worse than Bernhardism. Bushido is a code that has been handed down to the Japanese from the Middle Ages. Its slogan is "Dai Nippon!" It goes "Deutschland Ueber Alles" one better. It means the glorification of the Japanese; and God help anybody who stands in their way. It teaches that no sacrifice is too great for the Mikado. It is the code of the Empire. Its power is so great in these modern days that, when his Emperor died, Nogi, hero of the Russian war, committed *hari-kari,* so that he might accompany his Emperor and safeguard him on his way to the Fields of Paradise. That happened but a few years ago, when one of the biggest men in Japan yielded to the doctrines of Bushido. It conclusively showed the enormous primitive feeling that is beneath the Japanese race.

You remember the Treaty of Portsmouth. You remember how Roosevelt stopped Japan's war with Russia and brought

peace—a humane act, an act for which the Japanese people should be grateful. And secretly the Japanese Government was. But that wasn't their game. They didn't dare tell the Japanese people that they should be grateful for peace. Dai Nippon! What they told them was this—*"By treacherous diplomacy the United States Government robbed you out of an indemnity that Russia should have paid."*

Ask any American who has been to Japan, except those who have been wined and dined and had their mentality chloroformed! Exempt those who have an axe to grind, those who are making money out of the Japanese! Include all those who have an ounce of brains and who care enough for their country to tell the truth. You'll get the same answer—the Japs hate us.

Why? Go back to Portsmouth. On the field of battle, Japan was the victor. Potentially she was defeated; financially she was at the end of her rope. Her delegates came into the Portsmouth Conference with a chip on their shoulders. Being good diplomats, they demanded impossible peace terms. Baron Witte of Russia demurred. In a flash, the Japanese took him up, renounced their terms and signed peace without an indemnity.

Japanese money had built their army and navy. Japanese blood had gone out in the war. Did the Mikado's officials dare to say to the people, "We couldn't get any indemnity; you've got to pay higher taxes"? Instead they played the game cleverly. They turned their people against the one country that had been sympathetic with them in the war. They told them that the United States had robbed them of that indemnity. They fanned a hatred against us. They did this so they could build a bigger navy and a bigger army. They've been building this for only one reason.

But the Japs got Manchuria from Russia; that's colony enough. Glorious prize! Wondrous field for Japanese expansion! "The Orient for the Orientals"—beautiful phrase. Let us examine Manchuria! Since the Japanese War against Russia, they have colonized Manchuria. Thomas F. Maillard, Editor of the *China Press,* a deep student of Oriental affairs who has lived in the Orient, says that the Japanese colonization of Manchuria has been a crass failure. He points out that the

Japanese Government made every concession to Japanese colonists; but it didn't work. And here is where you get to the kernel of the Japanese proposition; in day labor, a Japanese is no good against any other Oriental. His standard of living is higher. Chinamen or Koreans can undercut him any day. His paradise of competition is against Westerners. His paradise of competition is Mexico, the United States and Canada. There he undercuts, there he profits, there he multiplies. Korea and China are economically impossible for the Japanese outlet. They can trade but not create there. The logical resting place of this outlet is in Western civilization, and there the United States bars the way.

The majority of Americans are familiar with Hay and the policy of the Open Door in China. How many Americans know about the "Closed Door"? What do we care about China? A Republican Campaign Committee once coined a fundamental line. It was "Trade follows the Flag." It is rather difficult for the average man to see where he profits because somebody else does so many millions of dollars of untramelled business in China. Which gets us back to the involved question of how much foreign trade means in the pockets of the average American. There is no place for that here. But there is a place for that idea that a certain mass of people living under a Government owe something to the welfare of their country. It is the idea of throwing everything in the last analysis into a common pool, all for one and one for all. This is conscious nationalism. Of course it is only an ideal. Every nation in the European war has shown it has ideals—Japan too. We have ideals also—latent ideals. We are apt not to think about them until war comes—which is costly. All of which turns on the "Closed Door of China."

Do you know what happened when the German fortress in Tsing Tau fell? Tsing Tau, being a part of China, the Japanese declared war against Germany to get it. As Count Hayasi said at the outbreak of the present war, "She (Japan) will be able to reap advantage to herself." The Japanese got after Tsing Tau. The English did not like this. They insisted upon sending an Expeditionary Force to fight shoulder to shoulder with the Japanese. The Japs had ample military strength to capture

that isolated German garrison. They did. The English came in at the death. The German commander surrendered his sword to the Japanese, who accepted it in the name of the Mikado. The English commander stepped forward and said: "And I accept it in the name of King George." The Japanese turned to the Englishman and said: "Do not trouble yourself! Tsing Tau has been captured by the Japanese." This was told to me by an eye-witness of the surrender. Its significance in view of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is enormous.

Of course, being thousands of miles away, few Americans paid any attention when the Japanese subsequently made certain diplomatic demands upon China. We disapproved and being unprepared, ceased to disapprove. The Japanese demands practically meant a Japanization of China.

The map tells stories. It tells the story of Russia—and of China. Hordes of people. Is it so hard to conceive of Japanese efficiency going into China, using the resources of that country, turning out swarms of Chinese soldiers trained by Japan to fight with machines instead of gongs and lurid colored flags. They did that with their own country when it was in just as sleepy a condition.

But they don't want to fight us. They love us. Baron Shibusawa said so. They love us so much that they are deeply interested in our country and its possessions. The Intelligence Department of Manila in 1913, employed a man named ——. He became violently interested in two Japanese traders who were not interested in trading. He learned that they had offered the United States Infantry Sergeant a big sum of money if he would hand over the plans of Corregidor Fortress. The Sergeant told ——. —— drew up a fake set of plans. He told the sergeant to meet the Japanese and ask for $50,000. They met in a hotel in Manila. The sergeant delivered the fake set of plans and asked for $50,000. —— was in an adjoining room. The Japanese were disposed to haggle over the price. They returned the plans and asked if they could give the decision the following evening. —— rushed into the room. He placed the Japanese under arrest. The Japs had the fake

plans but ultimately the Japs had to be released because no money had changed hands.

An American, whose name for obvious reasons must be withheld, did Secret Service work for us in Japan. He is personally known to the writer. He has a scar of a bullet on his forearm; he got it for going too close to the fortifications in the Harbor of Nagasaki, preferring the wound to a term in jail. He remained in Japan for an entire year. It was his business to mine for under strata of sentiment as well as to obtain military and naval knowledge. Time and time again he heard the subject of the Portsmouth Peace Conference brought up and always the Jap's attitude was that some day America would pay for it. He was informed that the defences of Nagasaki are impregnable. This condition of American spies in America leads to an inevitable conclusion. It is a certain forerunner of war.

The writer is personally acquainted with an officer formerly in charge of our Intelligence Department in the Philippines. He told me that the Japanese know everything about the Islands that is worth knowing. The Japanese have complete plans of the forts on Grandee Island; he knows that for a fact. The Japanese General Staff know every possible landing place in the Philippines; they have prepared maps and tactical reports so that when the day comes their officers will know which positions will be easier to hold and which position of ours could be attacked with success or with failure. The officer recognized many Japanese officers among "business men" who came to the Islands when he was in the Intelligence Department. He informed me particularly of cases of men who claimed to represent fish houses and who went to ports of the Philippines perfectly absurd from the point of view of their business. He said he always detailed some man in his department to follow them. He would always get a report that the Japanese "fish merchant" was using his camera at every opportunity. He said that the Japs were so clever in this work that it was extremely hard to catch them with anything incriminating. He said that their audacity was beyond belief. Once the Japanese Chief of Staff, a very well known man, sent his nephew to the Philippines armed with letters of introduction to the American authorities. The

Intelligence Department was at a loss how to handle the case. For diplomatic reasons, they could not offend so high a man as the Japanese General of Staff. His nephew was commended to their hospitality. To protect themselves, the American Secret Service offered the distinguished visitor an escort of two officers to accompany him all around the Island. But the Jap politely declined, saying he did not wish to give the Americans any trouble. So they followed him. They saw he was taking extensive information but was putting nothing down on paper. They were powerless. They did not dare arrest him for lack of evidence. It was a General on duty in the Philippines who told me that if the Japanese struck, then, they could overrun the Islands in two weeks.

Come West. We are building new fortifications in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. A Japanese aviator turned up there. He was just a barnstormer who wanted to make some money on exhibition flights. Very suddenly he took it into his head to fly over the Pearl Harbor fortifications. Now that trip would have interested a Japanese military aviator. The Japanese General Staff would have prized any photographs of the Pearl Harbor defences taken from an aeroplane. Our military authorities stopped his flight. The Jap then had the effrontery to report the incident to Tokio as a "discourtesy" of the United States.

It is a fact known to our General Staff that there are more trained reserved soldiers in Hawaii than there are soldiers of the United States. Where would they get their equipment from in the event of war? Don't forget that during the Japanese riots in Vancouver, a Japanese boarding house was raided. It was found to contain stores of ammunition and machine guns. But, of course, if the Japanese had stored these so far west as the Pacific Coast, they would not take the trouble to store munitions in Hawaii. It is known to our military authorities that there are more Japanese who have served in their army on the Pacific Coast to-day than there are in the mobile field army of our country. This statement is at odds with the statistics of Japanese immigration. It is an open secret though that Japanese land in Lower California, Mexican soil, and then cross the border into the United States. The last estimate our military

authorities had showed one quarter of a million Japs in Mexico. During the present trouble in Mexico, it has been established—although newspaper publication has been suppressed—that Japanese officers are with the Mexican trouble makers and that Japan has sold quantities of ammunition to Mexico. It must not be forgotten that Felix Diaz was sent on a special mission to Japan and that just recently Carranza sent one of his high officials on a similar visit. Of course we do not know what takes place at these conferences between Mexicans and Japs in Tokio, but one presumes that being military men they discuss the best ways of cultivating rice.

Come on further West! Never heard of Fonseca Bay? It is in Nicaragua. It is north of the Panama Canal. A number of Japanese were discovered there to be making soundings of the bay—an ideal landing place. The American Consul was informed. He lay in wait one day and discovered a Jap taking surveying and sounding instruments that were hidden under a bush on the edge of the harbor. He followed him. The Jap got into a boat that had been beached. The boat was manned by Japanese; they were seen to be surveying the harbor. Certain newspapers learned of the incident. Our State Department denied it. Of course for the Japs it was purely an innocent pastime.*

Come on North! You've heard of Turtle Bay. It is in Lower California. A Japanese warship went aground there. Too bad. The Japs needed four other warships to get it off. It took four weeks to get that single warship off. To get it off, the Japanese had to make landing parties and overrun the entire region thereabout. Of course, being in Turtle Bay and having sounding instruments aboard all these warships, the Japs did not use them.

Of this affair a high United States officer told me, "We know that the Japanese incident at Turtle Bay was not an accident, we have reason to believe that they deliberately ran a warship aground so as to give them an excuse to make observations and to prepare Turtle Bay as a landing place. We criticized the action of the Secretary of the Navy in permitting the Japanese to land there and to remain there for two weeks—time enough

*The incident is also well known in certain Central American circles.

to make a survey of the terrain to choose artillery emplacements and, for all we know, to build wireless stations—wherefore it was criminal to allow them to remain there for two weeks before even investigating what business they had there."

Come further North! The Japanese have been caught with the plans of San Francisco forts in their possession. American officers there are no longer allowed to have Japanese servants. But that is, of course, because the Japs do not know how to cook. The Japanese have been caught taking the depths of the unfortified harbor of Monterey, where troops could easily be landed. But, of course, the Japanese were taking depths so as to know where to place fishing nets.

The Japs have been caught in California near the Mexican border and near the border of the State of Washington, where complete data on the terrain has been found in their possession. But of course, being an ambitious race, the Japs are desirous of improving themselves in surveying. They have been caught by army officers in the passes of our Western mountains. But of course they want to know these passes; for some day they may be tourist guides.

The Japanese have not forgotten an incident that took place in California. When the squadron of Rear Admiral Yashiro was lying off the coast, a ball was given in their honor in a hotel in Pasadena. "We would just as soon dance with ——— (a disparaging epithet)," remarked a young woman of Pasadena,—which remark was at once reported in the California newspapers. Rear Admiral Yashiro caused the ball to be postponed, and at once reported the incident to his government as an insult. A few days afterwards, according to previous plans, school children of North Beach were to visit the Japanese squadron. They were about to take the car for San Pedro, when a telegram from Rear Admiral Yashiro told them that they would not be received. The Japs do not forget.*

They have been caught around New York. Last summer in a certain boarding house, north of New York City, there stayed a young Japanese surveyor, well liked, by all the ladies in the

*It was, of course, an unfortunate and ill-timed remark, which only people who have lived close to coolie laborers from the Orient understand.

house, for his charming manners. The young Jap was a college student. He was supplementing his University course by surveying work in the field. He spent much of his time surveying that approach to New York from the North which is called "The line of the Harlem Valley." One day he made a trip to the ———— Inn. The Inn was a charming place. Two Germans, whose names have frequently appeared in our newspapers, stayed there. The Jap, when the surveying was finished, went to see them. But of course the Jap went to discuss the works of Goethe.

Which takes us back to the Orient. Since the beginning of the European War, Japan has been playing ducks and drakes with the British Far Eastern Policy. They have not sent a soldier to Europe; they have not sent a warship to Europe. What they have been doing is this: they have been getting fat on American money. American bankers have loaned the money to England and France. These nations have passed it on to Russia. Russia has passed it on to Japan. The Japanese in return have given guns and ammunition.

Outside of ourselves, they are the one important foreign nation that has been getting powerful on the war. Most of the ammunition factories in Japan are Government owned. The Government has been getting the money. The Government, seeing England with its hands tied up, has disregarded the spirit of its British Alliance. Against every diplomatic precedent of Great Britain, the Japanese have been gaining and gaining in Far Eastern power. The Islands of Java and Sumatra are owned by Holland. England never wanted Holland to fortify them. Under pressure Holland agreed not to do so if England would guarantee them. Alarmed at Japanese motives, Holland has asked Great Britain for a pledge of safeguarding her Far Eastern possessions in the event of Japanese aggression. England is unable to give it. Australia and New Zealand for the same reason are unofficially protesting against sending any more troops into the European conflict.

The time has come when the rise of Japan makes it impossible for the British Foreign Office to flirt with the Yellow Man at the expense of her Pacific Colonies and Canada. England

knows it. Japan knows it. Germany knows it. Canada knows it. The Japanese newspapers to-day are filled with praise for the German army. After getting what she wanted at Tsing Tau and the German islands in the Pacific, Japan has not been guilty of hostile act against Germany. Instead she has been friendly. Inside diplomacy knows the way the wind is blowing. Inside diplomacy knows Mexico, Japan and Germany. It knows a Russian agreement with Japan and it can see Germany added to this agreement regarding the Far East when the war is over. Inside diplomacy fears the Oriental question from an American viewpoint—more than it does any submarine issues. When our submarine controversy with Germany was acute in April of this year, it was Baron Chinda who called at the State Department, and using Japanese immigration as the excuse, chided us. And the wind blows where? Inside diplomacy can see a Japanese-American war with every other nation "Hands-Off,"—completely counterbalanced in power.

In the appropriations of the Japanese "Diet" a large sum of money is voted for which no public accounting has to be given. In a recent issue of our "Infantry Journal" there was tabulated the military strength of the nations of the world. Opposite Japan was the word "Unknown": hence the secret appropriations of the Diet. The Japanese people are tax-ridden. They are bearing these taxes. *They are building a larger and larger navy. Why? Why are large navies built?* So that the people of a country may be taken to see the world and be taught to drink grape juice? *Why are the Japanese people bearing an excessive burden of armament taxation without protest?*

When the Japanese took the Marshall Islands from Germany in this war, they promised this government that their occupation would not be permanent. What business was it of ours? The map tells that a Japanese fleet based on the fortified Marshall Islands would be a direct menace to our line of communication between Hawaii and the Philippines. If the Japanese navy controls the Pacific Ocean, she can do exactly what she likes with our trade in the event of trouble—just as England has crippled Germany's trade. She has already caused our cotton interests to lose $20,000,000 in Manchuria. Admiral Dewey called the Philippines, "the key to the mastery of the Pacific." That key

is menaced by the present Japanese occupation of the Marshall Islands. Also, after promising this government that they would not retain the Marshall Islands, the Japs began to fortify them. We know that we would quickly lose the Philippines. Our rallying point would be the Island of Guam. Guam we have possessed for seventeen years. There is not sufficient water at the dock of the naval station to land a steam launch there. As a base in the event of a naval action, it is highly important and completely useless. Since the Spanish-American war we have talked about fortifying it but we have taken it out in talk. You see there are no votes in Guam and money spent there doesn't do any good—politically. Of it, Mahan, the great strategist of the history of the American Navy said: "Guam securely held with a fleet superior to Japan's threatens every Japanese interest, from Dalny and Korea to Nagasaki and Yokohama." Yet our naval activity there is almost zero. Japanese cruisers have made surveys of its base because nobody has been there to stop them. It is the most vulnerable point of the great American triangle quadrilateral which runs northeast to Dutch Harbor on the Alaskan Islands, which drops down to Hawaii, then southwestward to Tutuila, and then northwestward, linking with Guam. It is our naval layout in the event of a war in the Pacific; but the Marshall Islands in Japanese hands break it up and even if our fleet did get through to Guam after the Philippines had fallen, it would arrive there in the greatest state of exhaustion of supplies—and Guam is almost devoid of supplies. And it is only three days from the Japanese coast. None of the four points of this American Pacific Quadrilateral has been efficiently guarded. During the present war, by capturing the German Ladrones, Japan has reached a point within forty-five miles of Guam. Their acquisition of the Marshall Islands has completely menaced the southern section of the quadrilateral. Few Americans know that such a quadrilateral exists, or its importance. The Japanese have known it and are very much awake to it and to show just why it is a good proposition for them to go to war against the United States, just what chances they would have of success, consider the testimony of our Admiral Winslow in command of our fleet on the Pacific coast. *He has not a first-class fighting ship of any type.* There is one armored cruiser on the

coast and one in Asiatic waters, the old hulk *Brooklyn*—renovated relic of the Spanish-American war. Add to this five more armored cruisers, several protected cruisers, several not important vessels doing police work, some old destroyers and nineteen submarines—nine of which are worthless—and you have our naval strength in the Pacific. Suppose something should happen to Panama Canal, some explosion that would start the slides, some innocent merchant ship filled with explosives touched off in Gatun Lock. It would be two months before we ever could get from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. Japan has two new battle cruisers. Two more are building. The *Kongo* would wreck our only floating drydock in the Philippines. With their high speed they could rush at Guam to take on coal. They could raid on the entire coast, they could wreck the big drydock in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. This may sound exaggerated but the fact is that Japan has battle cruisers. Nothing can compete with a battle cruiser except a battle cruiser. Understand that a battle cruiser is a ship that has sacrificed the armor of a dreadnought for greater hitting power with its guns and that has sacrificed the weight of armor for terrific speed. Remember the lessons of the present war with the fast and heavily armored German cruisers *Gneisenau* and *Scharnhorst* which lay off out of range of Craddock's fleet and hammered it to pieces off South America. Remember that it was battle cruisers that won for the English the battle of the North Sea and that we have none and Japan will soon have four.

We are trying to balk the Japs' ambitions in the East. We've said they are not good enough to be in our country. We've imposed upon them—so their statesmen told them—their taxation inheritance from the Russian War. They love us. They receive our exalted visitors with open arms. We deign to visit their shores. Will the Honorable Americans be pleased to sully themselves by dining at their most ungracious tables? And when our backs are turned, their infernal Bushido spirit possesses them. And instead of their oily rubbing of hand over hand and submissive intaking of breath, they become as their heathen gods —creatures of wrath.

And we slumber on.

A TRIAL OF SOCIALISM IN MEXICO

WHAT THE MEXICANS ARE FIGHTING FOR

M. C. ROLLAND

[*President Wilson in one of his public addresses declared that we must permit the Latin-American republics to work out their own redemption, as the United States have worked out their problems of freedom; but as revolution has succeeded revolution with kaleidoscopic swiftness, the American public has asked, "What does Mexico want? What are these Mexicans fighting for?" These questions, M. C. Rolland, a native Mexican, a dreamer and practical revolutionist, answers, and answers satisfactorily. There is something deeper in the revolution than brigandage. Raids and plots make noisy newspaper headlines, but the slow progress of a people up from slavery and poverty mark the real results. The writer of the article is a personal friend of General Carranza—the First Chief of Mexico to-day.*]

THE movement, which the people of every race and of every tongue are intensifying more and more in their search for a better social organization to ensure success and happiness—since all previous existing systems, including the religious and the commercial, have failed owing to the revulsion of mankind since the time of Plato against the exploitation of the masses—this movement has always been of paramount interest as the most powerful instrument for rendering practical the theories advanced for securing the welfare of the majority of mankind.

The efforts of the socialists in Europe, the brilliant showing they have made in New Zealand, and the agitation throughout South America towards shaking off the feudal yoke, are phenomena on which the gaze of the world is riveted to-day.

Among these efforts, the Mexican revolution stands out prominently: and, in spite of all the mantles with which Capitalism has endeavored to cloak it, the Mexican agitation shows more

and more definite socialistic tendencies, which are of tremendous importance to every South American country, and no less vital to the North American people, who in their turn will have to solve the same problems that are now being worked out in Mexico, notwithstanding the superior material progress of the northern hemisphere.

HOW LONG WILL THE REVOLUTION LAST?

In Mexico, we have had inexorably to answer the call of civil war, which will last as long as there is a tendency on one side to monopolize the riches, to insist on privileges and concessions obtained through actual robbery of the rights of the people; and on the other side, the strivings of those who demand equality, justice and education, and claim the right to comfort and contentment. Civil strife will cease when the working classes, those who have no capital, secure their economic liberty by means of a political and social organization more in conformity with the pure moral principles that supposedly govern humanity.

Our civil war, so long and bloody and painful, has clearly placed in evidence these conflicting aims and in like manner has also clearly defined the necessity for changing our social order, for transforming our systems of government, and for creating small property holdings as the bases of the economical liberation of our people, who then and then only will cease from being a vagrant mass without any exact notion of citizenship and without any power of resistance as a people.

WHAT THE AIMS ARE

These are the high ideals that inspire the chiefs of the Mexican revolution, and if until now it has been necessary to scatter, or even to annihilate, those who represent the tendencies of the privileged classes: it is very important that everybody should know what are, in the concrete, the first steps towards national reorganization which are now being taken firmly and seriously, in the most profound conviction that the socialist state should be

established, that the control of services of public utility should be without speculative aims, and that the creation of small interests by the reapportionment among all the natives of land holdings and of the natural resources of the country, will tend to establish the Mexican in a peaceful and happy home, and so ultimately make for the peace and happiness of the entire nation.

We do not want a nation prepared to kill, like Germany, or one organized mainly for material gain like the United States of America. We want a nation prepared for happiness toward which mankind has always striven.

WRONG SYSTEM OF TAXATION

One of the greatest ills of the Latin-American countries consists in the uneven methods of tax levying. The great lords of the land have always contrived to cheat the Exchequer by paying almost nothing for taxes, placing all the burden of public administration on the unfortunate shoulders of the small landed proprietors and on the humbler business concerns in general.

That is one of the most flagrant evils that the Mexican Revolution is rectifying. The First Chief with keen perception and appreciation of the situation, is working with firm hand and silence for the most minute investigation of all the properties in the Republic, reappraising them and imposing on each one the tax proportionate to its value. We find to-day that estates that were appraised under the old system at a value of twenty or thirty millions, have risen in valuation to five and even eight hundred millions. Pause and calculate how much better off the national treasury will be by the equal division of taxes! On this new basis, the small concerns will have a chance to breathe, and the old Spanish system will be eliminated whereby minor business houses and the less prosperous citizens used to be the ones most iniquitously overburdened with taxation, while the rich and opulent paid ridiculously small sums in comparison.

This policy of the Revolutionary leaders is the first step towards the doctrine of the single tax.

USE OF PUBLIC FUNDS

There is also another political change that every effort is being made to bring into effect and which is of immense importance to our people, that is, the real genuine establishment of the Commonalty Government.

Up to the present, it has been the custom for the dictators to name a representative, entitled the "Jefe Politico"—the Chief of Politics and Politicians—the odious instrument of all tyrants, through whom the public funds were concentrated in the coffers of the various states and of the Federation, where they served as a distraction for the hands through which they had to pass. In this manner, although the Government explored even the remotest corner of the Republic, nothing was ever left that would serve as an incentive to develop private initiative, since the only party who could be enriched was the "cacique"—the political "boss." *Thus an atmosphere of discouragement and dejection prevailed amongst the citizens, who never bestirred themselves for the betterment of their districts, because they knew too well that the money given would never be applied to its ostensible object.*

The First Chief, who, in the course of his political campaign, has passed through and visited every place, and knows fully every necessity of our people, is obsessed with the idea to institute free independent municipal government in order to give the Mexicans, for the first time, the opportunity to augment the prosperity of their respective cities and towns, and thus encourage personal initiative to develop, with the guarantee that there will be no more governmental exploitation. We feel sure that very soon in Mexico will come the rejuvenation of the beautiful cities that to-day lie in the drowsiness and lethargy produced by the political tyranny and despotism to which they have been subjected in the past. And thus will be opened up a new horizon for the Mexican people, who for the first time will be able to live peacefully and contentedly in attractive cities equipped with all the modern hygienic improvements.

There are other places in Mexico like Tuxpam which, owing to its vast supply of petroleum, is one of the richest spots on

earth, but where on account of the negligence of those who sold this source of national wealth, owing to the iniquitous centralization of the public funds, there is not to be found a water supply nor any kind of sanitary service, and not even a single cart for the removal of rubbish and refuse. In thousands of beautiful spots in Mexico, richly dowered by Nature, the people drag out a miserable existence in the midst of the most backward conditions of sanitation, positively revolting to the natural habits of the race, all due to the centralization of political and economic power.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT

The Revolutionary party is fully alive to the situation, and *the adoption of free municipal government,* which is already being put into practice in almost every part of the Republic, *will be the heroic remedy.* In a little while the desired transformation will have taken place, and if this were the only work of the First Chief it would suffice to make him great among us. Being on the fair road to the democratic socialistic state, we submit to the world the example of the organization of our federal telegraphic service. In spite of the Revolution, and with a thousand and other difficulties to contend against, this service, still controlled by the government, has been improved and trained to such a degree that to-day we have a magnificent system with very good service, at a price five or six times less than the telegraphic service of the United States, where many public utilities are exploited by companies which naturally seek to obtain enormous profits in order to partition dividends among the elect.

We prefer to lower the tariffs for the service of the public instead of making money on this popular necessity.

The wireless service has been improved to such an extent that we are able to make the assertion that the entire Republic is covered by stations that control the country in a far more efficient manner, proportionately, than the same service does in the United States. All this has been accomplished during the Revolution.

In order more concisely to present a case typical of what the

Revolutionary Government has accomplished towards the establishment of the democratic Socialistic State, I am going to present in as few words as possible the experience of the Government in the State of Yucatan, where I spent six months recently studying matters with reference to the Revolution.

IMPROVEMENTS IN YUCATAN

In Yucatan, the veritable Revolution arrived with General Alvarado.

The State was organized in such a manner that its entire wealth rested in the hands of two or three hundred individuals, and the people, an indigenous mass of two hundred and fifty thousand souls, were herded together in abject slavery. On every plantation there was always a priest who exhorted the slaves to obey their master, the proprietor of the estate, and promised them the kingdom of heaven as their reward for such obedience.

All at once *the system of debts was abolished:* it was the means by which the peon, the working man, was held in subjection and fettered for life. This device produced a new freedom for *the working people.* Liberated from debt, they *could move about in search of better wages,* and consequently, wages have been considerably increased.

Next the priests, who used to be on the plantations, were each supplanted by a school. *It was absolutely necessary to suppress the clericals, because* it was impossible to make any progress in the work of reform while *they insisted on using their religious influence to oppose and retard the best social reforms* which the Revolutionary leaders had planned and wanted to institute.

The sale of alcoholic liquors was prohibited: the cock-fights and bull-fights were forbidden, and in their stead a new impulse was given to games and sports such as baseball. In the most out-of-the-way town of Yucatan to-day, there is as much interest and eagerness about baseball as that displayed among players and spectators in the United States.

There are about five hundred travelling libraries: public lectures are also given, besides which a department in charge of

public instruction has been organized with a pedagogue of renown as Chief.

Regarding economics *it was necessary to maintain a very active campaign against the powerful American Trusts that were monopolizing the henequen industry which constitutes the wealth* of the State. With this aim in view, the trusts caused an investigation into the matter. A special investigation was made by the American Senate during the course of which the justice of the Government of Yucatan was made patent. Just as Frederick the Great forcibly organized the feudal lords to make the rural treasuries the economic basis of the German States, so did General Alvarado compel the planters, by bringing strong official pressure to bear upon them, to organize co-operatively and to unite for the defence of the State. The results are now in evidence. Every one has been convinced of the iniquitous monopoly which the trusts carried on: and now, eight or ten million dollars in gold which these gentlemen used to pocket pass into the purses of the henequen producers, with the result that the independence and stability of the national product are now assured.

In order to fulfil one of the highest ideals of the Revolution, that is, the economic freedom of the peon, General Alvarado obtained the approval of the First Chief to the decree relating to the distribution of lands, and then formed an agrarian commission to have it put into practice. This law enacts that lands within the State, or *communal lands,* which might have been taken or stolen, *will simply be confiscated and the rest will be expropriated according to their just value. These lands are being redistributed among those who want to work* them at the rate of 20 hectares of uncultivated land to each head of a family, and ten hectares if the land is already in process of cultivation with henequen. The law lays down certain indispensable requirements in order to make sure that production shall increase, since it is not the intention of the State to take away lands from certain persons and to pass them over to others who would leave them unproductive. He who cannot or will not work must leave the land to another who is willing and able to work. The solution of the agrarian problem is not merely a platonic scheme to

the end that every one may have some land, but it is expressly stipulated that an increase in production must be shown. Consequently, this will tend to the prosperity of the people. Toward the accomplishment of this purpose the Government is using every possible means. *A Department of Agriculture has been organized, with a foreign expert at its head,* and with a plan of operation quite similar to that in vogue in the United States. There is an organization which takes care of the circulation of such propaganda as may tend to encourage the small cultivator in his efforts and to help him out of his difficulties.

An Agricultural School has been organized and established and experimental stations are also being started.

The great problem regarding the working classes has been attacked in Yucatan with ample appreciation of cause, a law has been decreed which creates special tribunals for *compulsory conciliation and arbitration.* The state has been divided into five labor districts and the workmen have organized into labor unions. The tribunals consist of representatives of the laborers and the capitalists, and if a friendly settlement of the matter in question cannot be arrived at in the Council of Conciliation, the Tribunal of Arbitration gives its judgment on the case within a fixed time, and from the latter judgment there is no appeal. The Council of Conciliation takes the matter into consideration and has power to impose, for the term of one month only, and on trial, an arrangement which shall have the force of an industrial agreement if none of the parties concerned enters protest within said period. The Tribunal of Arbitration has full power to study the books of the proprietors and to go to the bottom of the matter in question in order to judge whether it be really possible to satisfy the demands of the laborers.

Both the working classes and the capitalists are subject to fines if they do not comply with the terms of the industrial agreements. The purpose is to suppress strikes, which are injurious to all. Nevertheless the right to go on strike is recognized as the supreme measure to which industrial unions may have recourse. The law establishes measures regarding accidents and provides for the establishment of an insurance department to be controlled by the government in case private insurance agen-

cies abuse this public necessity. Since this law has been put into force, the public worker has understood its justice and the authorities have not yet had to debate any difficulties between labor and capital, these seeming to adjust themselves automatically before the tribunals mentioned. Hence, *the condition of the working man is automatically being improved without any painful shocks.* Besides a reorganization of the Labor Department has taken place, and this now studies, in a general way, the conditions of the working people as well as the commercial prospects; and it also compiles statistics. This is one of the most valuable and conclusive of the reforms that are being effected in Yucatan and shows how, if efficient official power is energetic and well-guided, in a very short time the laborer gains materially both in an economic and social sense.

With the finances of the state firmly assured, and with the people living and moving along firmer and more stable social bases, General Alvarado has launched farther in his trial of the socialist state and will endeavor to control public utilities without speculative aims so as to apportion among the people the essentials for increasing their prosperity.

A company has been organized with a million dollars to construct a railroad that will unite the state of Yucatan with the Isthmus of Tehauntepec, crossing the states of Campeche, Tabasco and Chiapas. These regions are inconceivably rich. They abound in cattle and all kinds of fruits and hardwoods. Practically speaking, these regions have been unexplored owing to lack of adequate means of communication.

Yucatan will be a safe and reliable market for all of these products and there will be no need of importing from abroad any foodstuffs whatever, not even corn. At the same time, this railroad will unite the peninsula with the capital of the Republic which, owing to motives of national importance, is absolutely necessary. The other works which the company will undertake are: the introduction of petroleum into the state: construction of the Port of Progreso, and the installation of a line of steamboats. Petroleum will cheapen manufacturing and will liberate for other industries fifteen thousand men actually employed in timber-felling to such an extent that the country is being ruined

through deforestation and the climate is being injuriously affected. These men will then be so many more hands gained for more productive employment, with the result that public prosperity will be greatly increased. Such laborers would be far more valuable than immigrants, since they are already acclimated. Besides, with the aid of cheap petroleum more extensive immigration will become possible and thus the day will not be far distant when orchards full of aromatic fruits and vegetables, with prosperous, flourishing ranches, will be more abundant. All these works are of immense social importance, since they tend to enable the people to gain their livelihood with smaller living expenses and will also increase the productive capacity of the State. Thus benefits will be apportioned among all in conformity with the Agrarian Law and that of Labor, and an era of the greatest prosperity and happiness must ensue. The company is controlled by the government which subscribes 5% of the capital, and the rest is subscribed by private individuals. Its purpose, we repeat, is not a business investment; it is to open up new horizons to private initiative and above all to control those services of public utility for the benefit of all and not of a few concessionaires as was formerly the custom.

In Yucatan it has been possible to advance more rapidly than elsewhere in Mexico in the work of reconstruction, thanks to the characteristic energy and spirit of General Alvarado and also to the circumstances that there they have had more peace and less fighting. But in other parts of the country also experiments have been made in the line of the general plan traced out by the First Chief and consistent with the enthusiasm of the individuals actually in charge. Naturally, it is not in all parts of the country that things are being well done, and we have to acknowledge that the true revolutionary spirit does not reign in the hearts of all the men who have been raised to eminence by the Revolution. Nevertheless it can be easily understood that all of the men who find themselves to-day invested with power and who have risen without any previous experience whatever and the majority of whom indeed are ignorant of what national reconstruction signifies, are not entirely blameable. In every case the man of intellect will be held accountable.

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We must fain acknowledge that there are abuses and thefts of property belonging to the public, and we also admit that there are not a few whose only aim is to acquire great wealth rapidly, but this is natural and the history of this world proves that the same thing inevitably occurs. Revolutions do not transform men into angels. But *the fact remains that the socialistic ideal is incarnated in a directing majority and will not turn aside from carrying out its aims just because there happen to be some who are fools and others who are knaves.*

This is not mere phrase-making. The keen activity exists in Mexico for the solution of the agrarian problem; and the growth of the schools is such that to-day in some parts of the country the teacher gains more than the minister and all this will eventually produce unfailing results. Equable taxation and free municipalities will infallibly yield hopeful results in a very short time.

The students of sociology of the entire world ponder over these facts coldly and dispassionately, and realize that, apart from all false interests and passions, the Mexican problem points to one section more of mankind that has destroyed the feudal yoke,—by means of bloodshed it is true, but this is a detail,—and is emerging into the fulness of the social and economic organization of a free and contented commonwealth.

Every honest man, every man who does not have two moral codes, one private and the other public: every man who is opposed to theft in private life must also be opposed to any strong nation that would try to plunder a weaker one, and must recognize the supreme justice of the efforts which these brave leaders are making to form a pathway for the people of their nation that will lead them to peace and contentment. Therefore, no one can approve of the conduct of the majority of those Americans who, in our country, plead for intervention in order to forward their individual schemes and interests. I do not make accusations lightly, since it is a well-known fact that the Americans resident in Mexico are in general Republicans with the desire for intervention.

It is not so very long since the entire American population in Tampico made public confession that they had aided the Re-

publicans with money, and urgently requested assurance and protection for the immense wealth in petroleum that they had obtained there from the former Mexican Government for nothing, and this when they were not in the slightest danger.

Recently I was in Mexico City and went frequently to the American Club. There I was fully convinced how charged the atmosphere was with the desire for intervention. The United States of America will gain nothing whatever by intervention in Mexico, but will paralyze through perverted conceptions of humanity the socialistic regeneration that is progressing there. On the contrary, it will certainly have great advantages to gain when to the south there exists a civilized nation with perfect understanding and appreciation of the fellowship of nations.

WHAT THE SEXTON SAID

VACHEL LINDSAY

YOUR dust will be upon the wind
Within some certain years
Though you be sealed in lead today
Amid the country's tears.

"When this idyllic churchyard
Becomes the heart of town,
The place to build garage or inn,
They'll throw your tombstone down.

"Your name so dim, so long outworn,
Your bones so near to earth,
Your sturdy kindred dead and gone,
How should men know your worth?

"So read upon the runic moon
Man's epitaph, deep-writ.
It says, '*the world is one great grave.*'
For names it cares no whit.

"It tells the folk to live in peace,
And still, in peace, to die.
At least, so speaks the moon to me,
The tombstone of the sky."

OUR THREATENING WAR PROBLEMS

Captain H. O. Stickney, U. S. Navy

Captain Stickney of the Norfolk Navy Yard contends:

That Americans Are Lulled to Sleep in Danger.

That Our School Histories Have Lied About the Past.

That Our Monroe Doctrine Is a Bluff Which the World Will Challenge.

That Our Military Forces Have Been and Are Yet Inefficient.

That Our Rights Will Be Respected Only as Long as We Can Defend Them.

A NATION'S desire for war or peace is the composite desires of the individuals who compose it. Its willingness to submit to the political, economic or military domination of an alien race, is only the composite willingness of its citizens to submit to such domination. The viewpoint of the lawyer differs from that of the farmer; that of the farmer is different from that of the banker; that of the soldier is not that of the tradesman. Each may be admirable in its special sphere. But the statesman should be able to detach himself from these special viewpoints and gain a clear idea of the trend of events. He must be a student of the world history, and foresee the effect of a certain line of policy.

The duty of the statesman is to desire the material, mental, political and moral uplift of his country. If this is not conceded, then one might believe that peace, bought at the price of political supremacy lost, would be a noble aim. Communities might be more prosperous under the rule of a foreign invader than under that of their own race. Can there be any doubt that the fifteen millions of Mexicans, starving and despoiled by a state of anarchy, would be more prosperous under

the rule of the United States than under Mexican rule? But can this justify the belief that it is the statesman's right to consider such a political alienation as other than a catastrophe against which all his efforts should be exerted?

A subject race does not thrive under foreign domination; it retrogrades; its preservation and progress depend upon self-government. In our Republic, assimilation of closely allied races goes steadily on; the aliens of today become the Americans of tomorrow. Where two race currents meet they unite and quickly lose their racial differences; here there is no conflict. But when these same streams possess antagonistic differences which do not disappear readily, the races will not assimilate, and they can not live in intimate contact without friction. The result is domination of one race by the other, with the deterioration of the weaker race.

Who among us can conceive of a leader of any people, except such subject races as have been for generations governed by aliens, calmly and without compulsion admitting it to be best for his people to renounce their political autonomy and bow to the domination of a foreign race? The spirit of manhood, even in the humblest of human beings, cries out in emphatic denial of such a possibility.

The contest between ethics and political economy at once suggests itself. *Shall no serious effort be made to protect our nationals in their persons and property when once they enter foreign territory?* Shall no effort be made to assure ourselves an equal share in the markets of the world? If the answer is "no," then it is folly to arm. There will be no need for armaments. *If the policy of a government ought to be when buffeted to turn the other cheek, then it is a useless expenditure of money to provide a navy or an army.* But who seriously advocates such spineless policies? Whether non-resistance is felt to be God-like or not, history teaches us that *in the end the people will revolt when their vital interests are threatened.* No government can long stand in the way of the welfare of its people. Whether right or wrong ethically, let the economic life of an intelligent and virile people be attacked and they will resist. They obey the natural impulse of self-defence.

Whatever the future may hold in store for mankind, it is certain that in this age nations believe it is a virtue, born of necessity, to increase their own material welfare in all directions, even at the expense of other nations. Admittedly the rules of individual ethics do not apply, though it is claimed they should.

The fact that there are notable exceptions to the rule, such as the unselfish action of America in Cuba, cannot alter that rule. The history of our Republic is filled with examples of life and money squandered in the defence of policies adopted by the government without adequate force to sustain them. *From the American Revolution until the present day our wars have been commenced and almost wholly fought with armed mobs.* It is impossible to assume that this is due solely to indifference; it is largely attributable to ignorance of the fundamental principles of military efficiency, and a blind confidence in the superiority of our natural military ability, and the military strength of the country.

Inexcusable as this ignorance is, it cannot be said that the individuals bearing the responsibilities of those wars were at fault. It is folly to expect our Presidents or our Cabinet Secretaries to be military experts. The fault has always rested with the vicious system that victimized the country, the officials, and the unfortunate thousands whose lives were sacrificed.

Neither Lincoln, nor his secretary of war, nor the generals who were instrumental in defeat after defeat in our Civil War, could be blamed for being ignorant of military strategy. *The blame lay with the unnamed many*—some of whom were no better than political parasites—*who refused in the halls of Congress to give the country a military organization which would make civilian muddling of military strategy impossible, who refused to listen to the counsels of experts who knew.* The evils of authority without responsibility are a curse; nowhere can the consequences be more disastrous than in the military and naval services.

How many of our national legislators to-day are ignorant of the truth as to the inefficiency of our military forces in the War of 1812?

How many know the disgraceful facts of the so-called battle of Bladensburg and the burning of Washington by the British?

Why is it that these shameful failures of our arms are not held up now as a warning?

How many know that American militia stood on American soil and watched their comrades across the river in Canada, at Queenstown Heights, being defeated by an inferior British force, and refused to cross to the aid of their brothers in arms because they were not regulars and claimed they were not legally bound to fight on foreign territory?

How many know that this refusal to obey on the part of untrained troops has been a *common occurrence* in our military history?

How many realize that until the Civil War was nearly three years old the movement of troops was continually interfered with by civilian officials in Washington; that even the Secretary of the Treasury had a hand in it?

How many know that the services of the only trained military officers in the country, the officers of the Regular Army, were largely thrown aside? That instead of those officers being utilized in training and leading the volunteers, they were allowed to waste their time and experience in their own regiments, and that each of these same regiments was allowed to dwindle in numbers until it became a mere handful, simply because the policy was to add new organizations to the army when more men were needed instead of keeping filled those regiments already in service?

It is a part of our smug conceit and self-sufficiency that the younger generations of America are allowed to grow up in ignorance of the truth of our short-comings. Our school histories conceal these unpleasant facts, and teach us that America won her independence in the Revolution by force of arms, and sustained it in the same valiant manner in the War of 1812; that we are invincible; nothing could be farther from the truth. We achieved our independence with the aid of France because England had more valuable interests elsewhere to defend. Though defeated on land in the War of 1812, in nearly every engagement, we retained our independence because England again had

more vital interests to defend in Europe. The Atlantic was then our safeguard; not so to-day.

The statesman who does not trouble himself to search the records and ascertain the truth, and who does not use every effort to place the country in a state of preparation against any possible enemy, is unworthy the name.

It is not only in the field that battles are won and lost; often victory is rendered impossible by the lack of preparation, by the meddling of non-military officials, and, in our own history, times without number, by the inexperience of officers and men (more especially the former) who were forced into action by a vicious system of unpreparedness. The almost universal defeat of our military forces in the War of 1812 can be directly charged to the complete disbanding of those forces after the Revolution. The natural consequence of this criminal neglect of the military arm was a nation ignorant of the art of self-defence.

The Russo-Japanese War was won in Tokio before a shot was fired. Japan had been robbed, by European interference, of the fruits of her victory over China. She at once commenced preparations to fight Russia, whose statesmen were too short-sighted to read the signs of the times until too late. When, at last, they awakened to the impending disaster they endeavored to reinforce their Far Eastern Fleet, and their military forces in Manchuria. Japan immediately struck, and the war was won. As she struck then she will strike again—not when her opponent is ready, but when *she* is ready. And *woe* to the country whose statesmen are too blind to see the impending danger!

It is impossible to know the exact force required to secure victory under all circumstances; this must be plain to anyone, but it cannot be urged as an excuse for any statesman to shirk his responsibility in the solution. He has no right to say that because military experts are not of one opinion the statesmen must make no preparations for defence until the experts shall all agree. When doctors disagree do we wait for them to argue their differences while the patient dies, or do we choose that one who seems the best, and direct him to proceed with the treatment?

Duty demands that the statesman accept the world as it is

with its imperfections, not as he thinks it should be; that he should study the needs and desires of his country, placing these in contrast with the needs and desires of every other nation, with a view to determining to what extent they will conflict. From our earliest national history we have believed that our destiny would best be worked out by avoiding alliances, especially European alliances, lest they should draw us into quarrels in which we naturally had no concern. This line of conduct seems likely never to lead to war, hence its effect on military preparations might be regarded as negative. But it is well to remember that its logical tendency will deprive us of allies in any war into which we may be forced.

The Monroe Doctrine, elastic and often misinterpreted, originally a measure of self-protection, aimed against the Holy Alliance, was, *and is* even more so to-day, *one of the most gigantic bluffs ever sustained in the face of the whole world.* It never has had any standing in international law. We all know it served notice on European nations that we stood ready to bid defiance to them in any attempt to extend their systems to any part of this continent. At the close of the Civil War we were in possession of such military strength, ashore and afloat, as to be able to sustain this policy. Without hesitation we prepared to drive France out of Mexico. The show of intentions to uphold the Monroe Doctrine on that occasion was enough. The fighting strength of the nation, colossal then in comparison to that of our probable enemies, determined the question without a shot.

Why did England, France, and Spain go into Mexico, and openly challenge the Monroe Doctrine? Is it not plain that it was because America was in the midst of a civil conflict which threatened to disrupt the nation itself? It was force, and force alone, which sustained our position as clearly as if campaigns had been fought. May we assume that this policy will not again be challenged, whenever the game is considered worth the candle? If we admit that its challenge is possible, does it not become the imperative duty of the statesman to determine upon one of two courses: either frankly to abandon the Doctrine, or place the country in a position of preparedness to make its challenge practically impossible? Is it not a vicious system that

permits the country to remain as it has remained for years, unable successfully to sustain it?

Without regard to the expediency of the Monroe Doctrine, does anyone doubt that if it were seriously threatened this country would rise and insist that the government sustain it? The political party in power refusing to sustain it would go out of existence. How may it be sustained? This is the statesman's problem; and it remains unsolved until he has provided a sufficient military force successfully to cope with our probable enemy, and a military system of handling these forces that will insure freedom from civilian meddling in matters affecting the military efficiency of the fleet and the army. Then, and not until then, may the country expect its policies to prevail.

To-day the Monroe Doctrine is as dear to the hearts of the American people as any principle ever entertained by them. Whether it is a vital policy or not is immaterial. There it stands, a challenge to the strongest nations on earth! What will happen when the challenge is accepted? Let our statesmen study that question until they feel competent to answer it. Have they a right calmly to watch and wait, trusting blindly in Providence that the blow will not fall? Common sense denies them this right.

Another principle that has come to be recognized as of vast importance to our wage earners is that of Asiatic Exclusion. How long may we expect that Japan will consent—we know already she is not content—to remain outside the family of nations having full rights of naturalization in America? Her desire to extend her influence over China may keep her occupied for a time, but the statesman who believes that we shall not, one day, be obliged to accord to Japan the same rights as are granted to the most favored nations, or to fight, is trusting to luck rather than the teachings of history. The proximity to her shores of our far eastern possessions obliges us to consider what shall be our line of conduct. Japan's crowded and rapidly multiplying population must have room to expand; her economic interests demand it; the question is not, will conflict come, but rather *when* will it come? The Philippines are a source of military weakness to us. Shall we give them up as a matter of

policy? If so, to whom and in what way? It does not appear to suit the ideals of either of the political parties in America to allow these people to become the subjects of any other nation. It can hardly be believed that public opinion in America would tolerate this. What then? Independence? What well-informed man can doubt that independence, complete and without qualification, would quickly see that country plunged into revolution after revolution, with almost certain intervention and subjugation by other foreign nations? We do not believe the American public is yet ready to slink out of the responsibility assumed when we took the Philippines from Spain seventeen years ago. The only other alternative is qualified independence, guaranteed in some manner. In this event shall we fulfil our obligations as the sole guarantor, or perhaps as one of the several or not?

There is yet another principle to be considered: The Open Door in the Far East and the Integrity of China. If much thought has already been given to the necessity for greater markets in which to sell the products of America, what will be the importance attached to this question fifty years hence? The statesman is not at liberty to provide simply for the present; his policies must look far into the future; he must consider the welfare of unborn generations. When he ceases to do this and works only for the present, he becomes a mere time-server.

Knowing the traditional policy of America in the Far East, can any modern American statesman fail to realize the necessity for supporting this policy with at least the appearance of force? Is the policy desirable? Then is it wise to advertise by non-preparedness the fact that we will not insist upon our rights?

We are committed to maintain the neutrality of the Panama Canal. Should this affect our state of preparedness for war? Who can suppose, with the Great European War before us, that the neutrality of this new water route will be respected in war one day longer than the necessities of one of the belligerents, plus the unreadiness of America to sustain neutrality, shall appeal to her as the easiest way to victory? If it is violated, what shall be the rôle of America? Shall we follow the example of Belgium, or, being even less prepared than that unhappy country was in August, 1914, shall we supinely submit to a violation of

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our neutrality, forsaking the solemn obligations assumed by us when we undertook to build the Canal?

It has been said that the Monroe Doctrine is no stronger than the American Navy can make it. The Panama Canal is likewise secure to America only so long as the American Navy is able to protect it.

Another important principle, inherent in our Constitution, and which must hamper us in our foreign relations, is the theory of states' rights, which places in the hands of the people of any state the power to violate treaties made with foreign powers, while withholding from the federal government the power to remove the cause of friction.

How can we be sure that at any time our Pacific Coast states will not enact legislation still more injurious to the Asiatic races resident there? Then, in our impotence to remove the cause, the Coast states being supported by the labor element throughout the country, we shall find ourselves plunged into a conflict. Our statesmen who have been pleased to see in Japan's economical difficulties an effectual bar to war with that country should not neglect the present movement whereby this bar will very soon be removed. Japan, in becoming the dominating power over China, at one master stroke, has taken possession of untold wealth and resources. How long before we shall see these resources converted into military strength and preparedness?

It is no simple matter to demonstrate that it is wrong for a nation to encroach upon the commercial rights of another. Once we attempt this, we are confronted by the necessity for a standard of right and wrong as applied to nations. The attempt to apply any code of ethics to any particular act of a nation must resolve itself into attempting to determine what has been the custom between nations in similar circumstances. Self-defence is a recognized right of man; likewise of nations. But shall it be limited to defence solely against armed aggression? A race might be as effectually injured by a slow process of economic starvation as by the quicker methods of warfare. And it may be that the process of starvation is not so readily discernible as to awaken public opinion, yet it is there. What rights has a nation in such a case?

Natural economic forces and racial antipathies, acting and reacting between the different nations, tend to bring on conflicts; the world has not yet learned how to prevent these conflicting interests and passions developing into open war. This fact cannot be altered by those who are advocating disarmament, all-inclusive arbitration treaties, etc. More than a hundred years ago in Europe learned men were saying that governments had reached such a stage of permanence, right-dealing and stability, that war between the more civilized states was unthinkable and might be considered a thing of the past!

The ultra-pacificists of to-day have discovered no new virtues, no sure plan on which to build world peace. Even the proposed world league with an international force to compel obedience to the mandates of the international court, even if it obtains a hearing among the nations, must contend against odds vastly greater than the forces which threatened to permanently rend asunder our republic in the Civil War.

In a new and sparsely settled country like ours, internal policies are generally of paramount importance. Foreign affairs concern the people little. As the country develops and begins to produce more than it consumes, the need of markets is felt, commercial relations with the outside world multiply, and foreign policies become of importance to the people. In spite of this, in spite of the vast wealth and opportunities in America, we have not been free from foreign wars. Shall we be more so in the future, as the necessity for our expansion increases? In the United States this movement, which is a form of expansion, has already gathered headway, and in the years to come must make more necessary than heretofore a well-considered policy governing the extent to which our merchants shall be protected abroad in their commercial and personal rights.

Abstention from war is not the first consideration for a people; rather it should be the welfare and progress of the nation in so far as consistent with righteousness. Peace based on righteousness is a virtuous aim; peace regardless of the price may be base and ignoble.

I believe war is the result of greed, ambition and racial antipathies coupled with the legitimate needs and desires of races

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and peoples; as the people and their needs increase they will inevitably clash until these causes have been eradicated. That they will some day be eradicated we may logically hope; but I believe that to abolish war by any means that would cause deterioration in manhood or honor, by cowardly policies, would be worse than to abolish prisons and the death penalty by permitting crime to flourish unchecked. Christianity may rightly accomplish it; nothing else *can* do so.

I cannot avoid the belief that preparation for war is a necessity. If it is true that a country may at some time be tempted to make war on another, if prepared, under circumstances where she would not if unprepared, we must accept the responsibility of this, in the hope that our own country will be among the leaders in national righteousness and justice, and the last to use our strength in an evil cause. Even if we are not confident that this will always be true, we, at least, have the right to obey the natural instinct of self-preservation and provide for self-defence against the evil aggressions of others. If a statesman is ready individually to sacrifice his own welfare and life, rather than strike a blow in his own defence, he has not the moral right to sacrifice the welfare of his countrymen; when they are in his keeping he must fulfil his duty as their servant and leader. *What virtue can there be in abstaining from war solely for the fear of being defeated?* It might certainly be *expedient* to do so, but never right. Yet this is the position in which our advocates of disarmament would place us! And if we cannot trust ourselves armed to follow a righteous course of conduct, why trust our rivals armed and ourselves at their mercy?

There has never been more false and silly reasoning than that used by those why cry that preparedness causes war. That the *relative* state of preparedness and military strength of possible foes should have a powerful effect is natural; but that multiplying the strength of the armaments and resources of the same rivals by two or by twenty tends to bring on war, is the merest nonsense unless in some special case where a conflict is inevitable sooner or later. Reducing armaments does not reduce the military resources of any country nor its economic strength. Do not confound military resources with military strength and

preparedness. With Germany and France totally unarmed it would be quite as easy to start a conflict as with both armed to the teeth. A great agricultural country with few factories as opposed to a much smaller nation of manufacturers, both totally unarmed, would be at great disadvantage if war broke out. The nation with factories could quickly provide war material and crush the farmers and their unarmed mob.

As time goes on the policies upheld by America tend more and more to conflict with the desires of foreign nations. The Monroe Doctrine has meant comparatively little to Europeans heretofore. With England controlling the sea and in possession of more colonies than she will need economically for generations to come, she could have no incentive to challenge it; what other nation could do so? The moment some other nation succeeds in the control of the seas, should this reversal occur, there will be every reason for her to attempt to obtain a foothold in the neighborhood of the Panama Canal. Shall we then abandon the Monroe Doctrine?

Unpleasant as the thought is, we are obliged to believe that America is far from being awakened to the dangers of her position. She has never met real disasters. We pride ourselves upon never having been defeated, intensely ignorant of the reasons for our victories, self-satisfied and self-complacent.

Shall we remain unprepared and suffer defeat, or shall we arm?

WITH THE ZIONISTS IN GALLIPOLI

LIEUT.-COL. J. H. PATTERSON

I

[*Colonel Patterson is a distinguished soldier, a friend of Theodore Roosevelt, and the author of the thrilling "Man Eaters of the Tsavo" and "In the Grip of the Nyika." He has served the British Empire almost all his life—in India, South Africa, Egypt and even the Northwest Mounted Police.*]

FROM the days of my youth I have always been a keen student of the Jewish people, their history, laws and customs. It was strange, therefore, that I, so imbued with Jewish traditions, should have been drawn to the land where the Pharaohs had kept the Children of Israel in bondage for over four hundred years; and it was still more strange that I should have arrived in Egypt just at the psychological moment when General Sir John Maxwell, the Commander-in-Chief, should have been looking out for a suitable officer to raise and command a Jewish unit.

Now, such a thing as a Jewish unit had been unknown in the annals of the world for some two thousand years, since the days of the Maccabees, those heroic Sons of Israel who fought so valiantly, and for a time so successfully, to wrest Jerusalem from the grasp of the Roman legions.

It had happened that there had come down to Egypt out of Palestine many hundreds of people who had fled from thence to escape the wrath of the Turks. These people were of Russian nationality but of Jewish faith, and many of them strongly desired to band themselves together into a fighting host and place their lives at the disposal of England, whom the Jews have recognized as their friend and protector from time immemorial. Indeed, by many it is held that the British people are none other than some of the lost tribes; moreover, we have taken so much of Jewish national life for our own, mainly owing

to our strong Biblical leanings, that the Jews can never feel while with us that they are among entire strangers.

Now these people having made known their wishes to the Commander-in-Chief, he, in a happy moment of inspiration, saw how much it would benefit England, morally and materially, to have bound up with our fortunes a Jewish fighting unit.

On the 19th March, 1915, I was appointed to my unique command, and on the same day I left Cairo for Alexandria, where all the refugees from Palestine were gathered together as the guests of the British Government.

On the 23d March, 1915, the young Jewish volunteers were paraded for the purpose of being "sworn in" at the refugee camp at Gibbari.

It was a most imposing ceremony; the Grand Rabbi, who officiated, stood in a commanding position overlooking the long rows of serious and intelligent-looking lads. He explained to them the meaning of an oath, and the importance of keeping it, and impressed upon them that the honor of Israel rested in their hands. He then asked them to repeat after him, word for word, the oath of military obedience to myself and such officers as should be appointed over them, and with great solemnity, and in perfect unison, the men, with uplifted hands, repeated the formula.

The Grand Rabbi then delivered a stirring address to the new soldiers in which he compared them to their forefathers who had been led out of Egypt by Moses, and at the end he turned to me and presented me to them as their modern leader.

This memorable and historic scene aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the throng of Jewish sympathizers who had come to witness this interesting ceremony.

The work of training went on from dawn to dark, as officers and men had to be taught everything from the ground-floor up. Not a moment could be wasted. Drilling and parades were the order of the day; horses and mules had to be exercised, fed and watered three times a day; the men had to be taught how to saddle and unsaddle them, load and unload packs; they had also to be instructed in the use of the rifle and bayonet. Camp kitchens had to be constructed. Horse and mule lines had to be

swept and garnished, tents cleaned out, etc., and a thousand and one things crammed into the day's work.

On April 20th we arrived at Lemnos and anchored just inside the entrance of Mudros harbor in a blinding wind and rain storm. It will be remembered that when the gods quarrelled, Jove hurled Vulcan out of Olympus on to Lemnos, where he established a forge underground. The morning following our arrival, one of the transports to windward of us began to drag her anchor, so our captain weighed immediately, fearing a collision, and we sailed right through the fleet to the opposite end of the immense land-locked harbor. Never in all my life had I seen such a mighty armada of battleships, cruisers, destroyers, transports, etc. The *Queen Elizabeth* was there, looking for all the world like a floating fortress. There were some quaint French battleships, while the Russian cruiser *Askold* caused universal attention, owing to her five slim funnels. With the soldier's customary knack of giving appropriate names, the *Askold* was known throughout the fleet as "the packet of Woodbines." Our Zionists, as we sailed by, astonished her crew by bandying words with them in Russian.

II

As I shall have to mention several places in Gallipoli, it may be well before proceeding further to give the reader some idea of the geography of the place.

Gallipoli is a narrow, hilly peninsula, varying from three to twelve miles wide, running southwestward into the Ægean Sea, with the Dardanelles, from one to four miles wide, separating it from the Asiatic coast, throughout its length of some forty miles.

The dominating feature is the hill of Achi Baba, some 700 feet high, which, with its shoulders sloping down on the one side to the Ægean, and on the other to the Dardanelles, shuts out all further view of the Peninsula to the northward. There are only two villages in this area, Sedd-el-Bahr at the entrance to the Dardanelles, and Krithia, with its quaint windmills, to the southwest of Achi Baba, somewhat picturesquely situated on the slope of a spur, some five miles northwest of Sedd-el-Bahr—Achi

Baba itself being between six and seven miles from Cape Helles which is the most southerly point of the Peninsula.

A line through Achi Baba from the Ægean to the Dardanelles would be a little over five miles, while the width at Helles is only about one and a half miles.

A fairly good representation of this tract of country will be obtained by holding the right-hand palm upward and slightly hollowed, the thumb pressed a little over the forefinger. Imagine the Dardanelles running along by the little finger up the arm, and the Ægean Sea on the thumb side. Morto Bay, an inlet of the Dardanelles, would then be at about the tip of a short little finger; Sedd-el-Bahr Castle at the tip of the third finger; V Beach between the third finger and the middle finger; Cape Helles the tip of the middle finger; W Beach between the middle finger and the forefinger; X Beach at the base of the nail of the forefinger; Gully Beach between the tip of the thumb and the forefinger; Gully Ravine running up between the thumb and forefinger towards Krithia village which is situated half-way up to the thumb socket; Y Beach at the first joint of the thumb; and Achi Baba in the centre of the heel of the hand where it joins the wrist.

Anzac, where the Australians and New Zealanders landed, would be some distance above the wrist on the thumb side of the forearm; and the Narrows of the Dardanelles would be on the inner or little finger side of the forearm opposite Anzac.

Imagine the sea itself lapping the lower part of the hand on a level with the finger nails, and then the cliffs will be represented by the rise from the finger-nails to the balls of the fingers.

III

As we plowed along the calm sea, to the slow beat of the engines, each hour seemed a century, but at last we were able to distinguish the misty outline of the Asiatic shore and, a little later on, we saw, coming to meet us like an outstretched arm and hand, a land fringed and half-hidden by the fire and smoke which enveloped it as if some great magician had summoned the powers of darkness to aid in its defence.

Soon, battleships, cruisers, and destroyers began to outline themselves, and every few minutes we could see them enveloped in a sheet of flame and smoke, as they poured their broadsides into the Turkish positions. The roar of the *Queen Elizabeth's* heavy guns dwarfed all other sounds, as this leviathan launched her huge projectiles—surely mightier thunderbolts than Jove ever hurled—against the foe. Every now and again one of her shells would strike and burst on the very crest of Achi Baba, which then, as it belched forth flame, smoke and great chunks of the hill itself, vividly recalled to my mind Vesuvius in a rage.

The whole scene was a sight for the gods, and those of us mortals who witnessed it, and survived the day, have forever stamped on our minds the most wonderful spectacle that the world has ever seen. Half the nations of the earth were gathered there in a titanic struggle. England, with her children from Australia and New Zealand, and fellow subjects from India; sons of France, with their fellow citizens from Algeria and Senegal; Russian sailors and Russian soldiers; Turks and Germans—all fighting within our vision, some in Europe and some in Asia. Nor did the wonders end here for, circling the heavens like soaring eagles, were French and British battle-planes, while, under the sea, lurked the deadly submarine.

Up the Dardanelles, as far as the Narrows, we could see our ships of war, principally destroyers, blazing away merrily and indiscriminately at the guns both on the European and Asiatic shores. The sea was as calm as a mill-pond round Cape Helles—the most southerly point of the Peninsula; the only ripple to be seen was that made by the strong current shot out through the Straits. All round the men-of-war Turkish shells were dropping, sending up veritable waterspouts as they struck the sea, for, luckily, very few of them hit the ships. It was altogether the most imposing and awe-inspiring sight that I have ever seen or am likely to see again.

As we approached near to our landing-place, we could see through the haze, smoke, and dust, the gleam of bayonets, as men swayed and moved hither and thither in the course of the fight, while the roar of cannon, and the rattle of the machine-guns and rifles, were absolutely deafening. We could well im-

agine what a veritable hell our brave fellows who were attacking this formidable position must be facing, for, in addition to rifle and machine-gun fire from the surrounding cliffs, they were also at times under a deadly cannonade from the Turkish batteries established on the Asiatic shore.

The warships were slowly moving up and down the coast blazing away fiercely at the Turkish strongholds, battering such of them as were left into unrecognizable ruins.

We in the transports lay off the shore in four parallel lines, each successive line going forward methodically and disembarking the units on board as the ground was made good by the landing parties.

We watched the fight from our position in the line for the whole of that day, and never was excitement so intense and long-sustained as during those hours; nor was it lessened when night fell upon us, for the roll of battle still continued—made all the grander by the vivid flashes from the guns which, every few moments, shot forth great spurts of flame, brilliantly illuminating the inky darkness. Sedd-el-Bahr Castle and the village nestling behind it were fiercely ablaze and cast a ruddy glare on the sky.

The next day, from a position much closer in-shore, we watched again the terrible struggle of the landing-parties to obtain a grip on the coast. We were one and all feverish with anxiety to land and do something—no matter how little—to help the gallant fellows who were striving so heroically to drive the Turk from the strong positions which he had carefully fortified and strengthened in every possible way.

A most bloody battle was taking place, staged in a perfect natural amphitheatre, but never had Imperial Rome, even in the days of Nero himself, gazed upon such a corpse-strewn, blood-drenched arena.

This arena was formed partly by the sea, which has here taken a semi-circular bite out of the rocky coast, and partly by a narrow strip of beach which extended back for about a dozen yards to a low rampart formed of sand, some three or four feet high, which ran round the bay. Behind this rampart the ground rose steeply upwards, in tier after tier of grassy slopes, to a

height of about 100 feet, where it was crowned by some ruined Turkish barracks. On the right, this natural theatre was flanked by the old castle of Sedd-el-Bahr, whose battlements and towers were even then crumbling down from the effects of the recent bombardment by the Fleet. To the left of the arena, high cliffs rose sheer from the sea, crowned by a modern redoubt. Barbed wire zig-zagged and criss-crossed through arena and amphitheatre—and such barbed wire! It was twice as thick, strong, and formidable as any I had ever seen.

The cliffs and galleries were trenched and full of riflemen, as were also the barracks, the ruined fort, and Sedd-el-Bahr Castle. Machine-guns and pom-poms were everywhere, all ready to pour a withering fire on any one approaching or attempting to land on the beach.

The little cove was peaceable enough on the morning of the 25th, when the Transport *River Clyde* steamed in. It was part of the scheme to run her ashore at this beach and, as it was known that the venture would be a desperate one, what was more fitting than that she should be filled with Irish soldiers (the Dublins and Munsters)—regiments with great fighting records; with them was also half a battalion of the Hampshire Regiment. Special preparations had been made to disembark the troops as quickly as possible. Great holes had been cut in the iron sides of the *River Clyde* and from these, gangways made of planking, which were of course lashed to the ship, sloped down in tiers to the water's edge. From the ends of these gangways a string of lighters stretched to the shore to enable the men to rush quickly to land.

In addition to those on the *River Clyde,* three companies of the Dublin Fusiliers were towed to the Beach in open boats and barges by little steam pinnaces. It had been intended that these should steal in during the dark hours just before dawn, but, owing to miscalculations of the speed of the current, or some other cause, the boats did not arrive in time and only reached the shore at the same moment that Commander Unwin, R. N., of the *River Clyde,* according to the prearranged plan, coolly ran his vessel aground. This manœuvre must have greatly astonished the Turks, but not a sound or move did they make, and

it seemed at first as if the landing would not be opposed. As soon, however, as the Munsters began to pour from her sides, a perfect hail of lead opened on the unfortunate soldiers, who were shot down in scores as they raced down the gangway. Some who were struck in the leg stumbled and fell into the water, where, owing to the weight of their packs and ammunition, they went to the bottom and were drowned. For days afterwards, these unfortunate men could be seen through the clear water, many of them still grasping their rifles.

The men in the boats suffered equally heavily and had even less chance of escape. Many were mown down by rifle fire and sometimes a shell cut a boat in two and the unfortunate soldiers went to the bottom, carried down by the weight of their equipment.

The sailors who were detailed to assist in the landing performed some heroic deeds. Theirs was the task of fixing the lighters from the gangways of the *River Clyde* to the shore. Even in ordinary times, it would be a very difficult task, owing to the strong current which sweeps round from the Dardanelles, but to do it practically at the muzzle of the enemy's rifles, demanded men with the hearts of lions. Scores were shot down as they tugged and hauled to get the lighters into position. Scores more were ready to jump into their places. More than once the lighters broke loose and the whole perilous work had to be done over again, but our gallant seamen never failed. They just "carried on."

Those naval men whose duty it was to bring the Dublins ashore in small boats were shot down to a man, for there was no escape for them from that terrible fire. Both boats and crews were destroyed, either on the beach or before they reached it.

In spite of the rain of death some of the Dublins and Munsters succeeded in effecting a landing and making a dash for shelter from the tornado of fire under the little ridge of sand which, as I have already mentioned, ran round the beach. Had the Turks taken the precaution of levelling this bank of sand, not a soul could have lived in that fire-swept zone. More than half of the landing-party were killed before they could reach its friendly shelter and many others were left writhing in agony

on that narrow strip of beach. Brigadier-General Napier and his Brigade Major, Captain Costeker, were killed, as was also Lieut.-Colonel Carrington Smith, commanding the Hampshires; the adjutants of the Hampshires and of the Munsters were wounded and, indeed, the great majority of the senior officers were either wounded or killed.

Many anxious eyes were peering out over the protected bulwarks of the *River Clyde,* and among them was Father Finn, the Roman Catholic Chaplain of the Dublins. The sight of some 500 of his brave boys lying dead or dying on that terrible strip of beach, was too much for him, so, heedless of all risk, he plunged down the gangway and made for the shore. On the way, his wrist was shattered by a bullet, but he went on, and although lead was spattering all round him like hailstones, he administered consolation to the wounded and dying, who, alas, were so thickly strewn around. For a time he seemed to have had some miraculous form of Divine protection, for he went from one to another through shot and shell without receiving any further injury. At last a bullet struck him near the hip, and, on seeing this, some of the Dublins rushed out from the protection of the sand-bank and brought him into its shelter. When, however, he had somewhat recovered from his wound, nothing would induce him to remain in safety while his poor boys were being done to death in the open, so out he crawled again to administer comfort to a poor fellow who was moaning piteously a little way off; and as he was in the act of giving consolation to the stricken man, this heroic Chaplain was struck dead by a merciful bullet.

Father Finn has, so far, been granted no V. C., but if there is such a thing in heaven, I am sure he is wearing it, and His Holiness Benedict XV might do worse than canonize this heroic priest, for surely no saint ever died more nobly: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The Turkish position was so strong and they were able to pour down such a concentrated fire from pit, box, dress-circle, and gallery of their natural theatre, that every man of these gallant Irish regiments who showed himself in the open was

instantly struck down. So hot and accurate was this close range Turkish fire that the disembarkation from the *River Clyde* had to be discontinued until nightfall.

It was not until after nightfall that the remainder of the Irishmen could disembark and then all the units had to be reorganized to enable them to make an attack on the formidable Turkish trenches on the following morning. Practically every officer of the Dublins and Munsters was either killed or wounded, very few escaped Scot free.

The landing on Y Beach was effected by the King's Own Scottish Borderers and the Plymouth Battalion of the Royal Marines. These splendid fellows forced their way into Krithia village, but want of ammunition and reinforcements obliged them to fall back to the beach, where they were almost overwhelmed by the enemy and lost more than half their numbers; eventually they were compelled to reëmbark, but not before they had done immense damage to the Turks and considerably helped the troops who were forcing the other landings.

Meanwhile the two Australian-New Zealand Divisions were engaged in the perilous enterprise of forcing a landing in the face of a large Turkish force at a place now known as Anzac (this word being formed from the initial letters of Australian-New Zealand Army Corps). In the dark hour before the dawn some four thousand of these splendid fighters were towed in silence towards the shore, and here again it seemed as if they would meet with no opposition; but not so—the Turk was not to be caught napping, and, while the boats were still some way from land, thousands of Turkish soldiers rushed along the strip of beach to intercept the boats, and the heavy fire which they opened caused very severe casualties in the ranks, but nothing could daunt Colonel Maclagan and the men of the 3rd Australian Brigade; the moment the boats touched the shore these dare-devils leaped into the water and with irresistible fury drove the Turks before them at the point of the bayonet. Nothing could stand up against their onslaught and by noon, having been reinforced, they had "hacked" their way some miles inland, put several Krupp guns out of action, and if they had been supported by even one more Division, the road to the Narrows

would undoubtedly have been won. As it was, owing to lack of sufficient men to hold what they had made good, they were compelled to retire to the ridges overlooking the sea, and there for eight months they held the Turks at bay and hurled back, with frightful losses, every assault made on their position. Oh, if only the 29th Division had also been landed here, what a sweeping victory we would have won!

IV

I must say here that in my humble opinion the Navy failed us badly in the matter of tugs, lighters, and horse-boats. There were not nearly enough of these and we could have done with three times the number. My corps, which was most urgently wanted by the General, took three days to disembark, in spite of our most strenuous efforts to get ashore as quickly as possible. The delay was entirely due to the lack of tugs, for it was only now and then that a trawler could be spared to haul us inshore. We were sadly held up and kept waiting for hours after our boats had been loaded up, ready to be towed ashore.

Who was responsible for this shortage I do not know. It is, of course, quite possible that the Navy provided all the trawlers requisitioned for by the Army.

I shall never forget my first night in Gallipoli. We loaded up a couple of hundred mules, each mule carrying about 2,000 cartridges, and with Major O'Hara (now Lieut.-Colonel O'Hara) who was the D. A. Q. M. G., as guide, we marched off into the darkness to distribute ammunition along the front. We trudged together all through that trying night, so it is not much to be wondered at that we almost quarrelled once or twice —but I will say here that of all the men I met in Gallipoli, there was not one who was so capable at his job, or worked so hard to see that everything for which he was responsible ran smoothly. Soon after we left W Beach in the dark, it began to pour, and it poured and poured solidly for about five hours.

On we squelched through the mud over unknown tracks with the water streaming down our bodies and running in rivulets out of our boots. As soon as the rain ceased a biting cold wind

set in, which froze us to the marrow. However, the vigorous walking, helping up a fallen mule, readjusting the loads, getting out of holes into which we had tumbled, etc., kept our circulation going, and when we arrived at a place known as Pink Farm, the farthest point to which we had yet advanced, there was a sudden alarm that the Turks were approaching. Nobody knew then where our front line was, or whether it linked up across the Peninsula. There were many gaps in it through which the Turks, if they had had initiative enough, might have forced their way, and inflicted a considerable amount of damage upon us before we could have organized adequate resistance.

Gongs could plainly be heard sounding, apparently close by, as though it were some pre-arranged signal of the enemy, but whatever the reason, we saw nothing of the Turks, and no attack was made, so we unloaded our ammunition and were then sent back for more.

When we got safely clear of this jumpy place, we found ourselves wending our way through some Turkish cemeteries, the tall, white, thin headstones, with their carved headlike top knobs, looking exactly like ghosts in the gloomy light. We passed through cypress groves, along sandy lanes, and rugged paths, fell into and scrambled out of dug-outs, ditches and dongas, where mules and loads tumbled about indiscriminately to the accompaniment of much profanity.

At one spot on this adventurous journey we came upon a battalion of Zouaves crouching down for rest and shelter in the lee of a hedge. The Sergeant in charge of my escort took them for Turks, and only that I was happily on the spot when he made this startling discovery, he would undoubtedly have opened fire on the Frenchmen. I must say that they looked exactly like Turks, owing to their semi-barbaric uniform.

When we got the convoy to where we thought the front line ought to be, we failed to find it, and as we were very hazy as to whether we would run into our own men or the Turks, we left the convoy under the cover of some trees, and O'Hara and I went off to reconnoitre. I believe we must have passed through a gap in our own line. At all events we wandered for some time, making many pauses to listen for any sound that might guide

us, but the weird thing about it was, that the whole place was now still as death, though we must have been quite close to both armies. No doubt they were dead beat after the recent terrific fighting they had come through.

At last we luckily struck our own men, lining a shallow trench which had apparently been very hastily thrown up, for it scarcely afforded enough cover to shelter a decent sized terrier. The men were so exhausted with the continued strain and stress of the battle, which had been continuous since the morning of the 25th, that they slept as if they were dead. The sentries, of course, were on the alert, looking out grim and watchful at the Turkish line, which we could just make out in the struggling moonlight, apparently not more than 200 yards away.

When we topped the crest overlooking W Beach, a gleam of light was coming up out of Asia, telling us of the approach of dawn, and we felt, as we wearily trod down the slope to the beach, that we had done a hard and useful night's work.

V

Before dark that night we began to load up another big convoy of munitions and supplies for the trenches.

This proved to be one of the most weird nights of many that we have spent tramping up and down the peninsula.

Of course, we had to move off after dark, otherwise the Turks would have concentrated their artillery on us and we should all have been destroyed. We went from W to X Beach, along the Ægean shore, falling into trenches and dug-outs on the way, for the night was very dark, while every now and again we were caught up in Turkish wire entanglements. Then from X Beach we slowly pioneered our way through the trackless scrub and undergrowth until we came to the cliff which overlooks Gully Beach, at the mouth of a huge ravine which here opened into the Ægean Sea, some miles northwest of W Beach.

On the way we had to go through some of our own guns, which were in action on this side of the Peninsula, and I had to request the Battery Commander to cease fire while we were filing past, as I feared the roar and flash of the guns might stam-

pede the mules. He let us through in silence, but we had scarcely got fifty yards from the muzzles when out belched the guns again, the roar of which at such close range, to my surprise, did not in the least upset the mules. I shall never forget our struggling down to the sea from the cliffs above the Gully. Of course there was no road then and we had to reconnoitre ahead in the dark every yard of the way. Often I had to turn back and call out to the men to halt as I found myself dangling on the edge of the cliff, holding on to the roots of the gorse, which fortunately grew there in profusion. After many mishaps, mules and supplies falling about among the ravines which scored the face of the cliff, we eventually reached the Beach.

Then began our march up the bed of the ravine, and although the Gully was very wide and there was ample room to march either to right or left of the stream, yet we knew nothing of this, for the ground was new to us and everything was pitch dark, so the only sure way of getting up the ravine in safety was to walk in the river bed. I led the way expecting all the time either to fall into a waterhole or be shot by an ambuscade of Turks. Cliffs loomed up on either side of us to a height of a hundred or more feet, and there was nothing to be seen but the faint twinkle of the stars overhead.

Now and again I called a halt to reconnoitre and listen for any suspicious movements ahead, as it was a most likely spot in which to be ambushed by the enemy. So far as I knew the Turks were in possession of the bank to my left, and all that part of the country right up to Anzac, where the Australians had landed. For a time everything was quiet as we splashed our way along, there being a lull just then in the fighting; all of a sudden it broke out again with feverish intensity. The Gully Ravine made a turn at one part of its course which took us right between the line of fire of the two opposing forces. Shells from our own guns screamed and passed safely over the ravine, but the shells from the Turkish batteries often burst exactly overhead, scattering shrapnel all round; at other times plunking into the cliff on our right and smothering us with clay and gravel. The rattle of musketry was like the continuous roll of kettledrums, and considering all our surroundings, and the fierce

fight that was going on, it was altogether a night to be remembered.

At last we reached the troops holding the front line; there were no supports or reserves, so far as I could see; every man had been put into the firing line owing to the terrible losses that had been sustained.

Here in the dark with shot and shell flying all round, we unpacked our mules and handed over the ammunition and food to the brigade.

I was right glad to be able to turn back and get my convoy safely away from the gloomy depths of this uncanny ravine.

We had again to climb the cliffs when we got back to the sea at the gully-mouth, and at the top again to negotiate our guns which were still blazing away for all they were worth. However, by dint of much shouting when I had crawled close enough to be heard, the gunners ceased fire just long enough to enable us to slip through.

These two nights are fair examples of the work done in those early days by the Zion Mule Corps, at that time the only Transport Corps on the peninsula at Helles.

VI

At this time, the whole of the Peninsula, from Cape Helles to Achi Baba, was one expanse of green pastures and cultivation, and the country looked exceedingly pretty. Quantities of beautiful flowers grew everywhere, so much so that some fields were a regular blaze of color, the western slopes of Achi Baba itself being beautified by gorgeous stretches of blood-red poppies. Groves of trees of various kinds were dotted about, while the olive and the almond flourished everywhere. Here and there were to be seen round masonry-topped wells, just like those pictured in illustrated Bibles, showing Rebecca drawing water for Abraham's servant—but, alas, here there was no Rebecca!

Before we left it, this smiling land became the most desolate, God-forsaken place that it is possible to imagine—nothing but row upon row of unsightly trenches, and not a single blade of grass anywhere to meet the eye.

For our new encampment I chose a green level field, some two miles inland, and into this we moved on May 11th.

I had occasion to ride back to W Beach within a couple of hours after quitting our first encampment, and I heartily congratulated myself that we had cleared out of it, just in the nick of time, for the Turks had concentrated their guns on the place immediately after we had left. I counted no less than thirty holes through a piece of canvas that was stretched over the place where we had slept the night before. Had we still been there we must all inevitably have been blown to smithereens!

During the course of our stay here we gradually excavated and enlarged our dwelling and burrowed down into the ground, making a cellar into which we could retire in case the shelling became too hot, but, as a matter of fact, though the bombardment at times was hot enough to satisfy the most desperate fire-eater, we used our bomb proof entirely as a pantry, for which we found it most useful.

No sooner had we settled down to life in our new bivouac than the Turks began to annoy us by dropping shells into it and disturbing our peace of mind and body. On the morning following our arrival, while we were having breakfast under the spreading branches of our olive tree, a shrapnel burst, sending its bullets unpleasantly near. I remarked jocularly to the others that if the next shell came any closer we should have to move. Scarcely had I spoken when one went bang just over us and a bullet whizzed between our heads and smashed through the arm of my Orderly Room Sergeant, Abulafia, who at that moment was standing by my side taking some orders. It is a marvel how it missed hitting a member of our little mess, for we were all sitting very close together round an up-turned box which we were using as a breakfast table.

The same shell wounded two other men, besides killing and wounding half-a-dozen mules. We decided that the place was too hot for us, so, after helping our medical officer to dress the wounded, we finished our breakfast on the other side of a bank which ran along by our olive tree.

I set the men to work to dig themselves and the mules well into the bowels of the earth, and it was not long until a stranger

visiting the place would be astonished if he were told that some hundreds of men and mules were concealed right under his very nose.

It was very funny to see the men sitting in rows along the banks of earth thrown up out of their "dug-outs" and watch them dive, like rabbits into their burrows, at the sound of an approaching shell; then, after the explosion, every one popped up again to see what damage had been done.

During the time they were camped there a shell would now and again plump right into a dug-out and then, of course, the unfortunate occupants would be blown about in little pieces all over the place. A hand was once blown down to my horse lines, some 150 yards away from where the shell had burst and shattered a man to atoms.

A German Taube for a time flew over our lines every morning long before sunrise, of course catching all our airmen napping. These visits were generally for observation purposes, but sometimes the Taubes would liven us up by dropping a few bombs. They made several shots at the French guns, but always missed. I saw a bomb land among a dozen French horses one day and every one of the unfortunate animals was terribly wounded. I never saw such a shambles, for the horses were in a dug-out close together for safety. The Zion lines had several close escapes, as did the Royal Naval Division Hospital which was close to us, and where Staff-Surgeon Fleming cheerfully and skilfully attended to our sick and wounded at all times of the day and night.

The Taube is a much more vicious looking machine than ours. It has a certain air of arrogance about it, entirely lacking in our type of aeroplane. It is not in the least like a dove, as the German name signifies, but appears to me very like a hawk, always ready to pounce on its prey.

Day by day, one kept missing friendly faces. I remember such a nice boy, belonging to one of the naval battalions, who used to pass my camp regularly with his platoon on their way to bathe on the beach. I never knew the boy's name, but he interested me as he was a bright, cheery, handsome youngster, who seemed to be on the best of terms with his men. One day

there was a vigorous bombardment of his lines, and when next the platoon went by, the young officer was missing. He had been blown to pieces by a shell.

The Collingwood Battalion met with a very sad end soon after their arrival in my neighborhood. They were sent up to take part for the first time in an attack on the Turkish trenches and they were placed on our extreme right, linking up with the French. When the order came to charge, they went forward most gallantly, capturing, with little loss, two of the Turkish lines of trenches, Captain Spearman, well to the fore, leading his men. He got shot in the foot, but, ignoring it, dashed along, waving his hat in the air as he cheered his men to the assault. Unfortunately, owing to the conspicuous part he and his officers played in the attack (and it was necessary that they should do so, owing to the rawness of the men) he and practically all the other officers of the battalion were killed. Then some one, possibly a German, for there were several of them in the Turkish trenches round about, shouted out the fatal word "Retire." This was carried along the line and the men turned about and made back, helter skelter, for their own trenches, but in trying to gain them, they were practically annihilated by machine gun and rifle fire. I was particularly sorry for Captain Spearman, who had come to our dug-out on many occasions and had drunk an early cup of coffee with us only a few hours before he was killed.

In this disastrous retreat, the Collingwood Battalion was practically wiped out. The few survivors were transferred to another unit of the Royal Naval Division and the very name of this Battalion went out of existence.

VII

In our nightly journeys back from the trenches, we were always guided through the darkness to our camp by the brilliant glare of the lights from the warships, hospital ships, and transports, which lay thickly clustered round Cape Helles. It was a most beautiful sight, like a veritable floating Venice, but it was not practical and it was not war. It showed an arrogance and

utter contempt of the enemy who was, at that very moment, stealthily stalking them under the seas with the deadly submarine.

At all events, the submarines came, with the result that the battleships *Goliath* and *Triumph* were sunk with appalling swiftness and great loss of life.

Then, and then only, did the fleet awaken to its danger; the battleships and cruisers vanished into the unknown, while the transports disappeared in a night and we felt, as it were, marooned on this inhospitable peninsula, from which the Turks had removed every living thing, save only a few dogs which were found to be so dangerous that they had to be shot at sight.

It was, therefore, with feelings of great pleasure that, as I rode down to W Beach on the evening of the 26th May, I saw the stately battleship, the *Majestic,* lying at anchor out in the roadstead, a few cable lengths from W Beach; and as I looked my heart grew glad within me, because there lay the ship in the open sea, exposed to any attack, and I felt that it would be impossible for the ship to lie thus, unless the German submarines which had sunk the other battleships a few days previously were either disposed of, or else some clever new defence had been designed, which made the *Majestic* immune from the deadly torpedo.

It was a cheering thought and it helped to enhance the beauty of the wondrous panorama which lay spread before my eyes.

Away to my left stood the quaint old ruined walls and towers of Sedd-el-Bahr, thrown into bold outline against the rippling waters of the Dardanelles, while further on the eye was caught by the green plains of Ilium, set in a tangle of hills, on the picturesque Asiatic coast. Ahead of me, to the south, glittered the soft sea, with Cape Helles jutting into it, like a rough brown hand thrust into a basin of shimmering quicksilver. Almost at my feet lay Lancashire Landing, busy with its hundreds of men and animals going to and fro, while away on my right sparkled the Ægean, with the Isles of Greece jutting out of it, like rugged giants rising from their ocean lair. To crown all, the sun was going down in a perfect blaze of color, tipping the crests of Imbros and Samothrace with a glint of gold, as it sank

behind them into the sea. I have seen sunsets in many parts of the world, but never have I seen anything to equal the glorious lights and shades which at sundown are painted on the Ægean sky. If I were an artist, my ambition would be to go in the lovely autumn days on a pilgrimage to these shores and humbly try to put on my canvas the perfectly gorgeous but harmoniously blended rose, pink, scarlet, red, yellow, purple, green, amber and blue—a perfect intoxication of glorious colors which the imagination would be unequal to, unless they were absolutely thrown on the sky before one's own eyes. The magnificence of the sunsets seen from Gallipoli were the sum of what an ordinary mortal could conceive as a fitting setting for the splendor of God's Throne.

So it is to be hoped that the officers and crew of the *Majestic,* which was moored so peacefully amid such heavenly surroundings, took a soul-satisfying view of the glory around them, because, alas, for many of the poor fellows, it was the last sunset that would ever gladden their eyes, for, on the morning of the 27th, the ship was marked down by a German submarine and sent to its doom within four minutes of being struck.

I was attending to some routine work in my camp when I heard the terrific explosion and, looking up, saw a volume of smoke ascending to the heavens from W Beach. I jumped on my horse, which was ready saddled, close by, and galloped over to hear what had happened. When I topped the rise, all of the *Majestic* that I could see was a couple of dozen feet of its copper keel which projected above the water and which still remains thus—a mute witness to the fact that " some one had blundered."

Regrettable incidents like these should be unknown in a navy renowned for the good practical commonsense and thoroughness of its captains.

VIII

" From all forms of trench warfare, preserve us, O Lord," should be the humble prayer of every soldier, for it is about the most unpleasant, tiresome, humdrum, disagreeable, dangerous, death-without-glory kind of warfare which the evil genius of man could devise. As, however, it has come to stay, it may

perhaps be of interest to describe what it was like in Gallipoli.

When, after the first battles, the Turks refused any longer to meet us in the open and took to the trenches, which they had, with great energy, dug right across the Peninsula, it became necessary for us to adopt the same mole-like tactics, and our advance was brought practically to a standstill. Instead of going ahead a couple of miles in a day's fight, it now became a question of taking one trench at a time, and often we did not gain as much as that, even after the most strenuous battles.

Long lines of trenches, from three to six or more feet deep, and three or four feet wide, were dug in zig-zags right across the Peninsula, more or less parallel to the Turkish lines, and behind these were similar support and reserve trenches; at the back of these again were second and third line defence trenches; while still further were the so-called rest trenches, but in Gallipoli these were just as dangerous as the front trenches, owing to the confined space in which the army was cooped up, and also owing to the configuration of the ground, which exposed them to fire from Achi Baba as well as from the guns in Asia. Some of our trenches were so deep that hundreds of scaling ladders were always kept in readiness to enable the men to swarm out quickly when an assault was to be made. Long lines of communication trenches ran up and down and to and fro, connecting the various lines of trenches and many of these were dug deep enough and wide enough to give ample cover for mules and horses. Various little back alleys were also dug in different directions, so that the whole face of the country was transformed into a veritable rabbit warren. These communication trenches were necessary so that reliefs, reinforcements, munitions, food and water could be taken up in safety to the firing line.

Where the ground was very hard and deep trenches could not be dug, the necessary cover was given by building parapets made of sandbags, little canvas bags about two feet long and ten inches across, which could easily be carried by one man when filled with sand or clay. These sandbags should be of different colors, because otherwise when one is taken out to make a loophole, the blank space is seen at once and the enemy's fire is con-

centrated on it. In Gallipoli, our sandbags were all of the same color—brown canvas.

When an attack was made, and an enemy's trench was captured, thousands of these sandbags were carried forward and by piling them up, a new protective trench was rapidly constructed, for, of course, the original Turkish trench was always battered to pieces (or should have been) by high explosive shells before the attack was launched.

Another great use of the sandbag was to erect a barrier across an enemy communication trench, otherwise, of course, he could pour his troops down the communication alley and perhaps effect a surprise. It was exceedingly odd to see our sentry on one side of such a barrier and the Turkish sentry on the other side, apparently quite friendly in the intervals of bombing each other!

One day, a man of the Inniskilling Fusiliers played a trick on the Turkish sentry. Finding life rather monotonous, and being somewhat fed up with bully beef, he bored a hole in his tin, stuck a cartridge into it, and hurled the novel projectile over the sandbag barrier among the Turks, who could be heard flying for their lives away from it along the trench, evidently thinking it was some new form of diabolical bomb we had invented. Then one man, a little bolder than the rest, could be heard cautiously stalking it; he even threw stones at it and when these failed to cause an explosion, he plucked up enough courage to hook it towards him with his fixed bayonet. It was apparently sent off for investigation to some German professor in the rear, for some few hours later the Turkish sentry shouted out loudly over the parapet: "Bully beef, bully beef; throw us more," and this little incident led to many friendly exchanges of bully or cigarettes.

Life in the trenches when no *strafe* was on was very monotonous—dull, weary watching and waiting, with dust blowing into one's eyes and mouth and nose all the time, and flies everywhere. While in the trenches food had to be snatched when it was possible to get it. It was cooked some considerable distance to the rear and was then carried up to the trenches in great pots and there distributed, and in Gallipoli, of course, that meant

dividing it between men and flies—the latter getting the lion's share during the months of June, July and August.

Of course, work was always going on. The trenches had to be carefully drained and sloped so as to allow the rainfall to flow off. If this were not properly done, they would inevitably be flooded out in the rains and life in them would be impossible. Even when every care was taken they sometimes became raging torrents. Much ground was made good by digging out from the trenches towards the Turkish lines and forming a fresh line of trenches closer to the enemy and in a better position.

Every yard in front of the trenches was guarded by barbed wire, sometimes left unrolled on the ground, where it naturally goes into coils and traps for the unwary, and sometimes interlaced on stakes, like a regular wire fencing, doubled many times. It was very dangerous work putting up this form of defence, and it was generally done at night, but even then the enemy could see our men by the light of the brilliant flares which were constantly sent up, for these remained in the air for several seconds, making everything as bright as day. The only chance of escape then was to lie flat down and remain perfectly still until the flare went out.

Then there was the constant arduous and dangerous labor of sapping, *i. e.,* tunnelling underground from our trenches underneath the Turkish trenches, making a huge cavity there, filling it with explosives and blowing the trench and such Turks as were in it sky high. This was generally done when an attack was made, so as to throw the enemy into greater confusion.

At night it was usual to man the front trenches fairly strongly, one-third of the force always being awake and on the look-out for the enemy.

Of course, it is almost certain death for a man to stand up and show his head and shoulders above the parapet line, so the watch on the enemy was kept by men with periscopes, who could watch every move in perfect safety. Even the periscopes were often shattered to pieces by the bullets of the Turks, which shows that some of them were good marksmen.

Telephone wires were laid everywhere in the trenches, and telephone operators and observing officers were scattered up and

down the line. On the first sign of an enemy attack, these officers communicated with their batteries in the rear and within two seconds a curtain of fire was rained on the advancing foe, which, in most cases, he found it quite impossible to get through. If he ever succeeded, however, the infantry were by this time lining the parapets ready to mow down the enemy with rifle and machine gun fire, so the only marvel is that any of the assaulting force ever got through. A very rare occurrence, and those that did pierce the line never again got back to their own trenches.

One day, I went up to visit Lieutenant Davidson, who was Forward Observing Officer for his battery and he, having occasion to fire a gun, telephoned to the battery; it was a distinctly weird feeling to hear the scream of the shell from the guns two miles back flying close over our heads into the Turkish trenches in front of us, almost before Davidson had ceased speaking! At that same observation post, on the previous day, another R. H. A. Officer, Lieutenant Perceval, who also was a member of our little mess, had a very narrow escape. A Turkish shell came through, slightly bruised his shoulder, and killed his bombardier who was, at the moment, holding the telephone.

In the side of the trench next the enemy, little niches were excavated where men could lie and sit fairly well sheltered from wind and rain. These recesses were often used by the Turks as burial places for their dead. I remember on one occasion I was walking along a piece of the line which we had just taken from the Turks, when a shell exploded close to the trench. The concussion shook away some loose earth and out from the side of the trench popped a dead hand and arm!—just as if a policeman had put out his hand to stop the traffic. The dead Turk seemed to try, even in death, to bar the way to an enemy's approach.

A very disagreeable feature of trench life is the unpleasant odor of the dead, which penetrates everywhere, for, of course, when an attack is made by one side or the other hundreds may be killed close to the trenches, and as a rule it is impossible either to rescue the wounded or to bury the dead, because the enemy would inevitably shoot down any one attempting such a task.

One of the very worst trials of trench warfare is to see the

dead body of a comrade lying out in the open, gradually fading away before one's eyes, a mummied hand still clutching the rifle, the helmet a little way off, looking ever so weird in its gruesome surroundings.

While in the trenches one is, of course, subject at all times to shells, rifle fire, mine explosions, poison gas, bombs, liquid fire and other diabolical inventions. The Turks, however, did not use either poison gas or liquid fire and, of course, neither did the British.

Worst trial of all is the trench mortar! This venomous weapon sends a bomb weighing a hundred pounds or more of the most deadly high explosive plumb into the midst of a trench with marvellous accuracy at any range up to 400 yards. The vicious thing can be seen soaring high up into the air, until it reaches a point directly overhead, then it hovers for a moment, like a hawk over its prey, and finally swoops down, pulverizing everybody and everything near which it explodes.

From my own observation of trench warfare, I would say unhesitatingly that no assault should be launched against the enemy until his trenches had been thoroughly pounded to pieces by high explosives, and his men demoralized by a constant stream of shells, and all wire entanglements or other barriers swept out of the way of the advance. Then, and then only, should the infantry attack be launched, but before doing so the supports and reserves should be brought up as close as possible to the firing line, because, in these days especially, the speed with which an assault can be reinforced makes all the difference between victory and defeat.

During the assault, the guns should be constantly playing on the reserve trenches of the enemy, the counter batteries (*i. e.*, those batteries told off to dominate enemy batteries) firing as fast as they possibly can to keep down enemy shrapnel fire and generally supporting the attack in every possible way. Special groups should always be told off (not single individuals) whose duty it is to signal back to the batteries the position which the front line has reached in the assault, otherwise, and I have seen it happen more than once, our own guns will be found playing on our own men.

It is unwise to trust to telephone wires for passing signals back to the batteries, for they are often cut by shells or broken by passing troops. Aeroplanes fitted with wireless are most useful. Another good plan is to fasten some very conspicuous object, such as a large tin disc to the backs of the men, so that the gunners could always be able to tell at whom they were firing. The disc should be tied so that the men could switch it round to the front if they were forced to retire. This plan was adopted in Gallipoli towards the end of July with excellent results, for our men could always be made out by the flashing of the tin which, of course, the enemy could not see.

Bombs should always be carried with the assaulting columns, and the bomb throwers should not be hampered by a rifle, but should only be armed with revolver and bayonet, for when their stock of bombs is expended there are always plenty of rifles lying around belonging to the dead and badly wounded.

When all these arrangements have been completed, and a combined attack is made with shells, machine guns, rifle fire, trench mortars, poison gas, liquid fire, etc., the attack is almost certain to succeed at some point or other, and once the defender's line is broken, his whole line is threatened, and if the reserves are brought up and poured quickly enough into the breach, so as to get a wedge in between the enemy's forces, his army can then be smashed up in detail and a great victory won.

Cavalry can then burst through and once more come into their own by playing havoc with the enemy's lines of communications. Of course, in Gallipoli we had no cavalry—at least, such mounted men as we had came as infantry without horses! and I must say that they fought well, those yeoman from Bucks and Kent—the only pity is that we did not have more of them. When we did make a breach in the enemy's line, we never had enough troops to push through and so ensure a crushing victory.

AMERICA'S PART IN THE GREAT WAR

GEORGE STANLEY

NO one to-day will dispute the fact that we are a peace-loving nation; and probably few could be found outside the United States who do not believe that our love of peace, and its correlates, so fill our minds we can think of little else—that, come what may, we must have peace ourselves. We may desire the peace of the world, but—only that our own may not be disturbed. We may not seriously concern ourselves with what the outsider thinks, as we seem to be doing, but it would be difficult to convince some Americans that we are wholly disinterested in our devotion to the cause of peace.

If the Peace-at-any-Price Party—which would seem to be the one that prevails at Washington—has a sincere desire for the peace of the world, in behalf of civilization and humanity, will it explain why we missed so great an opportunity as came to us before the war broke out, and while peace in Europe was still possible?

We were the only great nation not involved in the controversy; our voice everywhere was the voice of authority, because of the principles we have proclaimed which were believed to inspire the spirit of the American people. We have declared that ours is the newer civilization of liberty, justice and humanity; that our place is in the forefront among the nations in the twentieth century development, because of our brighter and greater light, the stride and uplift we have given humanity toward the ideals that exalted a nation, and not alone for ourselves, but for all mankind. Our voice has gone throughout the world, that the world might know—for we are not as those who would hide their light under a bushel, or dim its glow where another shines. Not only are we a blessing to ourselves, but to the whole race, and all that is needed is to behold the torch that enlightens to the paths of peace and progress.

Never was there a greater occasion, or more grandly staged, the greatest that will ever be offered to a peace-loving people, than that which presented itself before the opening of hostilities—and what did we do? We tendered a weak-kneed, hesitant offer of mediation, and the instant war was declared our Peace Party broke into a panic of parades and other foolish demonstrations, as if to warn the belligerents that we were strictly out of it, and were not to be drawn in at any price.

Had we lived up to our principles, to the spirit of Americanism—and to our duty, as a leading Power, with vast international interests, life and property and the dignity of the nation in the scale—we might not have been invited to sit at the table and tell the contending Powers how to settle the difficulty; it is certain Germany would have entered an emphatic objection; Germany had already settled the question, and would not have brooked any outside "interference"; the Entente Powers, though on the same side as we—for continued peace, might not themselves have agreed to our taking any active part, though it is improbable that they would have refused us a hearing, if we had practical suggestions looking to the preservation of peace. But that is not the point. We would have been **heard.** Whether our proffer of mediation had been accepted or rejected could have no effect upon the force or carrying power of our voice, and the world would have listened, Germany included, if it listened involuntarily. We could have suggested a settlement, without prejudice, and to this end, favored the appointment of a commission composed of neutrals, to examine the facts and points of difference, to take the testimony of the opposing Powers, and to report the findings with recommendations. We could have clearly defined our position, declared that in the event of war, we should observe an impartial neutrality, but reserved the right to protest, or interpose, should our rights be molested, American life or property destroyed, or neutral territory invaded; that we should insist upon the fulfilment of treaties guarantee-

ing neutrality to which the United States Government was a signatory, and that violation of international law or the recognized rules of warfare would meet with the disapproval of the American government.

Without precedent, perhaps; but what has precedent to do with it, if it stands in the way, where a great crime that would involve the world is threatened, and, as it has proved, a crime without precedent in the world's history, in its disregard for international law and of the common dictates of humanity? Is not the peace-maker always precedent enough when trouble brews? And could we for a moment consider mere usage, with the issues at stake?

What interested us was peace, and had we thought more of it than of our inept neutrality—Germany never would have drawn the sword.

We were the one great nation of potentialities, the one great nation among the neutrals that would have to be reckoned with (as Germany believed then), from whom she anticipated a benevolent neutrality, if not a veiled enmity to Great Britain, that would operate to her disadvantage, but to Germany's gain. Germany's "unofficial" publicity campaign in this country, the activity of her professors both in Germany and here, the "patriotism" of the German-Americans, and the meddling with our government by von Bernstorff, the German ambassador, in the opening stage of the war, were the corollaries of that anticipation, as they were also evidences of Germany's disappointment and of her contempt for the weakness of a great civilizing Power.

Our lady-like offer of mediation gave Germany an illumination; the rest of the world wondered whether our Americanism was anything more than merely a vent for noisy Chauvinism—something for everybody to look at, but never to be put to work.

We had the opportunity of writing the greatest chapter in history; but as it transpired, we wrote ourselves down a nation of pretenders.

Another great opportunity came to us—another great obligation, when Germany invaded Belgium. But we were harmless, supine—and neutral—and Germany knew. We were a signatory to the treaty of 1907, guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium, but Germany knew that we would be quiescent, as if we shared the view that the treaty was "only a scrap of paper!" Germany was free to "hack her way through," and to carry on a war of frightfulness on defenseless non-combatants, the old and feeble, women and children, that even surpassed the enormities of Atilla and Borgia, the monsters of history. **Our silence—and neutrality gave courage and freedom to the bloody hand.**

We had a few real moments following the sinking of the **Lusitania,** but here again, it was merely words, and while Germany's written replies were evasive, shifting, flippant, almost jocular, apparently at our temerity, her actual replies were contained in her continued assassinations by submarines. **Why should Germany fear the notes of a nation "too proud to fight?" that had sworn it would not be "dragged into the war?" that seemed to be concerned only with its enhanced trade, and that Germany knew, as the rest of the world was coming to know, thought vastly more of the riches it was accumulating out of the war, than of national dignity and manhood.**

In a speaking tour, some months ago, President Wilson made it his one claim to our endorsement—that he had kept us out of the war, and we cheered him vociferously wherever he went. It was the only claim he could make, the only one that we could listen to—now. It was the only one that could go to our heart—and to our business. War would not necessarily have followed upon our doing the right; on the other hand, it is extremely doubtful whether Germany would have accepted it as a gauge of war, at any stage. Germany's hands are full, and we have power and potentialities that would give pause even to Prussian arrogance and confidence—that it

would immediately begin to reckon with, had our words meant action, and not merely words.

Had we been less neutral and more American, as that has been defined, more national than individual, the blackest chapters of the war would have been spared posterity, the worst indictments against a braggart civilization—the butcheries and robberies and unnameable crimes committed on the Belgians, the wholesale massacre of the Armenians by the Turks, aided and abetted by Germany, her assassinations of the defenseless by submarine, her barbarous Zeppelin raids on undefended towns on the English coast, her use of asphyxiating and poisonous gases on the battlefield, her contempt for civilized warfare, in her cowardly murder of the great English heroine, Edith Cavell, in her brutal rejection of every consideration of humanity. We are the only great Power that Germany could take into account—and we are neutral! Under the Moloch of our neutrality we have sacrificed everything that should be precious to a nation, particularly to a great humanizing power, and become particeps criminis with Germany.

"I hope we shall never forget," President Wilson said in an address last year to the G. A. R., "that we created this nation, not to serve ourselves, but to serve mankind," and he added: "I hope I may say, without even an implication of criticism upon any other people in the world, that it has always seemed to me that the people of the United States wished to be regarded as devoted to the promotion of particular principles of human rights. . . . This flag meant a great enterprise of the human spirit." As a creator of phrases that appeal strongly to our national pride, and Chauvinism, it would not be easy to find a superior to Mr. Wilson.

But what does he mean? How are we serving mankind? What particular principles of human rights are we promoting? Could Mr. Wilson mention them? And what are we doing to give reality to the great enterprise of the human spirit? If we are to accept the standards of

our fathers, how are we proving it? The only spirit we have shown in this war is a mighty poor spirit, one that every man of us ought to be ashamed of, and we seem as indifferent to the interests of mankind and every principle of human right as the Prussians themselves. It is comforting to be told by our President that we are guided by "particular principles and the human spirit, because of our singular love for mankind," but Gradgrind has come to life, and we would have the facts.

Take this from his recent address at the celebration of the anniversary of the signing of the Mecklenberg declaration of independence at Charlotte, N. C.: "I would like, therefore, to think that the spirit of this occasion could be expressed **if we imagined ourselves lifting some sacred emblem of counsel and of peace, of accommodation and righteous judgment before the nations of the world** and reminding them of that passage of Scripture, After the wind, after the earthquake, after the fire, the still small voice of humanity."

Any emblem of counsel or of peace that we would lift, until right prevails over wrong and the freedom of nations for humanity's sake is in sight, would not be sacred; it would be an outrage. **We have ourselves turned a deaf ear to the still small voice of humanity, to the voice that has wrung the heart of civilization, and the less we have to say about righteous judgment, in connection with the war, the less we shall have to answer for in the righteous judgment of the nations of the world—for our own unrighteousness.** If we could realize the great issue at stake on the battlefields of Europe, President Wilson would not be talking or thinking of peace, but of right—and doing it! Unless it be a hopeless provincialism, or the blindness that can see only America, and America the paragon, the pattern for the rest of mankind, no matter our own failings, or how far we fall short of the pattern, it is difficult to account for some of Mr. Wilson's utterances in these testing times.

Again: "Here in America we have tried to set the

example of bringing all the world together upon terms of liberty and cooperation and peace, and in that great experience that we have been going through, **America has been a sort of prophetic sample of mankind."**

All scream-eagleism aside, are our liberty and cooperation and peace remarkable enough that we should make a note of them, at this time—when you remember what the German-Americans have been doing here, to say nothing of some others who foster treason abroad and trouble here, and others still, whose ideas of liberty and cooperation and peace revolve within rather narrow limits, and the rest of us simply sitting pat on our dream-inducing neutrality, while the great nations of the world are expending treasure and blood for the liberty, the cooperation and the peace of the world? The samples we are showing are not the kind we should wish to speak about in public, and God forbid, that our "great experience" should be prophetic either of ourselves or of any other people.

"Now the world outside America has felt the forces of America," President Wilson told his hearers in the same address; "felt the forces of common aspiration, the forces that bring every man and every nation face to face with the question, What are you going to do with your power? Are you going to translate it into forces, or are you going to translate it into peace and satisfaction of society?"

Changing our products into gold of the belligerents is the only translating we have been doing since the war began, and while it may bring peace to the translators, there is little satisfaction in it for society. But is peace the first ideal? Are there not other things that come before—the conditions, for example, that make any worth while peace possible? Is it the thing we seek before we can have it? And is it true that the world outside America has felt the forces of America—since the opening of hostilities? President Wilson could only have been

musing and trying to conjure something—but he succeeded in framing it in the phrases that we swallow whole.

"Does it not interest you," he went on, "that America has run before the rest of the world in making trial of the great human experiment, and is it not the sign and dawn of a new age that the one thing upon which the world is about to fall back is the moral judgment of mankind?"

One would think that where one finds such adequate expression, in language of national ideals, there would be some governmental or national expression of the things themselves. **It is axiomatic that we have run before the rest of the world in giving speech to the better things in national life—in pointing out to others, on occasion, the great realities that bring mankind together in something of a bond that works for the good of all,** and in pointing to America as **par excellence** the Exemplar; but what are the tangible results of our trial of the great human experiment, and how are we proving its sincerity to-day? Have we so far progressed that we can claim for it "the sign and dawn of a new age," if we forsake it at that, until the rest of the world has caught up, while we rest smugly and securely upon our laurels? Does that explain why President Wilson finds little else to do than spinning phrases to put into his notes to Germany and Great Britain and his public addresses, and we then reading and listening to them—and why we have so much time to occupy ourselves with the trivial trade and other questions in connection with the war? **Is not the whole European war a contest between right and wrong, or principles and their opposite, freedom and oppression?—and we find nothing more to do than send literary notes to Germany and harass the Powers that are championing our own cause!** Should we call this "the sign and dawn of a new age"? Is it standing by "the great human experiment" because it is with us a great principle? Is it not a fact that the real exemplars of the things we claim for ourselves are the great nations that are fighting the mightiest battle in history—fighting our battle, as much

as they are their own, in behalf of the great human experiment, and so justifying the moral judgment of mankind?

When the European war has passed into history, it will be recorded that the civilized nations of the world, remembering the principles of the great Republic, the forerunner in liberty, justice and humanity and our oft repeated declaration that we had taken the cause of mankind under our wing, looked to the United States for some definite action toward the continuance of peace and the establishment of righteousness among the nations; that instead of this, the government at Washington did no more than the smallest of the neutral Powers could have done, with a better spirit, and made haste to proclaim the neutrality of America when the war broke out; that the United States then seemed to disappear from the society of nations; that it was frequently heard from, but only when President Wilson would deliver an address, in which he would remind the nation and the rest of the world of the greatness and glory of America, and when the government would make a demand upon or protest to one or other of the belligerents, the first protest it made being to Great Britain, about a mere matter of trade; that its demands and protests concerned itself alone, and made it manifest, almost from the beginning, that its interest in the war was confined to American interests, which it emphasized by a peace propaganda that had no other object than the undisturbed peace of the United States; that it made no distinction between the opposing sides in the conflict, the nature of which it seemed unable to understand, and permitted the United States to be used as a hotbed for conspiracies and crimes both against itself and the Allies, without even a protest to the Power responsible.

We have been living in a fool's paradise concerning ourselves. A great people proves itself great on great occasions; a great people would have found in the European war opportunity in behalf of humanity, justice and right—we should have found the war our peculiar oppor-

tunity for the recognition and exercise of the great principles that are "the sign and dawn of a new age," and no neutrality could have suspended them.

Our republican institutions and the dreams of the fathers who laid the foundations have filled our mouths with a swelling speech, but the answer to our smug assurance, that because we are the sons of our fathers, we are to-day the be-all and end-all in human development, is our blind and narrow provincialism. Provincialism is the most telling fact in the United States. It is our life and spirit. With few exceptions, in the great centers of wealth and population, the press is the voice of provincialism; the same is true of the church, and of politics; it is found in the trivial things to which we give importance, in our values, in our measurement of men and events; so intensely provincial is our patriotism, it even has a price, as witness the increasing Pension Fund, the pork barrel, our scramble for office—for what we can get out of it, our belief that the government owes us a comfortable living—to say nothing of those who use it as a means to prey on their fellows; in our child-like submission to the political boss, no matter what he may be; to the party, irrespective of its record or candidates, or the effect of its policies; in the apings of society and the distinction we accord mere wealth. The child may be the father of the man, but we are no analogy in the nation. The older and finer civilizations, we cannot yet instruct, while we have our own tasks still to learn—in our republican institutions, that are steadily growing less republican; in our liberty, which is steadily contracting; in our cooperation, which is a misnomer for individualism; in our peace, which is a dream only of those who cannot see.

It may not be disputed that Woodrow Wilson is an excellent press agent, but these are days for deeds, not words.

WHAT AN IRISHMAN THINKS OF THE IRISH-GERMAN ALLIANCE

HON. PATRICK FRANCIS EGAN

NOTE:—The Hon. Patrick Francis Egan, the writer of the following article, is easily the best-informed man, living out of Ireland, on Irish affairs; his intimate association with the struggle for Irish freedom probably extends through a longer period than that of any living man. He has never been a professional Irishman and he has never made his livelihood out of Irish political affairs. In fact, he sacrificed all his worldly possessions in Ireland because of his advocacy of the Irish cause. He then came to America, started life anew and has served his adopted country with distinction, notably as Minister to Chili in 1889-1893. Mr. Egan was born in Langford in 1841 and the famous Irish Land League was formed in his office in 1879 in company with Parnell, Michael Davitt and John Dillon. Mr. Egan was the first treasurer of the Land League, and in 1881-1882 managed its financial affairs from Paris. He then returned to Dublin, but was forced to abandon all his property and leave Ireland for the United States. In 1884 Mr. Egan was elected president of the Irish National League and is now a member of the Executive Council of the United Irish League. He frequently visits Ireland and is in close personal touch with John E. Redmond and the other noted members of the Irish party.

IRELAND suffers far more from those who call themselves her friends than from those who are frankly her enemies. Lately we have seen a useless and bloody riot in which many brave, emotional youths lost their lives at the behest of those pinchbeck patriots who are now subsisting in foreign lands on German money.

Ireland is not to-day in rebellion and was not in rebellion some weeks ago when the Dublin riots happened; at that time less than five per cent. of the Irish people were in sympathy with the Sinn Fein movement, and to-day the mass of the Irish people are disgusted with the German plotting and the various American movements which are aimed, not to help Ireland, but to hurt England for the benefit of Germany.

For over forty years before the bursting forth of

the present terrible conflagration in Europe, National Ireland presented a spectacle of harmony and sound sense not equalled in any other country in the world. During the past three—but especially during the last one—of those decades, she has made such giant strides in national advancement as have rarely been surpassed anywhere unless upon her own soil during the short but glorious epoch of what is known as the Grattan Parliament, from 1782 to 1800.

In 1881 for the first time in her sad history under English rule, the rights of Ireland's farming population to an interest in the homes they had built, the roads, drains, fences and other improvements they had created and the timber and hedgerows they had grown, were partially recognized and protected by law. Through the unceasing efforts of the Irish National Land League, the Irish National League and the United Irish League under the leadership of Charles Stewart Parnell, Michael Davitt, Justin McCarthy and, for the past sixteen years, of John E. Redmond, the English landlord system, which served the purpose of an English garrison in Ireland—a system described by Montesquieu as "conceived by devils, written in human blood and registered in hell," was gradually uprooted, until in 1903, the marvelous Irish Land Purchase law was wrung from a hostile English Parliament. Under the law two-thirds of the lands of Ireland are, under an equitable system of easy payments, already owned by the men who till them and the other one-third will quickly follow when the present war terminates.

The acts for the benefit of Ireland have been numerous and well planned. The dwellers in the miserable huts on the bogs and fens have been brought back to the rich uplands from which they were driven after the artificial famines of 1846-48 to make room for cattle for the English markets. Sixty thousand up-to-date four-room cottages, with an acre of land each, have been erected for the farm laborers to whom they are rented at twenty-five cents a week. The control of all local, county and district

taxes, regulations, business, contracts and appointments has been taken from the Grand Juries composed only of the gentry and given to councils elected by the people. An Irish National University has been established where the Catholics, who form nine-tenths of the population, may have an opportunity to share in educational advantages along with other creeds. These are only a few of the fundamental and far-reaching changes which have come about in Ireland.

Finally, after a struggle during which, in Disraeli's words, "Ireland was ever in a state of either open insurrection or veiled rebellion," the vigorous and persistent propaganda carried on for over thirty years among the democracy of England and her colonies by the National Party aided very materially, I may add, by the broad, liberal opinion of the people of these United States, caused the Irish Home Rule Measure (known as the Government of Ireland Bill) to be introduced in Parliament by Premier Asquith in 1912.

In April of the same year a convention was summoned by the Irish National leaders. The representatives embraced all clergymen of all denominations, delegates from all county, municipal, town and district representative bodies and all duly organized national, trade, labor, scientific, benevolent or kindred bodies. The 8,000 delegates assembled in Dublin formed the most truly national and representative body.

After the fullest discussion of the Asquith Bill the following resolution was passed, without a single dissenting voice:

"Resolved: That we welcome the Government of Ireland Bill as an honest and generous attempt to settle the long and disastrous quarrel between the British and Irish nations; and this National Convention of the Irish people accept the Bill in the spirit in which it is offered; and we hereby declare our solemn conviction that the passage of this Bill into law will bind the people of Ireland to the people of Great Britain by a union infinitely

closer than that which now exists, and by so doing add immeasurably to the strength of the Empire."

This same Bill became a law, was duly signed by the King on September 17, 1914, and is now on the statute books as the law of the British Empire. Like all legislation in the belligerent countries, seriously changing grave and debatable social or economic conditions, the operation of this law was temporarily suspended because of the war, but all right-thinking sons of Ireland consider the contract thus created between the two nations as mutually binding upon their honor. This feeling could not be better evidenced than by the fact that there are actually with the British colors to-day 400,000 Irishmen, including those who volunteered from Great Britain, Canada and Australia.

The noisy group of malcontents who claim to speak in the name of Ulster are the same buccaneers who, while mouthing loyalty to England, threatened in 1869 that if Parliament, at the instance of Premier Gladstone, should disestablish the English Episcopal Church in Ireland and thereby release nine-tenths of the population, who were Catholics, from contributing to the support of the church of a moiety of the other tenth, they would kick Queen Victoria's crown into the Boyne. These same men, just before the outbreak of the present war were busy not only fomenting mutiny among the Tory officers of the British Army but were actually negotiating with the Kaiser.

National Ireland is not only willing but anxious to forget the past and to extend to all peoples the hand of honest, loyal friendship, but only upon the basis of absolute equality.

A much more serious problem, however, is the unwarrantable pretention of a group of people in America, centering in New York, to dictate a policy to, and to assume to speak for, the people of Ireland. Many of the people whose names appear as having been present at recent meetings of this society are unaware of the secret and malign influences by which they are being moved;

others, especially the politicians, are just seeking to reach the limelight so that they may pose as leaders of something that, for the moment, seems to be popular. And finally there is the old inner circle of professional Irish agitators whose sole aim is to control everything in sight—especially all the money.

The "Irish Race Convention," held in New York on the 4th and 5th of March, 1916, was not a convention in any ordinary acceptance of the term, but a gathering summoned by a call sent out broadcast by the Clan-na-Gael organization addressed to "the men and women of the Irish Race in America." The assembly was a kind of Free-for-all gathering with no representative character whatsoever beyond that which attached to the individuals present. It was absolutely owned and controlled by the Clan-na-Gael, and had no more authority to speak for the 20,000,000 of the Irish race in America—as modestly claimed by an ex-Judge from Missouri—than had the famous three tailors of Tooley Street to speak for the people of England.

This promiscuous "Irish race" assemblage was called together in the name of Ireland, but was manipulated absolutely by the pro-German Clan-na-Gael and its ally, the German-American Alliance, of which Dr. C. J. Hexamer of Philadelphia is President, the American Truth Society, and other notorious German propagandist organizations. It was supported by certain notorious pro-German renegade Irish prints and had the affrontery to adopt what some of its mouthpieces described as "a declaration of American Rights and Irish Independence," which ended in the following grotesque climax:

"Finally we appeal to the concert of the Powers and particularly to America, if she be represented in such Council, to recognize that Ireland is a European and not a British Island; to appreciate that its complete independence and its detachment from the British Empire are vital to the freedom of the seas and their restoration to the use of all the peoples of the earth, and we ask, in the name of the Irish race, unconquered and unconquerable, for a seat at the Congress of the nations to present the case of Ireland; to show its vital interests to Europe and to the world at large, and

to demand, in the name of liberty and of the small nationalities, for which England says the war is being waged, that Ireland may be cut off from England and restored to her rightful place among the nations of the earth."

Ireland would no more dream of sending a delegation upon such an absurd mission than she would think of sending one to Mars. What, then, would be the likelihood of a delegation of one or more Irish-American filibusters from the Astor House meeting, gaining admission to such a Congress, or permission to present "claims?"

The gathering then proceeded to launch a new organization entitled "The Friends of Irish Freedom." The promises of aid held out by this body or its agents, following the inflammatory orations of the Goffs, the Cohalans, the Gavegans and other long-distance patriots resulted in precipitating the Dublin insurrection on Easter Monday. This insurrection was without a gleam of hope for success and its only results were a number of peaceful citizens killed and wounded, a number of killed and wounded combatants, the destruction and looting of much of the best business portions of Ireland's beautiful capital, and the handing over of the country to the horrors of martial law with its wholesale arrests, courtmartials, long imprisonments and horrible executions. The enterprise was the most criminally insane that was ever made in the name of Irish freedom.

In order to make clear the Irish National situation in Ireland and America it is necessary to review shortly the attitude maintained by the Clan-na-Gael for some years past.

That society succeeded to the work of other secret Irish and truly patriotic bodies and proved, for a considerable time, a great power for good to the Irish race. Up to the early eighties it embraced many of the ablest men of the race in the United States and Canada, as also in Ireland under another title. It received and kept alive, in Ireland, the fighting spirit which had suffered a severe depression after the failure of the attempted rising in 1867 and it lent the aid of its powerful influence to the founda-

tion and growth of the Irish Land League in 1879 which is responsible for the marvelous progress achieved in Ireland during the succeeding thirty years. Gradually, however, the Clan-na-Gael succumbed to the controlling power of one man—John Devoy, who became its paid secretary and boss, and since then it has been oscillating between American political machinism and Irish revolution, but always unrelentingly obstructive against everything tending towards the material betterment of Ireland.

The result was that the roster of the organization went down until it could scarcely muster five thousand paying members in the entire United States; and it was only the present terrible war and the prospect of a real golden harvest—made in Germany—that vitalized it and enabled its leaders, the same old performers, to again become a factor and to inject their same old poisonous "Policy" into Irish national affairs.

I do not know how much German money has been collected by the Clan-na-Gael, or how it has been expended, but I do know that they sent eighty thousand doliars to Ireland to foment the final rioting. And I also know that no such sum as this was on hand at the beginning of the war and that no such sum has been collected in the meantime from the members in America.

This same "handful of men," of malodorous fame, with some new additions are now masquerading under the titles of the "Friends of Irish Freedom," the "American Truth Society," and various other aliases. They are still endeavoring "to thwart, to misrepresent, to belittle and to belie" the men who are really fighting Ireland's battle at home, under the leadership of John E. Redmond. They are attempting to pose before the German Chancellor and the American political campaign managers as the representatives of, in the word of their principal spokesmen, "twenty millions of the Irish race in America," or, as claimed in their telegraph message to the Republican National Convention in Chicago, "millions of votes of citizens of Irish origin."

They do not, however, as they might justly do, claim that they were mainly instrumental in sending to their deaths, without even the shadow of a hope of success, the brave but misguided handful of Sinn-Fein youths who attempted an insurrection, at a time when every sane man knew that England had, actually upon English soil, over two millions of trained and fully equipped men, large numbers of whom could be landed at any point in Ireland in from twelve to twenty hours.

Many of the Sinn Feiners were honest enthusiasts. The gallant and patriotic Colonel Maurice Moore of the Connaught Rangers, who up to a couple of months ago was the honored Commander of the Irish National Volunteers, thus describes them: "The Sinn-Fein movement was rather popular when it was started some years ago, but was discredited by several unsuccessful enterprises and lapsed into a coterie of young literary men and women for some years. Its tenets were not clearly known, but it had a certain number of general sympathizers among Irishmen who were more interested in nationality than the land agitation, which seemed to have engulfed it. Most of those who formerly supported it gave up politics and devoted themselves to the language and literary movements. None of them knew anything of military affairs or of the Division of battle more than a spinster."

The Sinn-Fein riot was unfortunate; but it will have no great influence upon Irish affairs, for the people of Ireland generally are alive to their real interests and are content to permit those interests to be represented by the most commanding figure which has ever risen in Ireland—John Redmond.

OUR NAVY AND MEXICO

SAMUEL CROWTHER

"A WAR with Mexico must be a real war, or else we will throw away thousands of lives and millions of dollars. The first step in a real war is to bottle up Mexico—shut it off from the outside world with a cordon of ships."

When a retired naval officer of high rank solemnly pronounced this to me, war had not been declared between Mexico and the United States.

The expression of the naval officer was not an individual expression; it represents a general consensus of opinion of all military and naval men who are familiar with the terrain of Mexico. They declare that the United States, unless it wants to send its citizens to slaughter, must stop using the right hand to place soldiers as targets for bullets which the left hand generously provides.

The general public conceives of a war with Mexico as a purely military undertaking, but the experts—and it is from experts that every fact and every statement in this article is derived—point out with conclusive clarity that it is the sea power of the United States which will not only determine the actual struggle but which will also solve the several big international problems that a Mexican war would entail.

If the navy be ready, the best opinion is that all international complications can be avoided. If, on the other hand, the navy fails or, because of unreadiness, must improperly divert its forces, then from three to six years may be required for the military task—with something more than a probability of serious difficulty with other nations.

At the time of writing, so far as can be learned, no steps towards the mobilization of the navy are being taken, in spite of the fact that every day's delay means

a strengthening of the enemy's resources and the consequent sacrifice of American lives.

Few people realize the important—the almost paramount—part which the navy played in the last Mexican War. As soon as war was then declared, and without waiting for formal orders, Commodore Sloat with his Pacific fleet of three frigates and six smaller ships, mounting in all 275 guns, descended upon Monterey and San Francisco and proclaimed California a part of the United States. General Kearney finished the work with the army. Within two weeks of the battle of Resaca de la Palma, the ships in the Atlantic had blockaded the entire east coast of Mexico with the exception of Yucatan, which was in rebellion and supposed not to be in sympathy with the rest of Mexico. It was shortly found, however, that Yucatan was a doorway for supplies of all kinds and it was then included in the blockade. While tightening the force of the blockade, the fleet in the meantime took Tampico, Tuxpan, and Tabasco. The invading forces from the north under General Taylor were making a slow but successful progress, when the fleet swooped down on Vera Cruz and the column under General Scott forced its way up to Mexico City and broke the back of Mexican resistance.

Mexico City is the key to Mexico. The peons always know who holds the capital. They are not much concerned with what goes on in the northern states and they can be easily misled into believing that Mexico is all victorious so long as a Mexican sits in the chair at the palace. For instance, in 1847, the peons fully believed that the battle of Buena Vista had been an overwhelming victory for them and they did not know the true facts until the Stars and Stripes were raised above the city. Then their morale broke.

The present duty of the navy would be to prevent arms and ammunition from going into Mexico and to prevent exports representing purchasing power from coming out. Mexico is not a self-sustaining nation, and

to-day it has little or no ready money and absolutely no credit. The revolutions have been financed by the sale of "commandeered" products of the country, a good part of which came over the Rio Grande and were sold in the United States. The circle has been something after this fashion: the bandits seized American and other property, sold it on the border for American gold, then exchanged the American gold for American arms and munitions which enabled them to kill more ranchers and seize more property to exchange for more American gold to exchange for more American arms and ammunition to kill more ranchers—and thus go on their merry way. Other large sources of revenue were from products shipped out of Vera Cruz and Tampico and the sisal out of Yucatan via Progresso and Campeche. The principal import has been munitions of war, but a certain amount of food stuffs has come in, for Mexico raises very little corn and eats a great deal of it.

The munitions at present in Mexico have been largely obtained from the United States, and the best available information now is that the supply by way of Vera Cruz is greater than ever. In the event of war there are many to furnish arms to the Mexicans. We cannot ask any nation not to sell to them. Japan has disavowed its intention to participate in this trade, and undoubtedly Japan as a nation would not be the military outfitters of the Mexicans, but, just as undoubtedly, vast quantities of rifles and cartridges would seep into the country from ports on the western coast or by way of Guatemala. At the last report Felix Diaz had gathered a large stock in Guatemala in preparation for a rebellion against Carranza; these are available at a price. It is believed, by those who know the facts, that the Central and South American republics stand ready, although their dealing will be in secret, to see to it that Mexican forces are not hampered for the want of powder and shot. Finally, although by no means least, we must take into account that the renegades and beachcombers of the United States are

perfectly willing to sell to Mexico if the gold be forthcoming. At the beginning of the European War, the German brokers in America bought up enormous quantities of rifles and cartridges in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the Allies. These are stored at convenient spots throughout this country and there are many millions of rounds of ammunition in the warehouses of New York City. The Secret Service men know where most of these stocks are and keep them under constant surveillance, but it is always possible to smuggle out a certain amount.

Only the most active and rigid blockade of both Mexican coasts and possibly of Central America down to the Canal can keep munitions away from the Mexicans. Every ship that slips through the blockade carries death for American soldiers. And it is equally important that no vessel leaves Mexico, for every vessel which leaves carries a money credit that can be translated into powder and shot.

A strict blockade, however, would have a flareback. If nothing is permitted to leave Yucatan, our farmers will be short on their binder twine. The United States depends upon the sisal crop for practically all of its twine and cordage. If Tampico be strictly blockaded, the British fleet would have its supply of fuel oil cut off and a nasty international complication will loom on the horizon.

The extensive German propaganda in Mexico, which has had much to do with the present situation, has behind it the thought that a war will not only prevent the export of American munitions to the Allies but also will shut off England's vital oil supply.

The strategists say that the only way out of these difficulties, in the event of war, is at once to occupy the entire Tampico oil district and the whole of Yucatan, Campeche, and Chiapas. The control of these three southern states would avoid the many troubles that might be brought about by a blockage of Central America on the "continuous voyage" theory with which we originated in

the Civil War and which is now causing England so much trouble.

Here is the situation in brief. Mexico has no warships; there would be no naval engagements to hamper the progress of our ships; we should have no submarines and few mines to dodge. Only the eyes of our fleet would be required, but those eyes must be many and far-seeing. Carranza has probably three and certainly not more than six months' supply of ammunition. When that is gone, he would be bound to surrender; but until his cartridges are gone there would be fighting in the bush. It is up to the navy to see that he gets no more. Is the navy equal to the job?

So much for the sea pressure upon Mexico; but there is a larger and more sinister phase which also resolves itself into a naval problem.

If the entire floating forces of our nation are scattered along the coasts of Mexico, the Panama Canal and California will be wide open.

The navy has a man-sized job ahead of it, a job which requires every unit of its strength, a job which needs a hundred per cent. efficiency—and then some.

We do not know with exactness the present degree of readiness of the navy; a policy of "pitiless publicity" has kept the facts from both the officers and the public. We do know that while the army was being mobilized and every military force of the nation concentrated, the navy was foolishly frittering along under its mountebank master, saving a penny here when that penny meant efficiency and spending a dollar there, when that dollar meant advertising or political gain. We do know that no General Staff in Washington has been permitted to work out a thorough scheme of mobilization. We do know that nothing has been done in the following essential and preliminary directions: (1) putting the reserve fleets in commission, (2) calling out the naval reserves of officers and men, (3) getting in the ex-blue jackets — although we need at least 75,000 men to develop our entire naval re-

sources, (4) the assembling of the necessary stores and ammunition and the contracting for future supplies, (5) the coordination of the branches of the service, (6) the providing of hospital ships, (7) the enlarging of the very important marine corps, (8) the extension of the coast signal service.

At the time of the massacre at Columbus, the Naval Department despatched one ship to Mexico in this crisis. The second line battleship "Kentucky" was coming north when the department ordered it down to Tampico and Vera Cruz. The full complement of that ship is nearly 700 officers and men. It was sent down to protect American interests, which presumably might involve a landing of men, with less than 350 officers and men aboard. The crew was not sufficient to man the vessel adequately on a strictly cruising basis—not to mention giving it strength as a fighting unit.

What has the navy to offer, manned, equipped and ready to save the lives of American soldiers, by crippling the enemy?

Certain eliminations must be made at the very beginning. Part of the Cruiser Squadron and approximately 2,500 marines are busily engaged in Hayti and San Domingo and cannot possibly be relieved from their present duty. It would be folly to withdraw the Asiatic fleet, which consists of the first-class cruiser "Brooklyn"; the third-class cruisers, "Cincinnati" and "Galveston," two good-sized and seven little gun-boats, five destroyers and a flotilla of submarines. All of the submarines must also be counted out because there will be no warships to attack.

The proper vessels to undertake the blockade are light draft gun-boats and fast scout cruisers. Naval officers are trembling lest Secretary Daniels, because of advertising value, orders the battleship squadrons for blockade duty.

The waters on both sides of Mexico are, at times, exceedingly turbulent, the harbors are bad, and the sun is

blistering hot. The big warships, crowded with men, are compelled to lie far off shore; and for weeks at a time, the men cannot land for fresh provisions or for exercise. The illness, loss of energy and morale among the men is certain to be high under these conditions. The smaller boats, on the contrary, may come close in shore and can run into the rivers for shelter.

Destroyers are being used for patrol duty in the North Sea because speed is there essential; but they are never far from the base and they do not encounter tropical conditions of wind and weather. The naval officers assert that the delicate destroyers are too frail to be used in the patrols. They will not easily weather the violent storms and the discomfort of the men will be racking. Destroyers are infernos in the tropics.

Over and above all this purely human expediency is the naval expediency. It is said that keeping large bodies of men in the tropics on monotonous blockade duty results in terrible demoralization. The men have nothing to divert them, they can seldom have shore leave and they grow restless and dissatisfied. The vessel itself never has an opportunity to take target practice, or to manoeuvre with other ships of its class. An armored cruiser, or battleship squadron, is valuable only in so far as it is able to coordinate its various units and this coordination can be attained only by constant practice. The Atlantic Squadron has not yet recovered the efficiency which it had before it was sent to make the grandstand play at Vera Cruz.

If the heavy fleet be thus sent limping southward to the neglect of our own coasts and of the Panama Canal, we shall be at the absolute mercy of Japan; for the fleet could not possibly be reassembled in time to repel even a small hostile squadron.

Take the full strength of our navy, neglect every consideration but that of Mexico, neglect the crippling of our resources, neglect the waste of lives and of money, can we do the job that is ahead of us?

Consider the west coast of Mexico. First comes lower California.

The naval strategists say that four vessels might blockade the mouth of the Gulf of California and that three more could patrol it and thus cut off the important railway terminals at Guaymas in Sonora and Topolobampo and Altapa in Sinaloa. The next point of importance on the coast is Mazatlan, which would be the headquarters for three patrol ships; Tuxpan and San Diego in Terr. Tepic would require the same number of vessels, while further down on the coast Manzanillo would be a station from which numerous ports in Michoacan and Guerrero might be guarded. The ports in the two last named states have no railroad connection, but they give numerous spots for landings. A force of at least half a dozen ships would be necessarily centered at Salina Cruz to watch the Gulf of Tehuantepec. The minimum number of ships to guard the west coast would be twenty, while twenty-five vessels would give a much more adequate protection.

The whole force of the Pacific fleet, if it had men and provisions and were available, is not sufficient to cover the west coast in such fashion as to prevent the Mexicans receiving arms almost anywhere at will. This is without taking into consideration the blockading of Guatemala, which troublous little country would joyfully assist her Mexican confreres.

The Pacific fleet consists of the "San Diego," an armored cruiser; five third-class cruisers; two gunbots; a tub of a transport, the "Buffalo," which mounts six guns; the "Milwaukee," a first-class cruiser; and four destroyers, the largest of which is only 433 tons. It would be exceedingly dangerous to put the destroyers on patrol duty and it would be bad strategy to use the "San Diego" and "Milwaukee." The other vessels are well suited to the purpose, although the "Albany," which was brought from Brazil at the time of the Spanish War, was recommended

for the junk heap in 1910, as was also the little gunboat "Annapolis."

None of these ships is fully manned, but they have enough officers and men to fulfill the ordinary demands of patrol duty if it did not become necessary to put prize crews upon any vessel.

Then there is the Pacific Reserve fleet. None of its members can move out of harbor until crews are recruited and trained. In the Reserve Fleet are five armored cruisers of various vintages and one battleship—the famous old "Oregon" — two first-class cruisers, one third-class cruiser and five small and unseaworthy destroyers.

To summarize: ten cruisers of various classes and four destroyers might attempt the blockade at once. Nine warships and five destroyers might be equipped, manned and put on duty within three months. That is, 28 vessels are eventually available, but of these 28 it is doubtful if nine of them—the destroyers—could continue in active service without frequent withdrawels for rest and repairs. And the concentration of the whole force before Mexico would leave our own Pacific coast and the Pacific end of the Panama Canal at the complete mercy of whomsoever wanted them.

The strength of the American navy is on the east coast, but the main strength is concentrated in dreadnoughts and armored cruisers. The third squadron in the fifth division has four second line battleships and the sixth division has four second line battleships and the sixth division has four very powerful first line dreadnoughts; in the fourth squadron, seventh division, are two first line and one second line battleships and in the eigth division are likewise two first line and one second line battleship. All of these vessels would suffer seriously if detailed for blockade duty and their use for such a purpose would mean the direct expenditure of many extra millions of dollar and the indirect expenditure of many more millions.

The cruiser squadron under Admiral Capterton is all in southern waters; the "Kentucky" and "Nebraska" are

on the Mexican coast and the others are divided among Hayti, San Domingo, and Mexico, excepting the "Montana," an armored cruiser which is being used as a torpedo training ship. It is scarcely possible that more than two or three gunboats could be detached from the cruiser squadron for patrol duty, and the most valuable cruiser of the lost—the "Salem"—which is one of the three scout cruisers that Uncle Sam possesses is in reserve at Boston as a receiving ship.

There are 24 destroyers, more or less available; 18 more destroyers operating with so insufficient a number of men that it would not be safe to take them to sea; another destroyer out of commission and two more in such condition that they could not readily be used.

In the Atlantic Reserve fleet are ten second line battleships, two of which are acting as receiving ships; one first line battleship and one armored cruiser. This Reserve fleet could not be properly ready for sea duty, according to the best judges, under three months at the present rate of enlistment, but might be sooner made ready by the use of the naval militia. Included in the reserve is the third-class cruiser "Chester," which is admirably adapted for patrol purposes.

The United States has also a certain number of vessels in reserve; these are unassigned but would make excellent patrol boats if they could be fitted out and manned—but that would take at least half a year.

Among them are a couple of converted yachts, three third-class cruisers—one of which is being used as a receiving ship—and four gunboats.

These are the resources of the Navy on the Atlantic. What work is ahead for as much of this fleet as can move out of harbor?

The number of vessels estimated for the patrol on the eastern coast, where there are great opportunities for running ammunition, is 25. The major operations, such as the taking of Vera Cruz and the defense of the Canal would require all of our first and second line ships. We

concentrated practically our full force of powerful ships to capture the Custom House at Vera Cruz.

A lesser naval undertaking than the bottling of Mexico has never been conceived in the design of the American navy. The navy, on paper, can do the job; but, now that the job is imminent, we find that most of the strength is on paper. The ships which might be best used are found to be carefully wraped and stored in camphor after the manner of ancient wedding garments in the country districts. And, as yet, there has been no effort to unpack them to see if they fall to pieces in the light and air.

Keeping the navy in storage has been economical to a degree; it would have been even more economical never to have bought the ships. But now that economy may be viewed in a different light by the men and the women who see their boys shot down because someone was not ready with ships and men to keep the ammunition from the hostile rifles—rifles which are not "primed with reason." They may say that this thing which was called economy is really murder. They may demand a reckoning. Who is responsible?

The situation is bad. The public believes that the head of the Navy Department is responsible, but President Wilson refuses to make a change. How many lives must be needlessly lost before the naval officers—the men who know—are permitted to take charge of that for which they were trained? **Why not give the navy men a free hand**—let them mobilize the forces and call out the necessary Naval Militia to fill the complements. Then the people would probably see that **the trouble with the Navy is at the head**—that **it has been saddled with a little old man of the sea.**

AT THE DUNES

HOWARD M. JONES

I

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Beyond the trouble of the street,
Beyond the weary town
An eager wind goes down to meet
The dunes and beaches brown,
To walk by blue and lonely miles,
Wild and alone and free,
Here where the ghost of summer smiles
Across the autumn sea.

By leagues the curving headlands wheel,
By miles the beaches run,
Grotesque beneath a sky of steel,
Barren beneath the sun,
And bleached like dry and whitened bones
The fisher-houses stand
Like bulwarks or like antique stones
More lonely than the land.

Before, the blue lake, basking, lies
Naked and gross and bare,
As some Titanian siren tries
To lure men to her lair;
Behind, the bleak hills writhe and twist
In obscure agony
As though God had each by the wrist
And he strove to be free.

And here the stricken sand is thrown
Forward and back and forth,
And here before the winds are blown
The great dunes south or north;
They have no sleep nor rest nor ease,
They march incessantly
Now lake-ward from the twisted trees,
Now shoreward from the sea.

II

THE AFTERNOON

To Miller on a Sunday comes
Each fellow with his girl,
Deaf to the town's incessant drums
And piccolo's shrill whirl;
Her escort bears the lunch she takes
And each girl giggles loud
To hear the jokes her fellow makes
Upon the joyous crowd.

They build a fire upon the beach
To roast their wieners by,
Then toss a ball from each to each
With silly shout and cry;
The plain girls read, the couples stroll,
The men race on the sand,
Or trousers to the knee they roll
To wade a rod from land.

Impertinent and useless things,
They eat and drink and shout
Until the night on throbbing wings
Shakes all her star-dust out;
Then two by two they hurry back
Like hens to catch the car,
While down the dead day's crimson track
Falters the evening star.

They are afraid to stand alone
Under the empty sky;
They herd back to the town to drone
Their lives away and die;
They huddle back to town in fear,
Fear of the night and God—
It's safer where the streets are near,
Than here where He has trod!

The sun goes down, the stars come out
Over the purple sea,
And in the west the chimneys spout
Hell forth all fiery,
But though night be upon the worlds,
And hell upon the sky,
Impassively the lake beholds,
The dunes, impassively.

III

NIGHT

And now the utter loneliness
Is more than man can bear:
The waves are sadder than distress,
The dunes are like despair.
The lake is blank and pallid gold
Where only sea-gulls dwell,
Spirits by God left unenrolled
In heaven and earth and hell.

Hard on the brown and fading sands
The teeth of crumbled waves
Bite out their stories of old lands
And peoples in their graves;
Above the sun is dead, below
God and the world are dead,
And only the leaden waters go
Across their leaden bed.

And slowly from the ashen air
Shudders the paling light,
And slowly up the sky doth fare
The stark and naked night,
Night of the mad and staring stars,
Night beyond time or space,
Void, vacant, black as prison bars,
Night, without form or face!

IV

DAWN

Not always are the dunes as bare,
As lone, as lost as this:
When morning winnows all the air
With driven gold, the kiss
Of the cool wave on the lit beach
Softens the bare, gaunt land
And gently the little waves have speech
With the bleak, barren sand.

Then in the pink and yellow lake
Along the golden shore
The white mermaidens' bosoms break
Red ripples on the floor
Of the smooth sea, and faint and far
Their wild song swells and sighs
Across the beach, across the bar
Under the shifting skies.

And fitfully and reluctantly
A lone leaf tiptoes down
Across the sands into the sea
To float, all curled and brown,
A fairy shallop on the deep
Wherein two pixies ride;
Their little wizened faces peep
Over the frigate's side.

Then dance on every wrinkled dune
Sandmen and brownies small;
The dry leaves keep a rustling tune,
The sleepy birds do call,
And from the poplars and the pines
Dryads and nymphs peep out
To see the elves in quavering lines
Advance and turn about.

The mermaids sing, the sandmen pace
A jolly rigadoon,
The pixies steer and reef and race
Beneath a waning moon;
The little stars look down to grin,
The moon looks down to sigh,
And longs to dance and prance and spin,
Being lonely in the sky.

And then a sudden shout goes forth,
And the white birds come out,
A cold wind hurries from the north
To drive the stars about,
And longs to dance and prance and spin,
The sandmen steal away,
And up the steep sky's eastern brink
Marches the awful day.

WHY I AM A PACIFIST

JOHN BRUCE MICHELL

The other side of the Preparedness Dispute

I AM a pacifist because I believe in prevention; besides I have nothing to sell. Nor have I ever taken a dime for pacifism in all my life. War is the first argument of ignorance and should be the last resort of intelligence. It is the first threat of power and the last renunciation of weakness. War is un-Christian, un-Democratic, and un-American. It is brutalizing to the race, destructive to property and a reversion to the animal instincts of the non-social man.

Before the European war it was not necessary for a Pacifist to defend his sanity. He was hailed a peace-maker. To-day the Pacifist is branded as disloyal, a coward, a propagandist. Voices that are now hushed by the din of dollars and the War Spirit once were hailed as exponents of a world peace. Some of the world's greatest thinkers believed world peace possible, honorable regulation of local issues feasible. To-day the howl of preparedness cries like a hyena for blood through the land. Militarism has deranged the minds of otherwise perfectly sane citizens. We have a bad attack of coward hysterics.

For nearly ninety years the American Peace Society has stood for the principles of peace. Only recently have its members been charged with being cowards and molly-coddles.

War in Europe has gripped hold of timid Americans—mostly rich Americans. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace was lauded as a great gift for a great world-cause six years ago. To-day some of those most prominently identified with the movement are crying for a large standing army and a vast military and naval establishment.

Once the Nobel Peace Prize was regarded as a badge of honor. What shall be said of it to-day? Our foremost

citizen accepted it, and $40,000 to boot, as the "person who had worked best for the fraternization of nations and the abolition of standing armies and the calling of peace congresses." What of him to-day after having stumped the country for a compulsory military system and a navy as large or larger than any of the great monarchies of the old world?

Consistency, thy name is opportunist!

Must a cataclysm in Europe rend the structure of our American democracy? Are we to abandon ideals because a war-frenzied world ignores them?

Last winter there was an intimation that the European war might be terminated earlier through the mediation of the United States. A storm of protests rumbled up from certain newspapers which have been strongest in advocating heavy armament for this country, paid, of course, though they accuse Pacifists of "pay." They declared that the European war must be fought to a finish. There is no certainty that the war could have been stopped, but it is certain that several million soldiers have been slaughtered since, and that the militarist press opposed stopping the war.

The New York preparedness parade of May 13 has been quoted as showing the military trend of the country as a whole. It is true that more than 100,000 men and a large number of women enlisted in the demonstration. It is true that many marchers were inspired by patriotic motives. Undoubtedly the majority would offer their services in case of war. So would many thousands who are now enrolled in the movement to prevent such a war. But how many of the hundred thousand had any idea what they were preparing against, or what method of preparedness to take? How many have done anything for preparedness since that display? The demonstration was planned to rebuke the administration for alleged dilatory policy in military and naval matters. The preparedness flags hung thickest in lower Broadway and the Wall Street district. The marchers were organized and

grouped by professions, trades and firms. Without discounting the patriotism of any man who was in that parade, it is interesting to note that circumstance. Wall Street wants a large army and navy, for Wall Street is interested in munitions.

This suggestion might explain some of the virulence displayed toward Henry Ford and the expedition he undertook at his private expense to interest the European nations in peace. The Ford Motor Company is one of the few large manufacturing concerns in the United States not dependent on Wall Street. After Mr. Ford's first struggle for financial backing, and ever since the company became a going concern, it has resorted to the banks only as a depository. Powerful interests have tried to break Ford; but they have not succeeded. The most notable instance was a certain patent suit, which he fought unaided in the face of possible bankruptcy. Mr. Ford has performed enough quiet benefactions to disprove the charge that he is a publicity seeker alone. Yet after the first expressions of wonder had subsided, Ford was loaded with abuse and was ridiculed by calumnists and cartoonists.

The forced popular demand for a big army and navy did not become so general until this year. That was when it seemed likely that the war would come to an early close and leave our munition plants stranded. Less than two years ago Admiral Fletcher of the United States navy declared that our navy was sufficient to defend the coast in case of attack. Only last October, Franklin D. Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy, asserted:

"Strictly speaking, if national defence applies solely to the prevention of an army landing on our Atlantic or Pacific coasts, no navy at all is necessary." And last January the veteran General Nelson A. Miles declared:

"The placing of an army on American soil is the last thing any European government would attempt; it could never be re-embarked. It would dissolve like snow beneath the midday sun. Whenever it has been attempted,

it has resulted in disaster. These overseas expeditions spring from the minds of men writing about preparedness, who know less about preparedness than anything else."

To keep the people from thinking about such statements from men who have spent their life in naval or military work, the literature of the "Defenceless America" kind has been poured forth in Niagaras.

The most universal anti-war group is composed of the Socialists. Is every Socialist paid? Labor opposes militarism. It smarts from the injuries inflicted by armed force in Colorado and at Calumet. The labor element could hardly be accused of being pacifists for pay. Fifty thousand striking garment workers who bore anti-war banners in New York on May-day did not look as if the pacifist barrel had reached them. Educators as a rule are pacifists. The National Educational Association for several years has been working on a new history of the United States which shall not magnify the importance of wars. Do the teachers take pay for this attitude?

The charge of commercialism is only an effort to conceal the commercialism back of the great war propaganda.

No citizen who deserves respect will ever refuse to give his services or his life for the country in case of need. **The pacifists believe that such need will be more imminent if a movement is successful to place the country on the military footing of Germany or the naval footing of Great Britain. Great men of both these nations tried their utmost to prevent the present conflict. There are many who believe they would have succeeded if the war fuel had not been at hand ready for somebody to touch the match.**

POEMS

VACHEL LINDSAY

THE FLOWER OF MENDING

(To E. S., after I had had certain dire adventures)

WHEN dragon-fly would fix his wings,
When snail would patch his house,
When moths have marred the overcoat
Of tender mister mouse.

The pretty creatures go with haste
To the sunlit blue-grass hills
Where the flower of mending yields the wax
And webs to help their ills.

The hour the coats are waxed and webbed
They fall into a dream,
And when they wake the ragged robes
Are joined without a seam.

My heart is but a dragon-fly,
My heart is but a mouse,
My heart is but a haughty snail
In a little stony house.

Your hand was honey-comb to heal,
Your voice a web to bind.
You were a mending-flower to me
To cure my heart and mind.

THE PRAIRE BATTLEMENTS

HERE upon the prairie
Is my ancestral hall.
Agate is the dome,
Cornelian the wall.
Ghouls are in the cellar,
But fays upon the stairs.
And here lived old King Many-dreams
Always at his prayers.

Here lived old Queen Many-dreams
Always singing psalms.
And haughty Grandma Many-dreams
Throned with folded palms.
Here played cousin Alice.
Her soul was best of all;
And every fairy loved her
In my ancestral hall.

Alice has a prairie grave.
The king and queen lie low,
And aged Grandma Many-dreams,—
Four tombstones in a row.
But still in snow and sunshine
Stands my ancestral hall.

Agate is the dome,
Cornelian the wall.
And legends walk about,
And proverbs with proud airs.
Ghouls are in the cellar,
But fays upon the stairs.

THE APPLE-BLOSSOM SNOW

(A poem to be danced by a chosen couple while the audience chants it with a delicate syncopation, along with the dancers.)

YOUR dandelion beauty,
Your cherry-blossom beauty,
Your apple-blossom beauty,
I will chant as I can:
Oh you Rag-time Lady,
Oh you Rag-time Lady,
Oh you Rag-time Lady,
Said the Rag-time man.

"Your grace and slightness
And your fragrant whiteness
Make me think of the bending
Of an apple-blossom bough.
You are strange as a fairy
And your heart is a robin
Singing, making merry
With the apple-flowers now.

"I kneel and canter,
I smirk and banter
And essay your heart
While the brass horns blow,
For I am your lover,
Your dancing partner,
In the rag-time dance
Called 'The Apple-blossom snow.'

"You do your duty
And no more than your duty,
Yet the big house cheers
To the gallery-rim.
And your calmness fires them
And your pride inspires them
And they watch your lover
And envy him.

"But I do not fathom
What your heart has in keeping
Till that last wild leaping
Takes the mob by surprise.
Then I catch you softly
And I save you gently
And a mood for my soul
Lights your pansy eyes.

"Then you step rare measures,
Then your eyes are treasures,
The truth shines out
From your young-witch glance.
From the velvety shade,
Ah, the thoughts of the maid,
Glories of paradise
Unveiled by chance!

"Though soon thereafter
You hide in laughter
And scorn my soul,
Still I chant as I can,
Oh you rag-time wonder,
Oh you apple-blossom wonder,
Oh you pansy-blossom wonder,"
Said the Rag-time Man.

REVOLUTION OR DISSOLUTION FOR ORGANIZED RELIGION—WHICH?

MERCER G. JOHNSTON

SO FAR as I know, **The Inside of the Cup** has not yet been introduced into any of our theological seminaries as a text-book. It might well be in them all. If I were dean of a seminary I would require every theologue to read this trenchant but not inimical criticism of current religion at least twice, and to undergo a searching quiz upon it.

Mr. Winston Churchill tells us that nothing could be farther from his mind than to pose as a theologian. Maybe he would resent being called by a name that to many minds suggests desiccation. Whether or not he is a theologian, he is what too often theologians are not, a human-hearted man of great moral earnestness gifted with a pair of clear, God-fearing eyes; and by publishing this book he has placed every man and woman with an intelligent and sympathetic interest in real religion in his debt.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that what **Uncle Tom's Cabin** was in the movement for the liberation of the slaves in the South, **The Inside of the Cup** bids fair to be in the movement for the liberation of the Church from her shameful bondage to the Prince of this World.

The supreme question in Christendom at this critical moment is the question put by the Founder of Christianity to His disciples nineteen hundred years ago—"When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" The fearless and neither unfair nor unkind revelation given in **The Inside of the Cup** of the "inward parts" of the Church, both its weaknesses and its strengths, ought so to arouse the Church from its sleeping sickness—its spiritual lethargy—as to make it certain that she will give the right answer to this question. For that noble and timely purpose was this book written.

Now, however open **The Inside of the Cup** may be to the charge that its hero rushed pell-mell into what some regarded as his radical and revolutionary convictions, no such charge can be sustained against the writer of this article. It is now just about twenty years since I preached my first sermon in the Oratory of St. Luke's Hall, at the University of the South. My opportunities for observation, for reading and study, and for interchange of thought with thinking men, have been unusually good. I have first-hand knowledge of conditions in the American Church, north

and south, east and west, and in the foreign missionary field. I served two years in Grace Parish, New York City, under Dr. Huntington, working mainly over on the East Side and in the Catharine Street Rescue Mission down under the Brooklyn Bridge. I have served six years in the Diocese of West Texas in parochial and educational work, my duties at once taking me to every parish and mission in the diocese. I spent five years in the Philippine Islands under Bishop Brent, with whom I was intimately associated. We shared the same house for half the time and lived across the street from each other the other half. I have been rector of Trinity Church, Newark, the past three years and a half, during which time I have had opportunity to acquaint myself with conditions in the State of New Jersey, and, to a fair degree, in the Metropolitan District.

In one way this autobiographical confession is of no importance. In another way it is of some importance. What I am going to say would be of no more consequence than the croaking lay of a lonesome frog in the ecclesiastical Dismal Swamp if it came from some brother who was nursing a teething grudge because by reason of being shut in or out it had fallen to his lot to waste his sweetness and light on the desert air. Even at the risk of being set down as vain, I want to make it clear that my life in the ministry has been a full life—a life brimful of interest and of opportunity and of joy. It was never so full of interest and opportunity and joy as at the present moment. This is not a bluff. It is simply a bubbling fact that spontaneously rises to the surface.

So much by way of introduction to my grave subject, which is, Revolution or Dissolution for Organized Religion—Which? When I use the word Revolution I have in the forefront of my mind the English Revolution of 1668, also the American Revolution of 1775 that dethroned political despotism on this continent, and established the inalienable right of a human being to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. But I do not exclude the French Revolution altogether from my thought. I have that rougher, redder revolution in the background of my consciousness. That is to say, while I am an advocate of revolution in its less violent form, being a Christian, I am not afraid of revolution in any form necessary to turn our dollar-drunk society upside down and to deliver mankind from the unrighteous tryranny of Mammon. In this crucial matter I am as uncompromising as Christ. The Real Christ, I mean; not the plastic plaything of an ecclesiastical organization seeking to curry favor with Mammon. While I am not advocating root and branch revolution, I am too much of a Christian to be afraid of even such radical revolution. I go the full

length with Theodore Parker when he says, "We need this Absolute Religion to heal the vices of modern society, to revolutionize this modern feudalism of gold."

I do not use the word Revolution lightly. I believe too strongly in the "dynamite (**dynamis**) of the Gospel" for that. I mean a revolution that really makes things revolve. I mean a revolution which "starts something" and pushes it along; which "gets there"; which affects everything, and effects something tangible and readily appreciable. When I use the word revolution in connection with Organized Religion I mean as much as Jesus meant when He said to Nicodemus, the scholarly representative of the decadent religion of his day, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." I mean the re-birth of Organized Religion. I mean that the soul of Organized Religion stands in imminent peril of perdition, and must be born again. And this "must" is both an immediate and an imperative must.

When I use the term Organized Religion, I am thinking more especially of Organized Christianity,—that is, the Christian Church in its widest sense.

Having said this further word of explanation, I now plunge into the very middle of the onrushing stream of thought that has been growing in volume and velocity for a quarter of a century.

Speaking as a Christian fully affiliated with Organized Christianity—begot by one of the best of bishops and, I may say, by bishops of the better sort bred—I state it as my carefully considered conviction that the greatest possible embarrassment to Organized Christianity in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and sixteen would be the reincarnation and reappearance on earth of Jesus Christ. The bodily presence of Jesus Christ on earth in the twentieth century would be almost if not quite as embarrassing to the Christian Church as His bodily presence on earth in the first century. A bull in a china-shop would be nothing in comparison. Gulliver in Lilliput, unbound and on his feet, is a simile all too inadequate. The cleansing of the Temple would be reenacted over and over again. To many who profess and call themselves Christians and who are conspicuously identified with our Christian churches, the reign of Jesus Christ on earth to-day would be regarded as a Reign of Terror. They would "exceedingly fear and quake" at the bare suggestion of such an ominous possibility.

I would hestitate to say, just at this moment, that the bodily presence of Jesus Christ would be an embarrassment to European Christianity. Possibly it would not be now. There are those who say that Christ is coming to broken-hearted Europe, walking upon the sea of blood, and that Europe is readier to receive Him than

she has ever been. But in the case of American Christianity there can be no doubt about the matter. Here Jesus Christ would be an Awful Embarrassment. Were He here, and were the question put to the **vote**, What shall we do with Him? It would be determined by a majority vote that He must be gotten rid of in some way—peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary. I do not mean to say that the clumsy method of the Church of the first century would be resorted to. The Calvary way is too open and above board for our generation. Not for nothing has Christianity been going to school to the World. Not for nothing have the children of light been playing in the backyards and on the roof-gardens of the children of this world. But by hook and crook, by fair means or foul, He would be gotten rid of. Somebody would tip the wink, and somehow the trick would be turned. Some day His place would know Him no more, and those who were last seen with Him would be as silent as the grave and as cold and forbidding as the headstones to foolhardy inquirers. We take too much stock in this sign:—$—to take much in this:—I. H. S. Our mammonized brand of Christianity would not stand for Him! So long has it been spoon-fed on the Gold Cure by the Prince of this world as a preventative of spiritual intoxication that it has developed something like an antipathy to the real Christ.

There is not the least doubt there are many churches in America, and possibly some whole districts or dioceses, in which neither Jesus Christ nor His Apostles would be invited to preach the second time—if they ventured to speak the first time in the plain searching language in which they are reported in the New Testament to have spoken upon more than one occasion. Such preaching would almost empty some of our churches. Dives would stalk out of church, his face looking like a thundercloud, and his back like the wall on which the dismayed king saw the fatal handwriting signifying that he had been weighed in the balances and found wanting. And bright and early next day, which would prove to be a sort of blue-black Monday, the local rector or pastor would be called on for an explanation, followed by a request that in future he exercise more judgment in the selection of his preachers. Christians who play at progressive matrimony would be deeply offended by Him. The exploiters of child labor would gnash upon Him with their teeth. The prudes and purists could not abide Him. The hosts of hypocrites would pray to God to "strafe" Him. Those who supposed they had closed the deal for a country-seat in heaven for a little cold cash would be greatly irritated by His description of the Last Judgment. Those who bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne and lay them on men's shoulders

—those who mercilessly drive their workmen to the very utmost limit of their endurance, as for instance many of our Christian manufacturers are driving their workmen, and as many of our women-workers are driven, and all who partake of the guilty dividends made possible by such bitter bondage—the hard faces of these would be against Him. And if He should address Himself directly to the Christian Church as He did of old, saying, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye shut the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye enter not in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering in to enter. Ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is become so, ye make him twofold more a son of hell than yourselves. Ye tithe—no, ye do not even tithe—ye tithe the tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have left undone the weightier matters of the law, judgment and mercy and faith: but these ye ought to have done, and not to have left the other undone. Ye blind guides, which strain out the gnat and swallow the camel. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye cleanse the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full from extortion and excess. Your offerings oftentimes are not 'holy offerings, rich and rare.' Too often they are beggarly, sometimes they are bloody, sometimes filthy. At times I turn My face for very shame when you present them at the altar. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for your churches are like unto whited sepulchres, which outwardly appear beautiful, but inwardly are full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness. Ye serpents, ye offspring of vipers, how shall ye escape the judgment of hell?"

If, I say, Jesus should speak after this fashion to the apostate Christian Church of to-day as He spoke to the apostate Church of His day, does it not go without saying that He would be hustled out of the church in which He spoke, as He was hustled out of the synagogue in Nazareth, and the doors banged behind His back! And does any one think for a moment He would get a chance to speak in any church a second time? Of course there would be some honorable exceptions—enough, possibly, to make the general darkness visible. But for the most part He would have to find His audiences outside of our churches, and do most of His preaching from a soap-box, unannounced. If from time to time He spoke from stage or platform, it would only be here and there that He would be introduced and vouched for by the prominent leaders in our churches, clerical or lay. Those responsible for running the gigantic religious machine—for getting together the $150,000,000, more or less, to pay the annual bills of the organization—would, with some exceptions, steer clear of him. They would gravely

question the soundness of His teachings on the subject of riches, and be inclined to think He was guilty of gross exaggeration when He declared, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Some of them would say with a tone of finality, "Why, we are doing it—and making a success of it!! That may have been true two thousand years ago, but it is preposterous to talk that way to-day. Possibly old Mammon was a heathen then, but he is a Christian now, a church member, a pew holder, a large contributor to current expenses, a builder of churches and hospitals and the like. It is most uncharitable to speak of this charitable soul in this way. Only a fanatic would do it."

Let me make myself very clear. When I say it is my deliberate conviction that the greatest possible embarrassment to Organized Christianity to-day would be the reincarnation and reappearance on earth of Jesus Christ, I of course mean the Jesus Christ of the New Testament. I mean the real Jesus Christ of whom the Record speaks. I mean Jesus Christ of whom John the Baptist said: "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." I mean that real Jesus Christ who preached repentance from sin—with the end in view of establishing a Kingdom of Righteousness on earth. I mean the real Jesus Christ who took as His commission these words of the prophets. Every other Christ is a bogus Christ. And a bogus Christ is none the less a bogus Christ for being fabricated by an ecclesiastical organization and set up as the God of the Machine. Nor is the case altered by the fact that the ecclesiastical organization happened to stand in need of a more manageable titular deity for organization purposes than the real Christ proved to be. One can readily see that the real Christ is altogether too rugged, too plain-spoken, too straightforward, too uncompromizing, too dead in earnest, to serve the purposes of such an ecclesiastical organization as the Christian Church became after its disastrous compact with the Emperor Constantine.

In the Wilderness the Founder of the Christian Church successfully resisted the temptation to gain the world by falling down and worshipping Satan. But in the fourth century the Church fell a victim to a similar temptation. Apparently it gained the world. Really it lost an essential part of its ethical soul. It became a semi-worldly organization, obsessed by the Satanic principle that self-preservation is the first law of life, and distrustful of the Christ principle that life is lost by seeking to save it, and saved by readiness to lose it. For such an organization the real Jesus Christ is an everlasting embarrassment. It is money makes the mare go, and money makes the ecclesiastical machine go, and Mammon has the money, but he remembers what the real Christ

said about him, and he will part with none of his money to an organization that takes the Christ of the New Testament seriously enough to refuse to compliment him to his face and pat him on the back and draw the sting of the Cross from his covetous soul. The Christ enthroned in the Christian Church at this time is a Christ quite acceptable to Mammon. And no Christ except a bogus Christ could possibly be acceptable to Mammon. Between this bogus Christ and the real Christ there is a great gulf fixed. The one is a pathetic compromiser. The other is heroically uncompromising. The real Christ declares to all the world, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." The bogus Christ, without saying so in just that many words, gives Dives and Eldon Parr and the Rich Young Ruler to understand that such a declaration as that need not be taken seriously; indeed, that all passages of revolutionary import in the Bible may be taken in a Pickwickian sense. It is the reign of this bogus Christ that accounts for the scandal of modern Christianity, which is the prominence of Eldon Parr not only in the Episcopal Church and the Baptist Church, but in every other Church.

As this is one of a series of articles to be written for **The Forum** on the need of revolution as a means of saving organized religion from utter stagnation and even dissolution, I shall leave unsaid for the present many things that every thoughtful-minded person of moral earnestness will feel ought, in common fairness, to be said. I am very far from being blind to the many things that are lovely and of good report in our various religious organizations as they exist. Every real lover of Truth ought to be true to his darkness as well as to his light. But it is quite as essential for him to be as true to his light as to his darkness. I am under a very grave conviction that there is something rotten in organized religion — so rotten that the very life of the organization is seriously threatened — and I mean to put my finger on the rottenness if I can and say in no uncertain voice that I think the rottenness ought to be cut out at whatever cost without delay. But it is no part of my purpose to make out a worse case for organized religion than the facts justify. I am a good deal less pessimistic about the condition of organized religion to-day than Isaiah was when he said, "From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and festering sores." Nevertheless, I am of the opinion that the Christian Church is in a sorry plight—in a condition that is at once a shame and a reproach to herself and the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The Christian Church seems to me to be as much under the unholy spell of Mammon as Trilby was under the unholy spell of Svengali.

A FORECAST OF RUSSIAN FREEDOM

A Russian Military Officer

A GREAT political revolution began in Russia a year ago in the Carpathian Mountains. It was started by the shortage of heavy ammunition which brought about the Russian retreat. This shortage has so far been the greatest governmental crime of the war; it caused a futile loss of life without parallel in history. The appalling horror of that disaster has at last awakened the Russian **muzhik** from centuries of lethargy and ignorance. Already there is abundant evidence that he is party to a revolution which will make Russia free.

There are several reasons why the coming revolution, unlike the many abortive ones that have preceded it, cannot fail. The Muscovite bureaucrats, always the bitter enemies of progress and freedom in Russia, have brought their own ruin upon themselves. Their tyranny, their greed and corruption were directly responsible for the shell shortage of the Russian armies.

The coming revolution cannot fail; millions of peasant soldiers entrenched from the sand flats of Riga to the Pripet marshes are now being thoroughly schooled in the fact that the defeats their arms have suffered were caused by the shameless treason of the despots who affect to govern them. Because of the ruthless suppression of education by the bureaucrats, resulting in a dearth of scientists and skilled workmen, Russia's industrial system collapsed soon after the outbreak of the war. The soldiers and the people know this. For the first time in any Russian revolution the great mass of the people will take part in the demand for political reform.

Russia had men enough, food enough, holy zeal enough to conquer a world of enemies. Her preparation for her invasion of Teuton lands was more deliberate and thorough than is generally believed. In her new Commander in Chief, Grand Duke Nicholas, she possessed a military genius. Yet Russia failed, could not help but fail: the bureaucratic ban on enlightenment, the wholesale piracy of public funds, the cancerous blight of official immorality—all inevitable concomitants of government by assassination—crippled her industrial life—thereby causing the shell shortage—ravaged her splendid energy and rotted her very vitals.

Americans are amazed and shamed to find their city officials looting their municipal treasuries; they are horrified at the spectacle of Mexican bandits pillaging mines and banks and murdering their American officials in cold blood; but soon now they will be

forced to learn that beyond the Carpathians and the Vistula a gang of courteous, ostentatiously uniformed, imperial blacklegs has for a hundred years been robbing and ravishing one hundred and fifty helpless millions of the most patient people on earth. The crime they staged in the Carpathians will be their last. The transformation of the Imperial Russian conscripts into a people's army, now going on, is one of the most portentous political facts before the world to-day. It presages liberty for a population nearly twice that of the United States, inhabiting a seventh of the land surface of the earth.

During the first months of the war, three millions of our brown-coated peasants marched singing beneath the banners of God into hostile territory. As each reviewing General swept by them, they saluted briskly and eagerly chorused their stirring, "Glad to try, Your High Born Excellency!" While the supply of ammunition lasted, they battled gloriously in Galicia, Poland and East Prussia. They overwhelmed one of the most impregnable forts in Europe; they drove hundreds of thousands of their enemy before them. They were the only **entente** warriors who overran and held whole regions of Teuton soil.

The dormant cities and villages of Holy Russia were wakened by shouts of rejoicing, and the solemn Slavic song of victory, **Den Slavyanstva nastal** ("The Day of Slavdom Has Come"), rose throughout the Empire. The Russian tricolor fluttered everywhere; strangers hugged each other with joy in the streets; parades headed by golden-robed priests bearing icons filed out of the churches; women who had lost sweethearts and husbands found consolation for their sorrow in the news of victory, and burned candles of gratitude upon the sacred altars. Germany's clutch on the throat of our "Birthland" had been loosened. Western Europe applauded: the New World held its breath.

Then with the first snow that winter came the terrible news of explosions of vast stores of ammunition. "Accidents," said the official reports; "German spies," said those who knew. The songs of victory died down and finally ceased altogether as week after week the events of that disastrous winter became known. With dismay, officers and soldiers at the front learned that the German element was still dominant at court and that the Grand Duke's appointment to the post of Commander-in-Chief had not pleased them. We heard how the Chief of the Corps of Special Gensdarmes in Petrograd, which had been ordered to unmask German spies, had been himself convicted and hanged as a German spy. We learned that General Rennenkampf, second in command, had been removed for incompetency, that Colonel Myasoedoff, guardian of

the immensely important frontier post at Eydtkuhnen, had been found guilty of treason and had met the same fate, and that other military officers had been put in irons or hanged for treason by the Grand Duke's orders. While our sturdy muzhiks fought and died, our Prussianized bureaucrats at court and our inefficient, morally flabby army chiefs betrayed their country by vile acts of treachery.

Then came the staggering climax. While we were pouring into Hungary through the passes of the Carpathians, and gazing upon fields of conquest as fair as have ever been seen by soldier's eye; while Przemysl was being reduced and taken, Cracow being evacuated, and our armies were upon the eve of victories which might long since have ended the war, a precipitate retreat from the Carpathians began.

There was no heavy ammunition. Through hours of despair the peasants waited. Then, while our long lines of field guns remained cold and silent in the snow, the German loosed upon us millions of shells which literally blew our soldiers out of their trenches, annihilated them, buried them alive. Trainloads of Russian shells were dragged up to the trenches and frantically unloaded. Many were found filled with sawdust! Other shells were found to be too large or too small to fit the guns.

The Russian war ministry had promised to undertake a campaign which would draw German troops from the western front; the Russian people hungered for further conquests. "On to Cracow!" "On to Berlin!" were the cries raised throughout the Empire. "Send us shells!" cried our officers and gunners at the front. Our army was compelled to try to advance. Some of our officers who refused to lead charges were shot. A number deserted. Legions of our muzhiks, bewildered, blessed by their priests, blindly, heroically obeyed their officers and plunged into hells of fire. It was flesh and blood against steel and dynamite. And so a million of our peasants died. Nevertheless, having fought through the entire Carpathian campaign as a Major of the Russian army, I here propose briefly to tell my experience to the American people.

I arrived late in December, 1914, in Brest-Litovsk in command of a battalion of the Forty-eighth division. As we marched through the streets of that city, we noticed that there was not a whole pane of glass in any of the windows. The inhabitants told us that on December 18th the arsenal containing a vast store of heavy ammunition had exploded with such violence that the whole city was shaken as by a mighty earthquake. We were told that the people were thrown into a wild panic. Many believed the earth had opened to swallow them, and the ignorant people ran terrified through the streets crying that the end of the world had come. A

report was given out that the catastrophe was an "accident." By this one explosion a vast quantity of shells stored up for the Galician campaign was destroyed.

On January 16, 1915, Grand Duke Nicholas issued an order asking his officers to do everything possible to conserve the ammunition supply, adding that "the shells now available will not last beyond March." About the middle of February another order came from the Grand Duke limiting us to two shells a day per field gun.

Towards the end of March we reached the Hungarian village of Bartfeld. Finding the Austrians there in large numbers, we entrenched. Bartfeld is in northern Hungary, about thirty miles southwest of Dukla Pass. It was a critical position, on the western-most battle line which our armies established on enemy soil. My division, together with the Forty-ninth division and the Forty-eighth regiment of Siberian Rifles, dug in deeply to the north and east of Bartfeld.

It was about April 16th, I believe, that the Austrian gunners began to shell our position. The destruction their big guns wrought was more terrible than anything I had believed possible. I cannot describe it. They literally blew our trenches in upon us. We were actually covered up by our own earthen breastworks.

Hourly we expected the arrival of shells with which to reply. None ever came. Had we been able to reply, they could never have driven us from our positions. We were helpless. Thousands of our men stuck grimly to their posts and died and were buried by the enemy's shells. Hungarian prisoners captured later declared that 1,400,000 shells and shrapnel were fired from Bartfeld during that bombardment. I do not know how long it lasted. I have no memory of the time that passed. It must have been several days. I only remember that we finally attempted to charge but were driven back.

Then the Austrians broke from their trenches and charged under cover of their heavy guns. The remnants of the Forty-eighth regiment and the Forty-ninth division, driven from their trenches, retreated in the direction of Dukla Pass. They were annihilated to a man. My division managed to remain in its trenches a few days longer.

It was a frightful rout. The Germans and Austrians pursued us the entire thirty miles. We reached the Pass only to discover that it was already in the possession of the Germans. We set out for Uzok Pass, over a hundred miles to the southeast. The Teutons had preceded us there also. So we returned to a point about midway between the two passes and began to fight our way across.

We were exhausted. Only one thousand of us were left. Gen-

eral Korniloff, wounded in an arm and a leg, had to be carried. We had thrown away our banners, blankets, luggage, even the religious vestments of the priests, the most precious part of our impedimenta. Although the weather was mild, we suffered the tortures of hunger and thirst. Enemy patrols seemed to be everywhere. Over 500 of our men were killed in seven different encounters with these patrols.

On April 23rd we reached the plains of Galicia and staggered into a bivouac of our army. Of the 20,000 men and 250 officers with which my division entered Hungary, there remained 300 men and 11 officers.

We were given supplies, patched up, and ordered to proceed to Rawa Ruska. There, at regimental review, each of the 311 men was decorated with the St. George Cross and we were all promised a furlough to return to our homes for a rest. Instead of being allowed to leave, however, the division was filled up with raw, poorly trained reserves, and made part of the corps commaned by General Lesch, which at once proceeded to the front at Rawa Ruska.

A few days after I took charge of my new battalion occurred the incident that forced me to desert. Colonel Potapoff ordered me to lead my men in a charge against the opposing German trenches. The enemy there was entrenched behind log-enforced earthworks, solidly constructed by their engineers, and protected in front by elaborate barbed wire entanglements. Their first line was furthermore adequately supported by field guns and maxims.

I pointed out these facts to the Colonel, adding that I did not care for my own life but that I was reluctant to command my men to make a useless sacrifice of their lives.

Colonel Potapoff replied: "You have received your orders and you will obey them."

"I will not murder my men," I replied.

The Colonel became enraged. "You will obey my orders or suffer the penalty provided by the regulations!" he shouted at me.

"I will not obey any command to send my men against these trenches," I replied, also growing angry. "You know well enough, High Honorable, that with no artillery to prepare the way and with no ammunition for our machine guns, not a single man will reach the enemy." But my anger got the better of me, too, and I shouted in a rage: "Shoot if you will, you damned brute, but I'll never murder my men!"

My superior grew very red and swore. At this I jerked out my revolver and would have shot the Colonel right there had not a fellow officer standing near me seized my arm.

Colonel Potapoff departed, saying he would report me at once to the division commander. While he was gone a fresh division was ordered to take our places in the trenches, and we retired to a small woods in the rear for a few days' rest.

That night, realizing that I could never be of any more use to the army, even if I escaped the punishment awaiting me for my action, I ventured out of the woods, reported to the sentinels that I had been detailed to make topographical notes of the region, came upon a peasant driving his cart to Rawa Ruska, and rode with him to that city. I displayed my certificate of having been wounded, which I had kept, travelled to Archangel and took passage to America.

But I must get back to the betrayal of the soldiers that made up the armies, betrayal in sending them into battles and invasions without weapons to fight, and leaving them not only without means to win battles, but without means to save their own lives—leaving them to be annihilated, massacred! And I must get back, too, to the revolution that I think is inevitable when the war is over.

Any explanation for American readers of how the shortage of ammunition for the Russian army came about must be preceded by the emphatic statement that the Russian people as a whole are not to be confused with the comparatively small **chinovnik**, or official government class, upon whose heads the guilt for this crime lies. All Russia, in fact, is divided into two classes, the people and the **chinovniks**. The **chinovniks** wear the uniforms, have preference shown them everywhere, and are entangled—always to their own profit—in the endless red tape of the Russian government. The assertion that we Russians are "brutal" and "barbarous" is absolutely false. The true nature of the pastoral **muzhik**, the city merchant, the average tea-drinking, home-loving Russian, has not yet been fully made known to the world. Our great Russian writers tend to depict only our weaknesses.

The corruption of our higher **chinovniks**, on the other hand, is beyond belief. I often came into contact with our hierarchy of grafting officials. I have seen factories, churches, tenements, temperance societies, charity funds exploited and robbed with imperial approval. Even though, strictly speaking, I am myself a **chinovnik**, yet time and again I was unspeakably exasperated at finding myself face to face with the necessity of paying bribes and extortionate fees in order to transact the most trifling business engagement. I have seen my fellow officers pocket half the appropriation for the army commissariat, while our soldiers ate soup filled with worms.

There has always been antagonism between the Russian people and the **chinovnichestvo** (officialdom). The **chinovniks**, holders

of the "chin" or rank of which there are fourteen degrees, were created by Peter the Great, who hoped by this method to democratize state service and wrest it from the aristocracy and families of ancient lineage, the **Boyars.** To gain the loyalty of this newly created social group, the Russian autocrats, notably Catherine II., in the eighteenth century, granted them special privileges, gifts of land and serfs. Thus a new clan distinction, the aristocracy of the **chin** or rank, was developed. Its political shibboleth has always been, "The people for the government, not the government for the people."

One of the political dogmas of the **chinovnichestvo** is that it can perpetuate itself only among an illiterate people. For half a century it has systematically stifled the yearning of the youth of Russia for education by forcing on them in the secondary schools a pseudo-classical curriculum and eliminating as far as possible all the natural sciences. "Russia must be kept frozen in ignorance," it declared, "in order that it may not become putrid." The reactionary Minister of Public Instruction, Demetrius Tolstoi, forty years ago drove away over three-quarters of the young men and women who swarmed to the cities begging for a higher education. His successor, Delyanov, in 1887, "in order to avoid feeling of discontent and bitter resentment against the inequalities of social station which are inevitable by the very nature of things," excluded from the higher schools "all but three per cent. of Jews, sons of coachmen, domestic servants, cooks, laundresses, green-grocers, and such people." They and their treacherous supporters made possible the shell shortage and the resulting great retreat. **For Russia failed in the Carpathians not only because of graft and greed, but because she lacked scientifically trained men and skilled mechanics.**

Russia is the only belligerent nation whose rulers seem to have deliberately and wilfully prepared the way for an inevitable defeat. Some **chinovniks** knew that the Russian arsenals were stocked with defective shells, shells loaded with sawdust; and those **chinovniks** remained silent because their twenty-five per cent. graft depended upon the fact that sawdust is cheaper than powder.

Consequently, last winter, while the whole allied world looked to Russia to confirm her victories, she could not rally. Germanic bureaucrats had furthermore stocked Russia's factories with German managers and artisans. These withdrew at the first alarm. The factories were left paralyzed. Russia found herself helpless because she had closed the doors of her schools to her children. Those same Jews, coachmen and green-grocers, the proletariat foundation upon which Russia's future greatness is to be built,

might have saved her in her hour of supreme need had opportunity for education been given them.

To-day Russia's life-blood, in the shape of rifles and shells, is flowing in an endless stream of cars from little Japan. Little Japan! who has become the prodigy of nations because her patriotism is her religion and her government has placed her children at the feet of the greatest teachers in the world. It is even said that during the Japanese war Japanese soldiers taught the Russian prisoners to read Russian.

Corruption, immorality and incompetence have flourished in every war Russia has waged for the last hundred years. Elaborate proof of the scandalous conduct of the officers in the Japanese war has been provided by many investigators, including General Kuropatkin himself. The password among the officers' quarters was **"Cherchez la vodka, cherchez la femme."** A trainload of clothes sewn and sent by the wives and sweethearts of the soldiers was sold and the money put in the officers' pockets. Several of the generals actually stated that they were anxious to have the war continue so that the plundering could go on. At Ku-chiatzu nineteen officers of the Tomboff regiment, after being repeatedly warned of their danger, were killed while making their toilets and drinking tea. Loose women were found in the officers' tents even at the front at Liao-Yang.

The revolutionary agitation being carried on at present in the Russian ranks is therefore not without precedent. The present grievances transcend those of all other wars. Because of the magnitude of the Carpathian disaster the great mass of our people now know and understand better than ever before. Our illiterate, hoodwinked peasants are shaking off their age-long lethargy. Murder has opened their eyes; a war of invasion has schooled them; poverty and hunger will steel their souls for revolt.

A great change has come about during the war in the relation between the officer and his men. First of all, there are but few of our old school of officers left. They used to be an arrogant crew who held aloof from their men, vain of their social distinction. I am sure that more than seventy-five per cent of them have been killed or taken prisoners. The first battle I took part in at Krasnik cost us almost all our original officers. There were 40,000 men and officers in the army corps and only about 6,000 survived.

New officers were secured from several sources. First, there were the few who were in the military academies at the beginning of the war. They were graduated by a short cut. Then there were the officers of the reserve. These are usually men with university education who serve a year as privates in time of peace but in time

of war are used as reserve officers. They are a different set of men entirely from the regular officers. Then later a number of University students themselves were taken. They were made officers after a few months' training at the military academies. These young men are our intellectuals, and have always been friends of the people and opposed to the government. Now they are fraternizing with the soldiers at the front. They have made our trenches a sort of school on politics and citizenship. They are telling our soldiers that the bureaucracy has fastened ignorance upon them.

Now, we make officers also from among our factory workers; they are much more intelligent than the peasants. They are now utilized as officers after a little training. I had men in my battalion who left the trench as privates and after two months of training back home were returned as officers. When they come back they change their attitude but little towards their old comrades. Russia's army to-day, men and officers alike, is an army of the people, and for the people! There is little sympathy in that army for the old military traditions.

Our new officers are comrades with their men. They talk with them and share their burdens with them during the weary hours of trench life. They tell the ignorant **muzhik**, as well as the more alert workman from the cities, about our government and the cause of its mismanagement. This war has educated and united our people. We are against the bureaucracy who caused our defeat. The slogan of revolt has already begun to spread through all the army: **"Pravitelstvo vinovato!"** ("The government is guilty!") When our soldiers return home they will even scores with the bureaucrats. Our army to-day is a revolutionary army.

The Russian prison camps in Germany, containing nearly a million destitute, disgruntled peasants, are likewise seething with revolutionary agitation. There too the "intellectuals" are at work. There too the slogan of revolt is heard amid their indescribable physical and spiritual distress: "The government is guilty!"

The Russian people will support the war to its conclusion. But when peace comes, unless reforms are voluntarily and irrevocably granted by the bureaucrats, already terror-stricken, a period of violence and terrorism such as Russia and the world have never before witnessed will come like a bloody scourge. An economic cataclysm, and an inevitable famine, will precipitate the crisis, as the bread riots precipitated the French Revolution. Even in the days before the war the consumption of bread was habitually thirty per cent. below the quantity necessary to preserve the vital force of an adult. Seventy per cent. of the peasants had not enough

grain for subsistence. This was brought about by the necessity the peasant was under to pay exorbitant taxes, and because of the excessive exportation of wheat. The revenues of the Empire were built upon a foundation of hunger. The agricultural population of Russia actually bought more agricultural produce than it sold. The manufacture and sale of the "white poison," vodka, was the government's greatest single asset. If it attempts to sell vodka again and profit by universal drunkenness, that too, will serve as an incentive to revolt.

War debts will force the government to desperate expedients. It will not dare to bleed the peasants by still more extortionate taxes. Even before the war the prices of the peasants' necessities were nearly doubled by indirect taxes. The muzhik, on account of his debts, had again become an economic serf. The Empire's industries will be paralyzed at the close of hostilities; everywhere there will be poverty and distress. Rapid readjustments, possible in other countries, will not be easily effected in Russia. The soldiers will not return to their machines without demanding reforms they have long clamored for in vain.

I can see visions of the days of terror, agonized suffering and heroic effort that will convulse my country to its very soul! Already a horde of ten thousand refugees—old men, women, and children—has fled from smoking homes and devastated fields in the western war area and all these people are living in poverty and misery on other peasants and in other homes bereft of husbands and sons. These refugees and the millions that will return from the trenches will beg food and shelter. The bureaucrats, as ever before, will answer their cries with specious manifestos and brutal acts of terroristic repression. But my people will understand; my people will know. There will be leaders to guide them. The red flag of revolt will again be raised. Upon its crimson folds my brave countrymen, no longer ignorant, will see the blood of our brothers shed so needlessly, so hopelessly, in their martyrdom in the Carpathians. Then throughout the Empire the voices of our slaughtered dead will be heard through the hungry voices of the living in the cry, "The government is guilty!"

My country, I pray God, will be purged of its official rottenness. If it is, a New Russia will emerge. The New Russia will make liberty and justice the common inheritance of all its citizens; all races of whatsoever creed will be given equal rights to live and flourish; and the darkness of ignorance will be replaced by enlightenment and civilization.

GOD IS A DEMOCRAT

EDMUND VANCE COOKE

God is a democrat. If it so be
Out of the Nothing He raised You and Me,
Yet, even so, without us He were naught.
There is no mind which can contain the thought
Of a Creator ere Creation was.
If Man were impotent without that Cause
Which we call God, still is the answer terse;
For what were God without His Universe?

Aye, We who, endless, march beneath the Eye
And bravely live, though knowing that We die,
Who suffer and are strong, who brave the rod,
In that much We are greater than is God,
Who may not suffer and who may not know
The heights of courage in the depths of woe.

Say you He made Us whatsoe'er we are
And hence we are His toys to make or mar?
I say not so. He could not make Us less
And still be measure of his Needfulness.
Or, if He could, He did not; so He chose
To make Us partners with Him. Hence uprose
This world, in which, according to its Plan,
God may not function save by help of Man.

God is a democrat and You and I
Shame His example if We do not try
To make a democratic Earth, forgetting all
The difference between the great and small,
The fair and swart, the cultured and the crude,
Remembering only Man's infinitude
At one with God's. Under, then, what polity
May man deny Man's right to man's equality?

THE THING CALLED WAR

SIGMUND HENSCHEN

Is the world entering a military Era? Are we advocating Preparedness as AGAINST war or FOR war? The most of the personal narratives from the scene of the great war are more notable for what they don't tell than what they reveal. For this the censor has been blamed, or the editor's blue pencil, owing to personal sympathies or antipathies. The Forum asked one of the foremost of the war correspondents to portray war exactly as he saw it. The hideous thing is photographed here without any glamor.

WAR is a brave figure in glistening steel. War surrounds itself with the snapping pennons of lances and the burnished helmets of cuirassiers. War likes brass bands. It likes new uniforms, new rifles, everything bright and new and polished. War hypnotizes; men rush into it recklessly.

As we motored into Vie en Artois, the sun broke through the gray dreariness of sky. Up a narrow hill street with the powerful staff car, waking the echoes among the low white stone buildings, two or three French peasants in wooden shoes, flattening themselves against the wall to escape the muddy spray from the conquerors; and we stopped in what seemed to be the village center. One had an idea that shutters were being slowly pushed open and that there were frightened, bewildered eyes behind. One saw a proclamation pasted to the wall of the church—**Avis!**—it was the orders of the conquerors. The people in Vis en Artois must do exactly what the conquerors prescribed for them. Germans with bayonetted rifles paced outside their homes. War had come to Vis en Artois.

War had come to a number of young men whom we found in a courtyard. It was a courtyard filled with stacks of hay and manure piles; and it reeked with ammoniac odors. They were undersized men with the drawn look that comes from exacting occupation. They were divided into squads; drill sergeants were watching them. They were doing the "goose step," proudly clapping their boots on the cobbled court. We learned they were new recruits being given a last stiffening drill before going under fire for the first time. They were to go that night.

In the distance began the band drum of guns. It seemed to electrify the young men in the new uniforms, for their feet stamped the louder and their saluting hands snapped up like machines and into their faces had come that impatient, intolerant look—this unbearable biding with harmless drilling in a manure-strewn yard,

while the music of war played for them to march. What a lark it seemed for most of them!

"They are all Saxons," an officer was saying. "They all come from a mining section."

So that was it. And I remembered what a German socialist had said of this Saxon mining class, notoriously poor and short-lived, their years stolen from them by work underground. No wonder they had pranced at the sound of guns! The war was for them a deliverance—into what?

Across the street from the stenches of the court contrasted a school yard paved with brick; hedges bloomed in pretty red tubs. The sun, as if to make it up to those men crouching in the trenches but four miles away, streamed forth in a glory before setting. One looked for the school-house door to be flung open and for the children to come pouring forth. We entered the school-room. It was in a class to the left we saw the cots. They were twelve cots, made of rough boards. Upon them lay twelve men. They were wan, unshaven men, quite motionless, as though dead, although at the sound of our approach their eyes followed us in a disinterested stare—what did anything matter? Under the covers one of them seemed to tremble. As I walked beside his bed, sweat stood out on his face.

"How high is his fever?" I asked the surgeon.

"He has no fever; he is sweating with pain."

Faintly, from the manure-strewn courtyard a cheer floated across the street. Had the young Saxons been told they were to start for the trenches? One wondered if this was to be their deliverance—the beds of unpainted wood—a man sweating with pain. . . .

Like the men, the women were caught up in the first mad fury of the war. When regiments were going to stations, they marched martially through the streets, singing. They hurriedly married, many of them. Were not heroes going to the front? That was in the beginning. War brings out the fascinating uniforms; it creates many things; it creates information offices. It created one in a red brick building in Berlin. It used to be the Assembly Room of the War Academy, swarming in peace time with young shaven-headed officers schooling for the General Staff. But now only civilians come and go from the building; women with shawls wrapped around their heads; women with yellow-topped boots, whose motors wait by the curb; and children clinging to the hands of women, all entering and leaving by the gray stone portals. And some of the faces were happy; other women stumble along with heavy steps. It is there they learn the truth about war.

Imagine yourself in a big, high-ceilinged room, an arc of flat-topped desks, behind them, gentle-spoken, elderly men; in front of them, a vagueness of people. These people had the faces of those who wait outside steamship offices when a liner is missing—a composite of the faces of Martinique, San Francisco and Galveston. It dawned upon one that the decorations of the room were singularly appropriate—the pillars and walls of gray marble, oppressively sensing coldness, insistently cold, like a tomb. And all around, one felt the presence of death. It was the Hall of Dead Hopes.

Soldiers of the Berlin Garrison were used there. They went to the information files while the gentle-spoken elderly men calmed the inquirers. A soldier was on duty for the first time.

"I cannot imagine what is keeping him so long," one of the elderly clerks told a woman with a veil. "He will come any minute. There he is now. Excuse me, please."

And wishing to intercept the news, if it were bad, so as to break it gently, the elderly clerk hurried to meet the soldier. But, catching sight of him, the soldier clicked his heels together in a salute and, as if he were delivering a report to an officer, his voice boomed out, "Dead." . . . They carried the woman with the veil to another room. . . .

Go into the Savoy at afternoon tea hour. War has come to London. You can see it in every strata, in women, incapable of surviving in the new survival of the fittest, that the war has created. With their husbands gone to war, they cannot, through inherent weakness, make their only way, as many of their sisters in England are doing. You can see war in these fashionable women at the Savoy, restlessly going here, there, artificially busying themselves every hour—in order to forget. And these are the women who do not sorrow—in public. And like most women they can see their loved ones off to the front, without weeping—until the train has gone. . . .

You can see war in the square before the Cathedral of Notre Dame. In twos and threes the people walked towards the church, its gargoyles grinning an ironic welcome. Vespers seem to be the most popular service in Paris these days. There came women in black, and their faces, like their raiment—we're in a democracy—the level of sorrow. It was noticeable that their wounds have thrown men together in little groups. Those on crutches walked together. Those on wheel chairs were rolled along side by side. Others appeared to have nothing the matter with them. They did not limp; their bodies were whole. They generally walked three abreast. The man in the middle had his arms linked with his comrades on either side. He, of three, still had the power of sight. . . .

The first hospital train brought war to Paris. The wounded were being unloaded. There was one man whom they didn't carry out on a stretcher. He walked quite erect. He seemed entirely sound. Of a sudden he bent over cowering. His face was terror-stricken. He ducked his head and held his hands as if protecting himself from a blow. He screamed.

"What's the matter with him?" some one asked.

"He thinks he hears the shells bursting. He is mad." . . .

Like outraged Belgium, East Prussia knows war. The East Prussia I know is the highway to Pilkallen. Snow-white rolling farmland dug with bloody trenches, the avenue of trees scarred with shrapnel and shell, the wayside strewn with soldiers' frozen clothing, splintered rifle butts, abandoned cannon, all the frightful debris of war! Six days ago the Russians had fled down this road, on their heels the Germans, breaking through at Pilkallen for their drive into the land of the Czar. A vital chapter in the history of this war began along this road. . . . But I shall not remember it as such.

Rather I shall always think of East Prussia as a frozen road down which tired women are dragging their steps. Since leaving Stallupoenen I have counted seventeen, broad-hipped, healthy farmer women, some with scrub-faced girls, of the braided pigtail age, their dresses yet to fall below the tops of their shoes—the kind you see every afternoon coming out of our grammar schools. You think the fear of God is in the hearts of these women, honest folk, a sturdy self-reliant peasantry. But as our motor rushes by, they seem not to want to look at us, hanging their heads or turning wearily to gaze across the empty snow fields; and the little girls with the pigtails seem not to understand, some of them, but others are crying. In groups of threes and fours we overtake them, all dragging along, all seeming as though some awful calamity had befallen them, as though life had suddenly become futile and grim. "They have been driven from their homes," I thought.

We drove into Pilkillen, whose houses are now wrecks, the skies showing through the shell holes—home after home cannonaded, pillaged, burned. But it is not that which will never let me forget Pilkillen. Always there will be the little town hall, the huddle of women outside, the hanging heads, the same good faces, but empty now of all the beautiful hope in life, the same little girls with the looks that seem not to understand. A black-shawled woman, pulling a rosy-faced girl by the hand, crossed the street. She looked about her bewildered; then she saw us. As if in her distraction she must pour it out to someone, she rushed up to us and sobbed: "I kissed the Cossack's hand; I fell on my knees be-

fore him." And choking out her horror, she turned to the girl with the rosy cheeks, who seemed too dazed to speak. . . .

And so war came to East Prussia. I followed its scorching breath over Poland. We came in towards Warsaw after the fighting. We covered the section from the villages of Blondie and Grojec. That was a land in which soldiers had for weeks been the only human beings. From it a terrified population had fled. With the first distant boom of the approaching German guns, the Polish farmers had fled towards Warsaw. With a last boom of the Russian artillery retreating eastward, the Polish farmers had left Warsaw to come back to their homes. They found their fields gaping with the monstrous pockmarks of shells. The roads were choked with the long rickety Polish farm carts, mired in the mud, the ill-fed horses dropping dead. One thought of a Biblical migration. Weeks later I saw the refugees again. They had found their homes and the homes were ruins. But these industrious Poles were building new homes. And here is the sinister part of it. Near Blondie I saw a man who was building his house in the ground. He said he had seen the bomb-proofs of the soldiers. This time he would build a house so low that the shells would miss it, fly over it. Think of a fear inspiring one to build his home in the ground. . . .

One could write endlessly of the sufferings in Poland, of the bread lines in Warsaw, of the poverty that war brought to the city, forcing girls to walk along the Nowy Swiat, Polish for the name of a street called "The New World"—a place the Poles generally associate with hope.

But come to Belgium. We were going from Liege to Brussels. Outside Liege our train was held up. Poverty-stricken children scrambled toward the track side and cried, "Bread! Bread! Give us bread." Yes, children saw war in Belgium. They saw it in Louvain, the night it burned. A German officer told me the story. I shall give it in his own words.

"It was that hot August night, and as we rode up the street from the station, every house was ablaze. The air was filled with sparks and falling tiles. Lest he run over the bodies of Belgians and Germans, our chauffeur had to steer a zig-zag course from curb to curb. The rifles going, the burning houses falling, on the roofs and in the windows Belgians and German soldiers with rifles. It was terrible beyond all words! Whenever I saw a Belgian, I turned my pistol on him and yelled, "Hands up." Sometimes, when I thought he was going to fire, I fired without yelling. By some miracle we got out of that burning street alive, and as we came to the Plaza, I saw three children, little boys, not more than

ten. They were standing beside a dead horse. They were pulling hairs out of his tail, presumably to make horsehair rings. Their feet were in a pool of blood. I was sick. Then I saw some Belgians on the curb. "Hands up!" I yelled. And each little boy dropped his horse hairs, and, looking at me with those terrible young faces, slowly put up his hands. I guess they had seen enough that night to think I meant it. Poor kids."

War brings military law. Here you are used to entering and leaving your home when you like. You are used to going into what restaurants and cafés you like. You are used to walking on the streets you like and as late as you like. You are used to an alternative—when you come abreast of a person you either get out of his way or he gets out of your way. If you are in a captured city or town you get out of the conqueror's way. He never dreams of getting out of yours. That is military law in a nutshell.

They have it in all the cities of France and Belgium that the Germans have captured. When I was in Lille, every French person had to be off the streets by eight o'clock at night. I saw two Frenchmen try to enter a large café on the Plaza. They had to leave at once; it was only for German officers. I saw the owner of the best hotel in the city, his house filled with German officers, compelled to board and lodge them, and thought it an imposition until I saw them pay him cash. At least, I thought he was one person who wasn't suffering from the war. And then later we learned where this "cash" came from. As a "punishment" the Germans had levied a tax on the City of Lille which was paid out of the municipal treasury—which money was turned over to the soldiers and officers, so that the hotel and shopkeepers would receive cash; and remain in good humor.

Upon entering Lille—and this is what would happen to New York if it were captured by any enemy—the German commandeered the food supply. They allowed the bakers to buy a certain amount of flour a day. Quite ironically, the Germans put the same high price on flour that the blockade has placed upon it in their own country. At that price the bakers of Lille refused to buy it. One day the starving people of Lille raided the bake shops. The Mayor of Lille took up the matter with the Germans. They suggested that the Mayor pay the difference in the price out of the municipal treasury. He did. The municipal treasury continued to be drained in a similar way. To-day Lille is bankrupt—a city of wrecked business. . . .

Boys do not understand war. There was a Belgian boy in Malines who did not understand war. Like most boys he liked guns when they weren't shooting. There was a battery of Ger-

man guns in the village square; the caissons filled with ammunition stood beside the shining pieces. The boy began to play around the ammunition carts. A sentry ordered him to go away. Being a boy, he sneaked back. The sentry shouted at him. The boy ran off and came back a third time. This time the sentry was about one hundred yards away when he saw the boy start to take a shell from the wagon. The soldier became greatly excited, lifted his rifle and fired. You see, the boy might have blown up all the ammunition in the carts, and war makes shells much more valuable than boys. . . .

Suwalki is a town in Russia, a great Russian church, its slender minarets gracefully protruding above a dome of gold. Past the pale blue fence palings of the Russian garrison barracks we saw the boys. They seemed to be playing a game. A little fellow whose round fur hat and brown pea-jacket was typical of his chums, was poking at something with a stick. Greatly excited, he called the boys, who seemed to be looking for something across the road in the snow. Stridently he called to them.

And we saw that the youngster was poking the snow away from a big, bearded man in a sheepskin cap. The game the Russian boys were playing was "Hunting the Dead." . . .

Birds with black wings and heads know war. They are among the few living things on the face of the earth that like it. The shells do not scare them away. At night they flock to the fields of battle. They are at Verdun. These days they are weak-winged, as though too heavy to fly strong. Further on, in the fields around Verdun, after the tide of battle has swept past them, there are heaps, quite without shape. The birds watch these heaps from the sky. There are bristles of barbed wire entanglements around Verdun—acres of wire blown to pieces with the shells, other acres trampled upon, in the rush that won a trench. And just behind the wires is a trench, a deep, long pit, that months before, those who were alive then, had dug for themselves.

It is a pit filled with debris and men. They are queer men. You would think them marionettes, only their legs and arms are horribly still. There are men who seem to stand on their heads, their feet over the trench tops, turned soles to the sky. Somehow they give you the impression of being all legs and arms. They seem huddled. All but one. He like his comrades is French—he is standing in a trench on the slopes of Douaumont. His face is turned in the direction the Germans charged—always facing. He is standing because the piled dead brace him so that he cannot fall. . . . He went to war.

THE DEATH-SHIP IN THE SKY

WHAT A ZEPPELIN RAID MEANS

PERRITON MAXWELL

The writer of this article is known in Europe and America as one of the foremost editors of the world. He witnessed the visitation of the Death-Ship described.

FOR twenty-six years old Tom Cumbers had held his job as switchman at the Walthamstow railroad junction where the London-bound trains come up from Southend to the great city. It was an important post and old Tom filled it with stolid British efficiency. A kindly man who felt himself an integral part of the giant railroad system that employed him, old Tom had few interests beyond his work, his white-haired wife, his reeking pipe and the little four-room tenement in Walthamstow which he called home. The latter was one of the thousands of two-storied rabbit-hatches of sooty, yellow brick, all alike and all incredibly ugly, which stretch, mile upon mile, from Walthamstow toward London's tumultuous heart.

Within a radius of four dun miles, just on the nearer edge of Epping Forest—the scene in a forgotten day of Robin Hood's adventurings—a section of these huddling homes of the submerged, together with a street of trams and some pathetic shops, constitute this town of Walthamstow. It is a sordid, unlovely place, but for some ten thousand wage-strugglers it is all of England. There are workshops hereabout in which one may mingle one's copious sweat with the grime of machinery and have fourteen shillings a week into the bargain—if one is properly skilled and muscular and bovinely plodding. Walthamstow is not the place where one would deliberately choose to live if bread could be earned elsewhere with equal certainty. But for all its dirt and dullness it has a spot on the map and a meaning in the dull souls of its inhabitants, and here, within half an hour's train travel of the Lord Mayor's Mansion and the golden vaults of the Bank of England, transpired on the sweltering night of which I write, one of the most witless and appalling tragedies of the present war. Forever memorable in the hitherto colorless calendar of Walthamstow will be this tragedy in the second year of Armageddon.

Beyond the stenchful heat-stress of it, there was nothing up to half-past eleven to mark this night as different from its fellows of the past. From eight o'clock till ten the small activities of the town centered chiefly about its tramway terminus, its smudgy

station, its three or four moving-picture theatres, and its fetid pubs. On the pavements, in the roadways and at every crossing, corduroyed men yawned and spat, and slatternly women, most of them with whimpering infants in their arms, talked of shop or household cares and the frailties of their neighbors. Some, more alive to the big events of a clashing world, repeated the meagre news of the ha'penny press and dwelt with prideful fervor on the latest bit of heroism reported from the front. Now and again an outburst of raucous humor echoed above the babble of cockney tongues. The maudlin clamor of "a pore lone lidy 'oos 'subing 'ad desarted 'er" failed to arouse anyone's curiosity. Ladies in their cups are not a rarity in Walthamstow. In side streets, lads in khaki, many of them fresh from fields of slaughter "somewheres in Flanders," sported boisterously with their factory-girl sweethearts or spooned in the shadows. Everywhere grubby children in scant clothing shrilled and scampered and got in the way. Humidity enveloped the town like a sodden cloak and its humanity stewed in moist and smelly discomfort.

But shortly after eleven o'clock the whole place became suddenly and majestically still and black. People who go to their work at sunrise cannot afford the extravagance of midnight revelry, and there are few street-lamps alight after ten o'clock in any London suburb in these times of martial law. Walthamstow slept in heated but profound oblivion of its mean existence. Beyond the town lay, like a prostrate giant camel, the heat-blurred silhouette of the classic forest. Low over Walthamstow hung the festoons of flat, humid clouds, menacing storm, but motionless.

If there was no disturbance in the clouds themselves there was among them something very active, something that drilled its way through them with a muffled whirring, something that was oblong and lean and light of texture, that was ominous and menacing for all its buoyancy. The sound it made was too high up, too thickly shrouded by clouds, to determine its precise position. It gave forth a breathing of persistent, definite rhythm. This was plainly not the wing-stroke of a nocturnal bird; for no bird, big or little, could advertise its flight in such perfect pulsation. And yet it was a bird, a Gargantuan, man-made bird with murder in its talons and hatred in its heart. From its steel nest in Germanized Belgium this whirring monster had soared eight thousand feet and crossed the Channel with little fear of discovery. It had penetrated the English Coast somewhere down Sheerness way and over Southend and then, dropping lower, had sought and found through the haze the tiny train whose locomotive had just fluted its brief salutation to Walthamstow. To the close-cropped men on the

Zeppelin, the string of cars far down under their feet, with its side-flare from lighted windows, its engine's headlamp and its sparks, had proved a providential pilotage. They knew that this train was on the main line, and that it would lead them straight to the great Liverpool Street Station, and that was London, and it was London's wharfs and ammunition works along the Thames that they had planned to obliterate with their cylinders of mechanical doom. But the moist clouds which aided so materially in hiding the Zeppelin's presence from below also worked for its defeat, in so far as its ultimate objective was concerned, for to keep the guiding train in view it was compelled to travel lower and yet lower—so low, indeed, as to make it any moment a target for Kitchener's sentinels.

Somehow, by sight or intuition or the instant commingling of the two, old Tom Cumbers became aware of the danger above him; for he sprang to his switch, shut off all the cheery blue and white lights along "the line" and swung on with a mighty jerk the ruby signal of danger. The engineer in the on-rushing train jammed down his brakes and brought up his locomotive with a complaining, grinding moan, a hundred yards beyond Walthamstow station. Tom Cumbers had done a greater thing than any other in all his humdrum existence.

That by his act the Germans in their speeding sky-craft were baffled there is no doubt. They had lost their trail of fire; their involuntary guide had disappeared in the gloom. The airmen's long journey had suddenly become fruitless; their peril from hidden British guns and flying scouts was increased tenfold. The heat of the night was as nothing to the hot surge of disappointment that must have swept the brains of the Zeppelin crew. Their commander, too, must have lost his judgment utterly, forgotten his sense of military effectiveness. Whatever happened, he sacrificed his soul when he turned his cloud-ship aside from the railway line, steered over the shabby roofs of Walthamstow and, at less than two thousand feet, unloosed his iron dogs of destruction.

I have it on the authority of experienced aviators that it is not impossible on a dark night to distinguish buildings of importance like St. Paul's or the Houses of Parliament or a great gun factory or a river as broad as the Thames with its uprearing and frequent bridges. The crowding tenements of Walthamstow could have had no semblance to any of these, at any height. It would seem a cheap and worthless revenge, then, to wreck an unimportant and defenceless town, having failed to wreck the military nerve-center of the world's metropolis. But this is what one of Count Zeppe-

lin's soaring dreadnoughts did on this humid night, in this blood-drenched year.

Like the mirage of a tropical island the dirigible hung motionless in space for a breathless minute. There was a wavering pin-prick of light in the carriage suspended from the leviathan's belly—a light that fluttered fore and aft as of a man with a fairy lantern running to and fro giving orders or taking them. Then faintly discernible against the sky, like a rope hung down for anchorage, came a thin, gray streak—the tail of a bomb with all hell in its wake. From somewhere near the town's centre the earth split and roared apart. The world reeled and a brain-shattering crash compounded of all the elements of pain and hurled from the shoulders of a thousand thunderclaps smote the senses. It was a blast of sickening and malignant fury. It did not so much stun as it stopped one—stopped the breath and the heart's beat, suspending thought, halting life itself for a fraction of time. One was, somehow, aware of existence but without sensation. And then came reaction and the realization of what was really taking place. The Germans' bomb landed fully ten blocks away, but you would have taken oath in court that it had had fallen at your feet, behind you, above you and into your very brain.

An air raid on Walthamstow, which drab town can boast neither ammunition works nor the ownership of war material of any description, could not be at once realized. But here was the cyclonic fact, hideously real, appallingly actual; and there in the heavens was the buoyant Zeppelin maneuvering for further mischief. The reverberation of the first explosion was still grumbling back in Epping Forest when all Walthamstow, rubbing its eyes, tumbled out into the black streets. Men, women, children, all ludicrously clothesless, swarmed aimlessly like bees in an overturned hive. Stark terror gripped them. It distorted their faces and set their legs quivering. The dullest among these toil-dulled people knew what that explosion meant, knew that it was part of the punishment promised by the German foe. "Gott strafe England" had come to pass. But they could not understand why the enemy had singled them out for such drastic distinction. The more alert and cool-headed of the men battled with their fellows and shouted instructions to get the women folks and the kiddies back indoors and down into their cellars. The night-gowned and pajamaed throng could not be persuaded that safety lay not in sight of the Zeppelin but away from it. The hypnotism of horror lured them on to where twelve houses lay spread about in smoking chaos, a plateau of blazing and noisome havoc. Somewhere a gas-main burst with a roar and drove the crowd back with its

choking fumes as no human hands could have done. Women frankly hysterical or swooning were roughly thrust aside. Children shrieking in uncomprehending panic were swept along with the crowd or trodden upon. Lumbering men ran and shouted and cursed and shook hairy fists at the long blot on the clouds. Some of the men leaped over iron palings like startled rabbits and flung themselves in the grass, face downward and quaking. And yet, I dare say that most of these would have walked straight into a familiar danger without the waver of an eyelash; it was the unknown peril, the doubt as to how and whence this hurtling death might spring upon them out of the night, that unhinged their manhood. And while Walthamstow's walls went down and great flame-tongues spouted where homes had stood, while the thick, hot air was tortured with agonized and inhuman cries, the enemy up above let loose another bolt.

More terrible than the first explosion was, or seemed, this second one. It mowed down half a hundred shrieking souls. And it was curious to note the lateral action of the blast when it hit a resisting surface. Dynamite explodes with a downward or upward force, lyddite and nitro-glycerine and what not other devil's own powers act more or less in the same set manner. But the furious ingredients of these bombs hurled on Walthamstow contained stuff that released a discharge which swept all things from it horizontally, in a quarter-mile, lightning sweep, like a scythe of flame. A solid block of shabby villas was laid out as flat as your palm by the explosion of this second bomb. Scarcely a brick was left standing upright. What houses escaped demolition around the edge of the convulsion had their doors and windows splintered into rubbish. The concussion of this chemical frenzy was felt, like an earthquake, in a ten-mile circle. Wherever the scorching breath of the bombs breathed on stone or metal it left a sulphurous, yellow-white veneer, acrid in odor and smooth to the touch. Whole street-lengths of twisted iron railings were coated with this murderous white-wash.

Having made sure of its mark, the ravaging Zeppelin rose higher on the discharge of its first bomb and still higher after firing the second. At the safe distance of four thousand feet it dropped three more shells recklessly, haphazard. One of these bored cleanly through a slate-tiled roof, through furniture and two floorings and burrowed ten feet into the ground without exploding. This intact shell has since been carefully analyzed by the experts of the Board of Explosions at the British War Office. Another bomb detonated on the steel rails of the Walthamstow tram-line and sent them curling skyward from their rivetted foun-

dations like serpentine wisps of paper. Great cobblestones were heaved through shop windows and partitions and out into the flower-beds of rear gardens; some of the cobbles were flung through solid attic blinds and others were catapulted through brick walls a foot in thickness. A hole as big as a moving-van burned into the road at one place. In a side street an impromptu fountain squirted playfully into the dust-burdened air, the result of a central water-pipe punctured by a slug from one of the bomb's iron entrails. But these things were not noted until dawn and comparative peace had returned to Walthamstow and men could count with some degree of calmness the cost of the reckless invasion.

Before the clouds had swallowed up the hateful visitant the noise of its attack had aroused the military guards across Epping Forest, in Chingford village, and, aided by a search-light, the anti-aircraft-gun opened its unavailing fire on the Zeppelin—ineffective, except that its returning shrapnel smashed up several roofs and battered some innocent heads. The Germans had gauged their skyward path to London along which, apparently, they felt reasonably safe from gun-reach. But they had barely headed homeward before a flock of army aeroplanes, rising from all points of the compass, were in hot pursuit. One of the Britishers was shot down by the men aboard the Zeppelin. Neither speed nor daring counts for much in an encounter between flying-machines and swift dirigibles of the latest types. The advantage lies solely with the one that can overfly his adversary. This can be achieved by a biplane or monoplane pilot only if he has a long start from the ground and time enough to surmount his opponent. This is difficult even in daylight with a cloudless sky. Given darkness and clouds, the chances for success are tremendously against the smaller craft.

Eight bombs in all were launched on Walthamstow—two of them ineffectual. The sixth bomb fell into a field close beside the railway line and worked a hideous wonder. It blew into never-to-be-gathered fragments all that was mortal of old Tom Cumbers, the signal-man. They found only his left hand plastered gruesomely against the grassy bank of the railway cut—not a hair nor button else.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB—THE AMERICAN KRUPP

EDWIN WILDMAN

People have asked: Is Mr. Schwab a man of luck, or destiny? Is he lucky because he has always been forehanded? Is he a favorite of destiny, because he has seized destiny? In other words, what is the secret of his success? When shipbuilding plants were white elephants in the hands of their owners, Charles Schwab bought shipbuilding plants. When the great revival of ship building came, Schwab was ready and reaped profits in one year to repay his capital cost. When armor plating did not pay 2% a year on capital Schwab undertook armor plating. When the war came, Schwab was ready. What is the secret of this man always being ready? The question is answered by an acquaintance, who knows Mr. Schwab thoroughly.

THIS is the story of a man with one idea—steel. Not the dull statistics of pedigree, but the more inspiring elements in the development of an American, who in making his millions has made them by speculating upon his knowledge of running a steel plant, not upon his manipulation of stocks.

Devotion to one idea has made a human dynamo of national power, named Charles M. Schwab. There are those who might question the statement that he has made his fortune without manipulation of stocks, especially those who remember him as the first president of the United States Steel Corporation. Later, it will be shown by his subsequent position towards the whole scheme whereby a few rich men were accused of trying to corner the railroad industries and banking business of the United States, that he really loved his trade better than money. He became president of the United States Steel Corporation because in Mr. Carnegie's judgment he was the most expert steel man in the country, if not in the world. His trade was steel, from first to last.

During the intervals, between the milestones of Schwab's progress along what seems to some people the easy byways of finance, various spotlights were turned on him colored to harmonize with the circumstances which surrounded him. Men in public life are theatricalized. In a theatre, when the villain enters, the red calcium is used to assist the impression of villainy in the imagination of the audience. When the hero appears, the pure white light is thrown on him. Like great actors, public men find themselves cast for different rôles in public opinion in the course of their busy lives. Like the actors, too, they are more or less at the mercy of that disorganized band of well-meaning wage earners, the writers. The democracy of ideas is not always painstaking in the rush,

because the specific idea which drives the scribbler (lashed as he is to the printer's galley) is the news of the moment.

To-day, Schwab is a foremost factor in the undercurrents that are contributing to the great war in Europe. With the same pride that the Germans point to the great Krupp Gun Works in Essen, the United States can point to American Krupp Works. The Allies take great comfort and security from the equipment of the Bethlehem Steel Works in Pennsylvania. These two great factories of the world, therefore, find comparison in the immediate issue of the war in Europe. Without them, there might be an ominous perplexity of action.

The Krupp Works became the backbone of Germany's military anatomy through the devotion of one man to an idea in steel. Frederick Karl Krupp, founder of the Krupp Works, impoverished himself in the problem to produce the biggest solid steel block known to the world at the time. He died on the eve of the discovery and his son took up his father's life purpose, and materially helped to make the issue of the Franco-Prussian War what it was. The Krupp Works are the accumulation of one man's devotion to a single idea—steel. The entire structure of the character of Charles M. Schwab, and his industrial success, is also based on a single idea—steel.

The Bethlehem Steel Works are larger than the Krupp Works in area. The methods of their output are based upon eternal vigilance for knowledge in this industry. But, in Germany the government is military, and the Krupp Works had the moral and practical support of national interest to maintain its standard. The Bethlehem Steel Works of Pennsylvania are only one of over a hundred steel and iron manufacturies in a country governed by a Congress of peaceful law makers, to whom the business of making rails and building skyscrapers, seems more vital than constructing armaments. Those government contracts, which were parsimoniously voted for some one of the defences in the country, were usually shaved to a minimum profit for the steel manufacturer. The chief advantage to him in securing them at all, was a degree of integrity and assurance which a government order conveyed to the public mind. The analogy is in the sign with gold letters which one used to see over European shops, "Purveyors to His Royal Highness." A cheese that was used by royalty, being so advertised must be the best. European humbug is an ingredient that has crept into American business too.

When Schwab was born, he was not recognized as the future steel magnate. "The only luck I ever had was to be born with good mental powers and a good physical constitution that thrived

on the hardest work. I had enough hardships and trials, but I would not give up the experiences of a boyhood barren of luxuries and paved with many obstacles for any amount," he told a friend. Sincerity of this sort is easily listed as a platitude when a millionaire utters it. But, the poverty, the obscurity, and the hardships are true. It was an average start anyway, not even a chance that he would ever become anything worth talking about. Seven dollars a week as a drygoods clerk, was his first job. Then he got a chance to earn two dollars more a month, by working for the Thompson Steel Works in Pittsburgh. From that time, till he was thirty-six years of age and became president of the United States Steel Corporation on a salary of $100,000 a year, he had but one idea—steel.

With the rise of Schwab to the dizzy heights of millionairedom, this story has really little to do, except as it reveals his mastery of one idea, the steel industry. His business and social relations with such money giants as Morgan, Carnegie, Rockefeller, Gates, Frick, brought him under the suspicion of a popular opinion that all millionaires should be investigated. It was a Congressional principle for a while in this country, that immense wealth in the hands of the individual or a group of individuals, was an indication of wickedness on their part. Senators who gravely took their seats in the Senate comfortably cushioned for them by their admirers, questioned the business ideals of millionaires whom they did not know. Those whose acquaintance they enjoyed, they readily vouched for. This is common history of common fact, and while the American public watched the spectacle of legislative and financial differences, which was spread out before them and which led to the Stanton Committee investigation, Schwab quietly took stock of his own position with his millionaire associates. Finding himself embroiled in a whirlpool of billions, charged with ambition to become part owner of the United States by his association with the Steel Trust—he summoned his family doctor. The doctor ordered a rest; and he retired from the presidency of the United States Steel Corporation. The whole diversion of his fundamental character brought about by the opportunities of this period of his life, were summed up in a statement he made before the Tariff Committee in Washington, later on. When Chairman Payne asked him if he desired to make a statement to the committee, he replied:

"No, sir, I have no statement to make, and nothing to ask of this committee."

When the committee had sufficiently recovered from the coolness of Schwab's reply, he was asked if he had not at one time been connected with the United States Steel Corporation.

"Yes," said Schwab, "I believe I was an unfortunate stockholder, as well as president."

Then, his famous letter to Frick was read to him. In this letter, in glowing terms, Schwab had outlined the process of the steel industry. In it he told how the steel business of the world could be controlled by this steel corporation. He was asked by the chairman of the committee whether he still held the same views. His answer was as clear a revelation of how he became involved in a scheme of gigantic monopoly, as it was a sidelight on his character.

He said:

"That letter was written with the enthusiasm of a young man seeking preferment in a great company. It was an optimistic day. It was written from the standpoint of the manufacturing department."

From the standpoint of one idea—steel.

On this contention, he was treated by the committee as an authority on steel values, not on stock transactions or corporation organization. In fact, whenever Schwab appears to have reached a period in his life which circumstantially brought him into conspicious relation with the mere glitter of gold, he promptly retired from view, and renewed his study of—steel. There are indications that after his retirement from the United States Steel Corporation, having had an opportunity to probe the strata and sub-strata of high finance, that it did not attract him. As an occupation, he preferred the trade of expert steel manufacture. He seemed to drop all relations with the speculative allurement of trusts, whether labelled steel or tobacco, and revitalize his character with a determined plan to establish the greatest steel plant in the world. It was about this time that he got control of the exclusive rights in this country of German patents and processes for the making of steel structural shapes by which they are rolled out as quickly as a steel rail is made. As he expected, this gave the Bethlehem Steel Company a great advantage over all other steel companies. It was in 1908, when he secured control of the Bethlehem Company, with a determined purpose to make it an American Krupp Works. We find him at this time publicly opposing the trust idea.

"I don't believe in trusts," he said, "I do believe in industrial and commercial consolidations. Such organizations should exist not to raise prices or restrict production but to help trade. In the consolidation of industrial lines, for instance, it is apparent that the big concern can use one plant for one special production! Such a proposition can not be considered in a small private concern; therefore industrial consolidation is reasonable. We have passed

the stage of over-capitalization. I don't agree with Baron Rothschild when he accuses American railroad owners of fighting one another. That is not the business tendency of the corporations."

Here, we see the process of reasoning-balance by which Schwab secured an upright position in public opinion, in spite of his dash into high finance. He had thought out the whole industrial confusion in which vast wealth and over-capitalization plunged the United States about 1908, and had starched the situation up, ironed it out, cleaned up his own connections and made reasonable excuse for what looked like common greed among his associates in the steel trust.

And, all the time, while he was performing this balancing act, he had been thinking—steel.

Having secured a majority stock interest in his $30,000,000 steel plant at Bethlehem, with the outbreak of the Japanese and Russian war, he promptly forgot about high finance in America, and went to Russia to propose selling them a navy outfit from his own steel works. He began at once an adaptation of industrial success as he saw it, over the heads of those who feared that the prospects of national prosperity were being over-capitalized. He was simply fulfilling what he said.

"There are a great many elements to be considered in organizing a corporation and issuing the stock. For instance, one of the constituent companies may have a name that is worth millions of dollars, while its physical plant may be worth comparatively little. The plant of plants, of course, must be considered first. Then this name-value I speak of must be counted in."

Briefly, Schwab has, by his devotion, his industry, his ability, in the business of steel, created "the plant of plants." It was to make sure of this that he abandoned his $7,000,000 mansion on Riverside Drive, and went to live in Bethlehem. Karl Krupp, the founder of the German Krupp Works, spent his whole life in a little German village in Essen, chained to his one idea—steel.

Schwab, after being caught temporarily in the fascination of high finance, never let go his hold on his one idea—steel. So, the American Krupp has arrived, and finds himself today the greatest authority on steel manufacture in the world—with the biggest plant. His career has been spectacular, while Krupp's life was simple, but Krupp's sacrifices were no greater than Schwab's. Krupp's obstacles were lack of funds, Schwab's obstacles were the temptations of over-capitalization. Except for his inherent devotion and pride in making the best steel products in the world, he would not be the factor he is today in the war issue of the world.

He told the Emperor of Russia during the Jap-Russo War,

that he could equip Russia with a navy in four years. He could do the same for any country, and that is why the success of Bethlehem Steel has been the marvel of the world.

Except for the fact that Schwab is the majority owner of the $30,000,000 stock of this concern, what might happen?

German agents were repeatedly reported to have secured control of this American Krupp plant, and but for the grip which this steel master, Schwab, held on the property, they might have succeeded. The German government has approached Schwab again and again, to purchase the plant. Figures running into a score of millions were named. Schwab could get a $100,000,000 to-day from Germany for his steel plant. And if he sold, the Germans would close it up, and so block the chief source of arms and ammunition for the Allies.

"The only way anybody could obtain control would be to get my interest," said Schwab, "I would never sell my interest without making for the men who stood by me with their support when I was struggling to put Bethlehem Steel where it is today, the same terms that would be offered for my share—and my interest is not for sale."

Schwab today is the foremost steel master of the world, and yet he would not admit that the success of the greatest independent American steel industry has been due to his individual effort. He would disclaim such a statement. He would cite names and give instances to prove that other men and other brains deserve a large share of the credit. But, those who know will explain that Mr. Schwab is a modest man, quick to deny that he alone has pulled this huge industry out of its wavering career into the foremost of the world's steel and shipbuilding works.

When the financial mixup came in the ill-fated Ship Trust into which Mr. Schwab had plunged, he found Bethelehem "on his hands" and virtually took it over to assuage the feelings of his associates, Ryan, Harriman, Schiff, and others who even questioned the advisability of purchase after Schwab had completed the negotiations. Giving his own check for $100,000, he took the sole responsibility for the purchase of a $15,000,000 plant and retired from the Ship Trust deal. It was the late J. Pierpont Morgan who "saw the deal through," and that alone cost Mr. Schwab the money he had put in the Ship Trust. He emerged from this financial brawl in supreme control of the Bethlehem property and its subsidiary companies, The Union Iron Works of San Francisco, the Bath Iron Works, the Fore River Shipyards, the Crescent Shipyards, Harlan and Hollingsworth of Wilmington, Delaware, and several smaller concerns both in this country, Mex-

ico and abroad. And, as to criticism, Schwab was the least criticized of all.

Naturally, Schwab stands today in the center of the spotlight of American vision. He is the Krupp, the Schneider of American potential defense. He is building the weapons, the ships, the mines, the steel and arms for the world. Therefore, his personality, his ambition, his private character are vital to policies of American preparedness when the war in Europe is over, because, for the first time in the history of this country we are actually prepared to make ammunition and ships necessary to defend us against foreign invasion.

This story set out to tell of a man with one idea—steel.

One may recall many picturesque tales that have followed in his wake from Broadway to Paris. One may recall stories that glitter with gold from Monte Carlo, one may recall accusations of political ambition to become Senator, with Nevada as a background, but there are such vehement denials for all these moving picture scenarios of Schwab's exploits, that in a faithful transcript of his character, they must all be thrown out, because there is no proof to sustain them. On the other hand, the money which we know Schwab has spent for social enjoyment, has revealed him as a man who loves pictures, statuary, books, music, and the more desirable adornments of a man of quiet tastes. In his steel plant at Bethlehem, he lunches in a public dining-room, democratically, with his employees. Punctually at 8 A. M. he takes his morning walk. He retires early, and his chief amusement is music. He plays the piano well, and the tenor voice which won him the attention of Andrew Carnegie when he was a boy, has not been neglected. Brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, he has been a faithful supporter of his church.

No, Schwab probably has more friends who are not millionaires than any of his rich associates, because he is a broadminded, democratic, American hustler, a delightful companion, and a friend who never forgets. These personal qualities have had their bearing upon his position to-day as the foremost steel-master of the world.

The cost of the War to the Nations of Europe has been estimated at $45,962,000 a day! How much of this expenditure goes into the American Krupp plant?

There is something—the constant tugging at the sleeve of inspiration—that gives the impulse to every successful man. It is born in the ambition of youth, stimulated by accomplishment and cries out for recognition in the upper ethers of final success. Some men live for the fame that comes after—their place in the niche of history; others, with less vision, less egotism, are content to receive

the approbation of their fellow men as they travel along life's highway. Whatever this stimulant is, the average man looks, studies and observes, sometimes in vain, that he may apply to his own life the secret, may hitch his wagon to the star that beckons towards success. In the career of Mr. Schwab, there is a personal motif, as defined and elemental as the components of the steel he handles with the scientist's skill. It took form in the earlier days of his character's formation and crystallized as achievement crowned his principles. It took its fountain-head in the earlier Christian education and became an orison as he progressed along the milestones of his career.

"I seek the approval of my fellow men," he says, and "to give more than I get."

It is Schwab's creed that has inspired effort and made achievement worth while. And behind it all, and approving and stimulating him to do things, both materially and philanthropically, is the woman he married in early days, Miss Dinkey, of a noted Pennsylvania family. "Strong, achieving American blood," proudly says Mr. Schwab. Two brothers of Mrs. Schwab stand at the head of great steel companies, proving the brain and sinew of the family Mrs. Schwab represents. It is her brilliant mind and broad, generous character that has fortified Mr. Schwab in his career.

At the head of his beautiful gallery in his Riverside Drive home is a life-size picture of Mrs. Schwab, and it is, in Mr. Schwab's vision, the pride of his gallery of masterpieces. One testimonial of the steel-master's tribute to his wife was a birthday gift of $1,000,000—a gift that became doubly valued in his mind because she turned it over at once to a splendid charity for orphans on Staten Island, New York. A man whose ambition it is to stand right with his fellow men and keep the love and admiration of his wife, has inspiration sufficient to stimulate him to achieve the best that the world holds.

Mr. Schwab's is a success peculiarly that of a man whose climb from the most humble beginning to the topmost step of achievement in his own line, has been **step by step.** It is not a career marked by a sudden jump to position out of obscurity because of some lucky shake or guiding hand. In this respect, the Schwab method is inspirational to others, sometimes known as plodders, for Schwab skipped no rounds in his ladder-climbing process. No single hand reached down and lifted him up. He climbed, pulling himself up by sheer ability and hard work. "Broad shoulders and good health and a love for his work," he says, "are the secrets of his success."

THE HOPE FARM MAN

J. E. SANFORD

The city has its slum and its neglected child problem. Writers make known every recess, and fifty agencies reach out to care for the children. The country district has its abandoned farm and its homeless child. One man has done a personal work in caring for both. He is Herbert Winslow Collingwood, an agricultural editor. He is the Hope Farm Man.

"THE homeless child and the childless farm should be brought together. There are enough neglected children in our cities to cheer all the lonely farms in the United States. There is enough neglected land to turn all the poor children into hopeful citizens."

Herbert Winslew Collingwood spoke with authority as he leaned forward in his chair in the **Rural New Yorker** office, his blue eyes brightening over his dearest work. The city slum has been exploited from every angle, and there are fifty agencies eager to care for its children. In the country districts are thousands of children just as unfortunate, for whom no systematic provision is made, and whose future is dependent on the chance of a kindly relative or a stranger. The general public does not know this.

Mr. Collingwood has reared nine children, eight of them taken into his home from outside. And while doing it, he has developed a neglected ninety-acre New Jersey tract into a beautiful fruit farm. Hope Farm is its name. He is the Hope Farm Man, author of an appealing little book, "The Child," which is founded on the story of one of the waifs. His weekly accounts of the doings of "the redheads" are read with delight by hundreds of thousands.

Two of the Hope Farm children have grown up and gone to other work in the West and South. A third is in college and a fourth is in normal school. The others are still on the farm, which has become one of the show places of the section, and they are growing up to be sturdy men and women.

"I would not dare advise every farmer to take a family of children," Mr. Collingwood added in reply to a question. "I would hesitate as much to do that as I would to tell any person how to bring up a child, and that is a responsibility nobody should take. There is no academic rule for rearing a child. Every case demands its own methods. And it is an individual problem whether a person should be given the care of a child. One farmer will take a boy or a girl and work him until there is no vitality left. Another will heap kindnesses until the youngster grows up spoiled and either domineers over his foster parent or goes away and amounts to nothing. Either case is a tragedy. We have been satisfied with

our own experience, and I think the same would be true of many others."

Mr. Collingwood is a man whom children love. Not because of any stately dignity which says "Bless you, my child," and not because of any bubbling red-faced Santa Claus jollity. It's because he is a conscientious, sympathetic, alert, capable human, who can enter into their work and games, understand their troubles and advises where advice is needed. That, at least, is the impression one gets on first meeting, and that is the way it has worked out.

He is a trifle below medium height and has a well-knit body the result of years of hard work, with much out-door life. His hair and moustache are iron-gray, and his face is bronzed by sun and wind. His features are easily those of a New Englander—he was born on Cape Cod, fifty-nine years ago. There are few wrinkles and no sags. He has a contented smile, and his eyes look at you frankly and kindly. They convince one that there has never been anything behind them to conceal. Studying him, one congratulates the children who have had him for a second father.

He is one of the few agricultural editors who really understands the farming game. Once he was a college graduate and tried the kid-glove "uplifting" that makes a mortgage-burdened and rock-exasperated country toiler suspicious of the agricultural expert. He took a course in the Michigan Agricultural College and thought he knew all that was necessary to make a second garden of Eden. He went south and tried to uplift the Mississippi planters with a roller-top desk as a fulcrum and an ornate agricultural paper as a lever. Before long he was glad to take a humble job in New York. He has been on the **Rural New Yorker** thirty-one years and to-day he knows the farmer's troubles by experience and writes to them in language that they understand with facts on which they can depend as on the eternal verities.

Mr. Collingwood had his failure on a farm as well as in an editorial task. With his wife, he rented a sandy tract in New Jersey. After a few years, they gave it up and moved to town "Book farming." Adversity hardens some and makes them bitter. Not so with him. His theories did not work out; but he only blamed the theories and his own inexperience, and learned to laugh jubilantly at mistakes. So, at fifty-nine, he is a wholesome individual for a child's friend.

It was after the farm failure that the Collingwoods' "family" deluged them. One member was the waif of Mr. Collingwood's book.

"The Elder" brought him unexpectedly one evening. "The Elder" was an aged Methodist minister who was interested in child

welfare work. He, too, had failed, and his misfortunes had stooped his shoulders and given him a disgruntled air of dejection and disappointment. The child was apparently four years old and was an orphanage inmate. Of his antecedents, nobody knew. The little fellow had a malformed limb, which some clumsy surgeon had made worse in an effort to better it. There was also a growth in his throat. With a pitiful limp and an ungainly expression of face, due to difficulty in swallowing, he was anything but an inviting object. "The Elder" had driven with him to a farmer who had asked for an orphan boy. The farmer wanted someone whom he could set to work, evidently in the hope of dispensing with a hired man—a hired man without wages. When the poor little chap appeared in a misfitting institution gown, the farmer exclaimed, "What do I want with that brat?" The youngster was heartbroken, and when he arrived at the Collingwood home tear-streaks left him a doleful, pathetic object. It was Mrs. Collingwood's mother heart that first opened to him, and won him a temporary refuge. Old Shep, one of those wise patriarchs of dogdom, took the little wanderer under his protecting friendly ways. Some days later, the child made his appeal to Mr. Collingwood and insured himself a place as a member of the future Hope Farm household. Mr. Collingwood came home from his city work, tired and none too cheerful. The little fellow stood in the living-room, looking out of the window. Mr. Collingwood patted his head. The youngster placed his hand against Mr. Collingwood's knee and looked up into his face. Then he took hold of the man's coat and pulled him over toward Mrs. Collingwood, who was at work near the kitchen range. Mr. Collingwood followed wonderingly. Reaching the kindly woman, the waif took hold of her apron.

"I want to be your boy," he said.

Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood looked at each other and then at the child. There were tears all around. The matter was settled. How the little fellow's infirmities were cured and he grew up on Hope Farm gave Mr. Collingwood the foundation for his book. It is a revelation in helpfulness and human nature and the Christ spirit at work in a man.

Six more children, distant relatives, came in one cluster through the death of their father. With their own little girl, that made eight, and Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood decided that a house in town was not practicable. Yet they had tried farming, and that spelt disaster.

Mrs. Collingwood went to an auction one day and came back with the decision.

Early in the state's history, a family of New York Hollanders

settled in New Jersey on a tract which began on a stony sid
and fell away into the Hackensack meadows. Anybody who k
northern New Jersey knows meadows as related to the Hacken
neighborhood are not those flowery dells the poets write a
They are low and generally impregnated with salt water
the tides. They grow a crop of coarse grass and weeds tha
of no use; and they breed mosquitoes. Unless drainage ca
provided they are of no practical good for farming. The sid
had yielded stone for three miles of fences, and seemed to
enough more to wall in the State of New Jersey. There w
little house built of stones, crowding out into the road. An orc
of five hundred apple trees had been allowed to run to limbs
dead wood. Five generations of Hollanders made a little
than a living off the property, on the pioneer plan of consu
only what they could not sell and denying themselves anything
cost money. The tract had been cut up with each succe
generation, leaving the old homestead standing on a ninety
parcel, "two fields wide and a mile long," stretching from one
to another. The sixth generation tired of the hardship that
taken two hundred years to accumulate this little inherit
They let the farm go on a mortgage. After Mr. Collingwoo
poured in all his savings, a building and loan association wa
duced to finance the purchase, and the brood was sardined
the tiny farmhouse.

It was after this that the ninth member was added t
juvenile group. He was a little Swedish boy whose mother
seeking work, and he was welcomed to the circle.

"We named the place Hope Farm, because hope was abou
only thing it offered," said Mr. Collingwood. "I think we
influenced by a verse in the Psalms which says: 'There shall
handful of corn upon the top of the mountains: the fruit th
shall shake like Lebanon, and they of the city shall flourish lik
grass of the earth.'

"The mountain was there, or at least a hill; but there
hardly soil enough on the top to plant the handful of corn.
seemed to be hope of the fruit shaking, for the apple trees
covered with blossoms; but our first year's cultivation was n
near the foot of the hill, just above the meadows, where the a
rolled down.

"The five hundred trees covered with pink blossoms se
to promise a harvest. We thought there must be enoug
Baldwin apples to make a comfortable reduction in the mor
But they weren't red Baldwins. Many of the blossoms di
come to anything; the others yielded soft summer apples tha

no shipping value, or hard, gnarly little fruit not fit for cider. A peddler paid us $50 for our entire crop on the trees. That is the way the 'back-to-the-lander' usually finds his early calculations upset."

Mr. Collingwood smiled and looked up at two photographs on the wall. Both were groups, one taken before the older children left the home roof-tree. The other showed the "younger brood," tapering down to a little girl in rompers.

"It was of them that we thought most," he said, "and they've been worth while. There always has been a baby at Hope Farm —somebody's baby—and I hope there always will be."

Mr. Collingwood learned his lesson in the uselessness of **uplifting from the outside,** when he tried to teach Mississippi farmers on a mere college training. After he commenced work with his colony of children at Hope Farm he tried the outside guidance plan with them, and received another bump. The delightful thing about Collingwood's bumps is that he can laugh at them himself, and they always teach him something. This particular knock resounded when he fathered the Hope Farm Garden Association.

The older members of the household had all they could do to get some crops in the ground, and Mr. Collingwood saw advantage in several ways if four of the younger children could handle the house garden. It would serve to keep them busy, make them self-reliant and teach them cooperation, besides supplying vegetables for the table. So he suggested the garden club.

"It went with a hurrah," said Mr. Collingwood, glancing at his photographs again. "It seemed to have one great advantage. Being only four members there were offices for all. One boy was elected president, and another vice-president. My daughter was chosen secretary and another little girl treasurer. Nobody was left out. We thought we had struck the perfect ideal in democracy. The little patch of ground was plowed for the children and we went up the hill to our own work and left them. I don't know what prompted me to turn around half way up; but I did. My ideal was shattered; the club was in a turmoil. The president was pummeling the vice-president. The secretary and treasurer were crying. I ran back for the explanation.

"'Father,' cried the secretary, 'don't the president have to work at all?'

"The president had taken his position literally, and decided that he had nothing to do but preside; the treasurer then announced that she would not have anything to do until there was some money to handle from the sale of vegetables, which were not yet in the ground. The secretary concluded to confine her efforts to writing

down the proceedings in a book. This left the burden of mar
labor on the vice-president, and he promptly resigned his meml
ship. The president was accepting his resignation in his own s
when I interfered.

"I patched up a temporary arrangement. Later, the child
learned to cooperate, but it was through practice and not the
As a matter of fact, gardening is man's work, and it was a mist
to expect entire success from a children's association, no ma
how perfectly I had arranged the organization. The best ho
garden, I believe, is kept by some old grandfather, who has sp
a life at hard work in the fields and retains all his judgment
persistency. But it was good for the children.

"I early faced the problem whether to pay them for th
work. When I was a boy, a child's efforts and earnings, until
was twenty-one, belonged to his parent or guardian. The
working for his father or 'bound out,' might be promised a y
of oxen or a horse and a 'freedom suit' of clothes on attain
manhood. I think it is a partial survival of this old system t
makes boys and girls leave the farm. They drudge from sun
to sun-down and after, and they don't see a dime from one mo
to another. The city lures them with the clink of real coin i
pay envelope at the end of each week. It is some tangible retu
even if they have to pay it all back to a dairy lunch and a ch
boarding-house. It would be better for them and better for
farm, if they would stay at home, but their fathers don't und
stand what the matter is.

"I determined that the children should be paid for every bit
work they did. Perhaps in some cases it would not have worl
well. I paid them more than the same work would have brou
elsewhere, which might make a boy or girl dissatisfied on me
ing the outside labor market; but I think it was as good as a
plan that could have been adopted. It made the children s
dependent, and it taught them business, which an allowance
spending money would not have done. They were encoura
to start bank accounts as soon as possible, and I know that whe
child has hoarded a hundred pennies by pulling rough weeds in
hot sun or blistering his little bare feet in the potato patch, he
not going to let go lightly.

"I made this rule, that payment should be given only on
presentation of a bill and then signing the receipt. Account m
be kept of every parcel of work, whether by the piece or by
hour, and an itemized bill presented every Saturday night. It
an interesting sight to see three youngsters lying on the floor, ea
with a pad of paper, following the movements of a stubby l

pencil with his tongue, after the manner of boys and girls of all ages. The bills I have filed away tell a good deal of history.

"One of the children's tasks in the first year or two was killing hard-shell potato bugs and smashing the eggs which clung to the under side of the leaves. They spent many a back-breaking day bending over the rows of vines and looking for the pests. Later, we conducted the fight with a gasoline spray pump, so there aren't any more bills **'To kiling bugs, $.15 cents.'**

"It was the children who first advertised the Hope Farm products. We made a blackboard, and they set it up in front of the house, and chalked their own inscriptions. They printed 'Hope Farm' in bold letters at the top, with the words 'headquarters for,' and enumerated whatever we had for sale. It was a big event when we sold the first bushel of onions as a result of their bulletin. That was before the days of good roads; at least the road in front of our house was anything but improved; and automobiles did not swarm all over the country as they do to-day. Nevertheless, the children's 'liner column' brought in a good deal of small change during the first season. It is still kept up. They ornament it with pictures of baskets of fruit and bunches of onions and perhaps a chicken. It has become a common thing for wealthy New York and Newark women to drive out in their automobiles and carry home crates of berries and baskets of vegetables, though they wouldn't think of carrying groceries from the stores.

"The boys loaded an open crate of strawberries on an express wagon and hauled it along the road one day. The big red berries attracted a woman who was driving past, and she immediately made a purchase. That was the beginning of a big direct strawberry trade, which grows every year.

"I may as well stop to remark that no matter what happened to our vegetable crops and our chickens and pigs, the children grew every month. They had fresh air and all the bread and milk they could eat, and plenty of exercise, some of it work and most of it play. I'm glad that I used to be a good ball-player. I can get out and play as well as any of them now." Mr. Collingwood's eyes twinkled. The more you talk to this child-lover, the more you understand his success with a family.

He was asked about his children's education.

"I started with the intention of giving every one of the family a college course," he said. "Since then I have changed my mind. It was not the matter of expense. We had determined that they should have every proper advantage that it was possible to get for them. But I do not believe college is requisite to every boy and girl. Sometimes other training is better.

"For instance, one of the older boys went to the Northwest. There, he met some high-class Salvation Army people and became interested in their work. To test him out, I let him work for the organization a year at $1.25 a week. Then I saw he had proved his stuff and sent him to the Army's training school in Chicago. He is now in the work in Illinois, and is successful and happy. The boy did not care to go to college, and I don't believe it would have been best to induce him to go.

"We have labored to train the children to absolute integrity. They are taught that value must always be given for value received, and that service or produce must always be as represented, that one false statement to a customer will undo years of fair treatment. They know that the name of Hope Farm must be kept a synonym for high quality. If we sold a bushel of apples, every apple must be perfect, so that a customer could go down cellar and pick them out in the dark. If we sold eggs, they must be Grade A. The children take as much pride in the trademark as the older members. I rather think it will be the same when they go away from home, if they go.

"One other rule is that commands must be obeyed promptly, and without mumbling or grumbling. That is due to the fact that I married a Chicago school-teacher. Mrs. Collingwood is a splendid disciplinarian. She is also a splendid teacher. She has taught our family, and neighbors have sent their children to her. My daughter is in one of the state normal schools, and another child is in college. When the little folks get old enough, each will have his choice.

"I've left the children's religious training to Mrs. Collingwood, too. All of them have been started as regular attendants at Sunday School, and left to choose for themselves when they reached the age of discretion. I'm glad to say they have chosen wisely. Our pastor always looks for Mother and her little flock at the meeting-house. He appears to think that all is well when they arrive."

Conversation drifted to the farm, and the way its value and productiveness have increased in connection with the crop of children. Mr. Collingwood told how the orchard of five hundred scraggly apple trees has developed into a grove of three thousand which yield many carloads of ruddy fruit annually. It is augmented by a peach orchard from which five hundred baskets of fine fruit were shipped last year, while the strawberries bring a handsome revenue direct from eager city patrons.

"We have had to adapt ourselves to the times," he said. "I was convinced that it was a good apple farm from the way seedlings sprang up along the stone fences. Our soil did not respond

readily to potatoes, and we tried crops that would take less nourishment, such as asparagus, strawberries and peaches, all of which are largely water. They command a ready market, and they don't wear out the little soil which clothes the stones. We have had to use judgment and perseverance with both our human and vegetable crops. It has been worth while."

All the time that Mr. Collingwood can spare from his busy editorial life is spent on the farm with his protégés. Each morning he rises early and walks two miles to Woodcliff station, twenty-three miles from the Hudson tubes. It is a sixty mile round trip each day, more than four of which he travels on foot. Returning at night, he spends the remaining daylight in tasks and then joins a family party around the big fireplace. This fireplace was one of the first aditions to the house. It is built out of the rough stones which were the place's most noticeable asset. Scraggly old apple trees which yielded nothing useful have gone into rousing cheer in that fireplace, and as the gnarled and knotted sticks blazed with alternate lights and shadows, bright eyes have expanded at tales in which Mr. Collingwood is rich. He has told them the story of how poor Mr. Donkey lost his mellow voice, and how old dog Shep's nose became so cold. Old dog Shep, by the way, sleeps under one of his favorite apple-trees. He was an important personage in the early days of Hope Farm, and hands that are older still retain the feel of his shaggy coat. He was the first ally of the hopeless waif, first outside member of the Hope Farm family, and if animal could be, he was guide, philosopher and friend. His stone bears the line, **"A Gentleman in Fur."**

Alternating with the stories come recitals of childhood affairs and of hopes and ambitions. It is Mr. Collingwood's way to listen throughout the narrative and then utter some comment or suggestion which turns the child's mind in a slightly different course without his knowledge.

Nearly all of Saturday Mr. Collingwood spends on his place, and of course Sunday. The elder Collingwoods are still young in spirit.

The old house itself has grown, first by the building of an annex, and then by the addition of another commodious structure, and it now has fifteen cheerful rooms, and is supplied with water from a bountiful spring on a hill. An ivy vine relieves the stone front, and attracts everybody who passes. Some know how much the place means in the lives of a dozen individuals and through them to many others outside, and they look back at it until the road carries them out of sight.

It is a whole library in the reclamation of unpromising mate-

rials. Who would have seen, in one twisted seedling with its worthless apples, growing in a stone fence, the vision of acres of orchards with beautiful, valuable fruit? Who would have realized in the poor little deformed mite from the orphan asylum, the half-dozen bereft tots from a relative's family, and the tiny Swedish boy with an industrious mother, the possibilities of a happy, self-reliant and promising home community whose influences extend to all parts of the country? And who would be able to find in every-day farm life a book like "The Child," and fascinating little sketches of "The Redheads?"

One blue-eyed, baggy-trousered man, able to find smiles in adversity and growth in blunders, has worked out the problem of conservation, both of land and of human beings, and that within sight of the electric lights of New York City. "We didn't have any idea of attracting publicity when we commenced our little experiment," said Mr. Collingwood as he rose to bid his caller good-bye. "We didn't even think of it as an experiment. We loved children and they came to us without seeking. We hated to see land going to waste, and it has repaid us in dollars and cents for our labor. I wish other people might share in our satisfaction."

WHY THE FARMER DOES NOT REAP PROFITS

J. E. KELLY

Mr. Kelly is an official member of a farmer's organization in the West—chairman of the Farmers' Legislative Committee for the Western States and knows whereof he talks. For years, the butcher, the baker and the candlestickmaker have been lecturing the farmer's head off on how to farm. THE FORUM believes that the man who knows most about farming is the farmer, and it purposes to let him state his case and tell us why the farming game does not always pay.

IN the vernacular of the agricultural regions, this has been a late, cold Spring. A trip of two hundred miles through the eastern part of the State of South Dakota, a fine agricultural country, on April 15th, revealed the fact that farmers were just entering the fields for the commencement of the sowing of the crop that shall be gathered during the summer of 1916. Yet everybody appeared to be hopeful, bankers, merchants, lawyers, doctors and farmers, for "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

Close attention is now being paid to the condition of winter wheat as well as the acréage of spring wheat that is to be sowed. Last year's corn crop was practically a failure throughout the agricultural Northwest, north of the southern boundary of Wisconsin. Consequently, a bumper corn crop is needed for the present season, as old-timers say that two failures of the same crop rarely follow in succession.

All of this indicates with unerring accuracy how closely bound up with the success of agriculture is the success of every other business of this country. From and after June 1st, observations become more frequent and apprehension more insistent, lest the efforts of the farmers come to naught through crop failure or partial failure by reason of drouth, hail, hot winds, black rust or chintz bugs. If any of the misfortunes enumerated should befall any considerable agricultural community, the result will be a shrinkage of business transactions; the retail merchant will order less from the wholesale merchant, the wholesale merchant less from the jobber, and the jobber less from the manufacturer, while the manufacturer will consider whether it be necessary to reduce forces or run on half time.

A Power More Destructive Than Drouth, Hail or Flood

Yet there is a power in existence whose evil influences reach every agricultural community in the United States with the certainty that day follows night—a power that spreads its blighting

curse over fields and fireside, that leaves the merchant's bills unpaid and the mortgage unsatisfied, and is rapidly forcing the American farmers into the condition of tenants at will. Such is the influence wielded by the organized, speculative grain-buying interests of this country.

The following tables were prepared from the most reliable market reports, giving the prices of grain in this country and in Liverpool from the opening of the markets last August, 1915, down to April 15th, 1916. These figures show conclusively that the grain interests have the power, through combination, collusion and cunning practices, to make the price to the farmers what they see fit, and that during the first four months after the opening of the markets, during which time the great bulk of the crop, wheat, oats and barley, was marketed, the farmers were given scarcely enough to cover the cost of production, while the grain gamblers revelled in a riot of riches, taking as a clear toll from 41 per cent. to 78 per cent. on oats of the prices the farmers received over all costs of handling.

The Price of Oats from August to December

	Farm price.	Chi. price.	Liv. price.	Hndl. cost.	Speculator's toll.
Aug. 14	30c.	40c.	73c.	16c.	17c.
Sept. 4	25c.	35c.	74c.	16c.	23c.
Oct. 30	26c.	36c.	74c.	17c.	21c.
Nov. 6	25c.	35c.	74c.	18c.	20c.
Nov. 20	25c.	35c.	74c.	25c.	14c.
Dec. 11	30c.	40c.	75c.	27c.	8c.
Dec. 18	31c.	41c.	75c.	28c.	6c.

In finding the farm price, as given in the above table, 10c. was deducted from the Chicago price. Of course, in some instances farmers will get a little more than this, as they happen to live close to the terminals, others more remote will receive less. The figures given will be a fair average.

Wheat Prices and the Portion the Gamblers Took

	Farm price.	Chi. price.	Liv. price.	Hndl. cost.	Speculator's toll.
Aug. 14	91c.	$1.10	$1.72	29c.	33c.
Sept. 10	78c.	93c.	1.63	33c.	37c.
Sept. 30	79c.	94c.	1.63	33c.	36c.
Oct. 30	79c.	98c.	1.64	35c.	31c.
Nov. 27	84c.	$1.03	1.68	35c.	34c.
Dec. 18	97c.	1.16	1.68	51c.	1c.
Jan. 8	$1.03	1.22	1.77	53c.	2c.
Jan. 15	1.06	1.25	1.76	50c.	1c.
Feb. 11	1.09	1.28	1.92	56c.	8c.
Mar. 4	95c.	1.14	1.83	63c.	6c.
Mar. 18	90c.	1.09	1.68	61c.	0
Mar. 25	93c.	1.12	1.65	58c.	0
Apr. 15	$1.00	1.19	1.65	57c.	0

In the compilation of these tables grain of the same kind and grade has been taken in every instance, as given in the Liverpool, Chicago and Duluth quotations.

The table on wheat shows that from August 14th to November 27th, 1915, the speculative interests took from the farmers an average of 34c. per bushel over every known cost of handling, according to prices during the same time prevailing at Liverpool, the world's clearing house for foodstuff.

It will also be observed that by January 8th the toll, on the basis of Liverpool prices, shrunk to 2c. per bushel, and by the middle of March had entirely disappeared, and so continued down to the 15th of April. Thus while the bulk of wheat and oats was being marketed, the speculative interests forced prices down through manipulation so that they realized a profit on oats of 78 per cent. and a profit on wheat of 41 per cent. over all costs of handling, according to Liverpool quotations.

The mouthpieces of the grain speculators tried to justify these wholesale robberies at the time they were being enacted, but **is it not plain that if grain be handled and exported during the months of December, January, February, March and April on a commission of 2c. or 3c. per bushel, or even less at times, that the taking of 34c. per bushel on an average during the months of August, September, October and November, when the rush of grain came to market, was nothing more or less than the artistic accomplishments of a hold-up artist?** In other words, the grain gamblers skinned the farmers during those earlier months by forcing prices down; they later skinned the consuming public by forcing prices up.

Corn Prices From September to March

	Farm price.	Chi. price.	Liv. price.	Hndl. cost.	Speculator's toll.
Sept. 11	60c.	76c.	$1.17	32c.	9c.
Oct. 9	49c.	65c.	1.16	36c.	15c.
Nov. 20	42c.	58c.	1.27	43c.	26c.
Dec. 24	51c.	67c.	1.27	38c.	22c.
Jan. 15	52c.	68c.	1.43	47c.	28c.
Feb. 19	49c.	65c.	1.49	53c.	31c.
Mar. 11	49c.	65c.	1.46	61c.	20c.
Mar. 18	50c.	66c.	1.38	61c.	11c.

Corn does not come to market as early as wheat and oats. Accordingly we see that while the heavy tolls on the latter were during August, September, October and November, the heavy tolls on corn did not comence till November 20th, and from this time down to February 19th, the heavy marketing season for corn, 55 per cent. of the price the farmers received at the local station was taken, over all handling costs, according to Liverpool markets.

Barley cannot be figured with the accuracy of wheat, oats and corn, for the reason that barley is not quoted on foreign markets; but those who have paid any attention to the markets will know that barley fared no better than other crops, and that the loss on barley on account of price manipulation and doctoring of grades was not less than 20c. per bushel, and at times as much as 25c. per bushel.

Total Loss in the Marketing of the Crop of 1915

Estimating that farmers marketed within the time of depressed prices four hundred million bushels of wheat, five hundred million bushels each of corn and oats and 160 million bushels of barley, and deducting from the tolls, as indicated on the tables, 4c. for wheat and corn and 3c. for oats and barley, as legitimate profits, which is more than they ever admit taking, and **the loss to the agricultural interests of the country reaches the enormous sum of three hundred and fifty millions of dollars, through price manipulation** alone, without counting the hundred and one lesser tricks of the trade the grain gamblers use to relieve the farmers of their hard-earned cash.

Is it any wonder that the Armours, the Pattens, the Leiters and their associates are approaching the billionaire mark, while the thinking people of our country are becoming more concerned as year succeeds year because of the rapid increase of tenant farmers?

A Gigantic Power to Combat

Yet, to control this mighty octopus that reaches out in all directions is a herculean undertaking. It controls all trade journals, is able to silence nearly all of the agricultural papers and its influence is ever potent with a majority of the metropolitan press.

From each of the great terminal markets a well-trained army of solicitors circulates through tributary territory disseminating such news as is deemed advantageous to the speculative interests, pleading the cause of their masters to farmers, merchants and local elevator men with fluency, determination and effect. Its far-reaching power determines the policy of great cities, wields a potential influence upon the action of states and reaches even the capitol at Washington.

Farmers should organize to crush this monster combine that preys alike on producer and consumer.

JAPAN AND AMERICA BULWARKS OF PEACE

Dr. Jokichi Takamine

In the July FORUM appeared a very savage attack on Japanese motives and aims as a world power. THE FORUM now presents a strong answer from a representative Japanese—Dr. Takamine, Director of the East and West Press Bureau. Dr. Takamine takes the broad statesmanlike view—let Japan and America stand together as Bulwarks of Peace.

THE task to which THE FORUM invites me, namely formulating a reply to the article in the July number entitled "What is Behind the Japanese Peril?" and signed "Sigmund Henschen" is not at all inviting. In treatment of grave subjects one expects gravity. I do not think you can describe the article in question as grave or advanced, in a manner fitting it for serious reply. It is indeed difficult to characterize, now affecting a tone of raillery and otherwise comporting itself in a manner of presenting instances that may be described as fugitive and erratic. When, for instance, a writer attacking a nationality inserts in a spirit of mockery what he imagines to be the reply to his charges, it leaves one very uncertain as to the character, no less than the decorum of the interlocutor. I would, therefore, respectfully dismiss the writer from my thoughts as something painful to contemplate.

Answer his article in his spirit I certainly shall not. There are matters too solemn for light jesting, and which, above all, should not be discussed in an angry spirit. The article is an offspring of what has long been known as the Hobson propaganda. It consists mainly in the Hobson story of a hurry order to the garrison in the Philippine Islands due to official "nervousness" to concentrate at Corregidor Island in Manila Bay, and a subsequent order to occupy and fortify a mountain across the Bay—all against the possible landing of an invading Japanese army—that never came. "Sigmund Henschen" may intend merely to show how poorly the United States was prepared to resist invasion and how ticklish Japan's relations with the United States were at the time—1913. The explanation already offered in America that the whole thing was simply a "war-game" maneuvre may, however, be the true one. In any case, it naturally is not a matter for a Japanese like myself to discuss at length. An ammunition shortage in an American fort is surely an exclusively American question when perfect peace had long preceded, and, as we know, followed the date mentioned.

To discuss the alleged instances of Japanese with cameras seeking fortress photos and plans would doubtless lead to a cul de sac like the Philadelphia case wherein a Japanese student and an American professor figured, with like allegations first printed in the newspapers and subsequently declared baseless. "Sigmund Henschen" alleges that the United States Intelligence Bureau and locally the Philippine branch of the same indulged in similar curiosity as to Japanese fortresses—notably at Nagasaki. **What, one may ask, does all this amount to?** Only to this: **it is the business of the U. S. Intelligence Department to post itself on all facts of armament and fortification in foreign countries,** and his man with a scar on his forearm, sustained as he scurried away to avoid arrest, was, if he exists at all, simply a very prudent seeker after knowledge which Japan for its own reasons did not wish sewn broadcast. There is no secret about this practice. The zones in which photographs may not be taken of scenery are rigidly marked and widely proclaimed in Japan as they are in Germany, Austria, France and Italy. One must remember that **every national military general staff in the civilized world is engaged in the same hunt for information which** the other powers would keep to themselves. To what length such agents or "spies" would go to gain such information is purely a question of the purse at the command of the chief Intelligence officer and the importance of the military sector in a campaign by land or sea. That "Sigmund Henschen," like Mr. George Bronson Rea, should see "in every bush an officer" is neither here nor there. He sees it in Hawaii with an aviator, in all parts of California, in New York even—along the line of Harlem Valley—and so on. Whether there is any truth or not in his stories —and probably not—they signify nothing as to actual international relations, and may as well be German or Austrian or, for that matter, English or French official activities, as those from far off Japan. Most likely of all, it would be polite to infer, they are aberrations.

It is hard to sit still while the capture of Tsing Tao is described as something Japan declared war on Germany simply to get. Such a statment is so at odds with the event which was spread at length before the world as it occurred. It should be enough to mention it. "Sigmund Henschen's" discussion of what he so ambiguously calls the "triangle quadrilateral" of the Pacific Ocean is in another class. The fact that the Marshall Islands are in Japanese instead of German hands, as well as the writer's essay on the geographical position of Guam, are matters outside of lay discussion. One may remind the public that the seizure was a war measure and that the war is not yet over.

How is one to deal with the statement that there are 250,000

Japanese in Mexico. Where are they? Japan has knowledge of only 2,381 or so, and all in sore strait as to the intentions in their regard of the irresponsible captains of banditti. "Sigmund Henschen," in spite of his erratic method, builds, however, up to one point. **The sum total of his article is that Japan is a formidable first class power by sea and by land and one to be reckoned with.** Let me, then, at my first point of agreement with the writer start with the picture of two great powers, each well-equipped, each solvent and potentially great, on the opposite sides of the Pacific Ocean.

Nothing is to be gained by figuring on what would result from a clash such as writers like "Sigmund Henschen" are apparently aiming to bring about, with its train of suffering, loss and horror. Peoples are not wiped out nowadays in the bloodiest wars. **Permanent conquest of great peoples is impossible. No lodgment that Japan might gain on American soil could be lasting. No invasion of Japan or its possessions could remain undisputed while a handful of its people remained alive.** Let all such propositions be left to the professional soldier as problems in tactics and strategy, or to the machinations of the agents of other governments than those directly involved. I mean specifically in this category the agents of Germany and China. **The German agent obviously seeks to stir up trouble in a troubled world for trouble's sake:** the Chinese agent seeks to detach the friendship of the United States from Japan in the idea that thus the latter power may feel itself less free in dealing with its big Mongol neighbor. Probably with the death of Yuan Shi Kai, the latter will cease to operate in America. The object of each set of agents is a sheer futility, just as the problems of the professional soldier are mere academic mathematical calculations not for a moment to be translated into terms of human flesh and blood.

Let us, on the contrary, **see these two great Powers**—the United States and Japan—**acting on a common understanding, one answering for the American** and **the other for the Asiatic side of the Pacific Ocean.** Each should have the visible strength to be what it stands for. With such an understanding, natural and orderly, commerce would expand and the two peoples radiate a common sympathy that would challenge the respect of the world, assure the peace of the Pacific shores and force the quarrelsome and the greedy to take their quarrels and their greed elsewhere. To do this adequately entails in the present unperfected state of humanity some expenditure, perhaps heavy expenditure, but no greater than the countries named are ready and able to bear. There cannot be, I assume, any safe forecast made now that will

insure a commanding position in the eyes of the nations short of that assumption of the burden of preparedness. A great war of unexampled bloodiness and financial outpouring will presently—in a day or a year or a short span of years—come to an end. Exhaustion on both sides of the conflict may be so pronounced as to preclude either side mapping out America or Japan, China or India for the next turn of the engines of war. On the other hand, tremendous forces have before now collapsed under the pressure of still greater forces applied in an ascending scale, and the victor has felt that the world was at his feet for a football. That is the moment when two great Powers like the United States and Japan, unexhausted by war, and replenished and reinforced in addition by the profits of neutrality, could without a word of threat or a particle of menace say to such a victor with the blood-lust in his eyes: "Thou shalt not."

We have seen that treaties bind some and do not bind others. Live, common interest and like ideals bind more securely.

Take the case of China! Japan has a great advantage of nearness in competing for the Chinese trade in such commodities as she can produce of standard quality and relative cheapness. Inasmuch as she could not even if she would supply that entire trade, it will not require much renunciation on her part to stand by her agreements as to the "open door." She will besides have a need for large imports herself, which the other countries may supply or withhold. In fine, the "open door" is the "open sesame" for her own material progress. Respect for the territorial integrity of China will, outside her own inner convictions, be the price she must pay for the amicable regard of every first class Power that turns a manufacturing machine. I am putting these things on the naked ground, shorn of sentiment, of ideality. And, believe me, Japan is not wanting in either.

Much, indeed, do the irritants like "Sigmund Henschen" smack their lips over the prospect of Japan blowing up the Panama Canal: they fairly revel in the idea. Give us, then a union of interests with the United States which shall make the Panama Canal as important to Japan as the railroad from Tokio to Yokohama! Neither is there any doubt that under such affirmative conditions the questions of racial mutual respect, the matter of labor immigration, the protection of trade-marks and other minor questions should better reach abiding settlement in a wholly friendly two-sided endeavor to solve them amicably as they may arise. At present, these delicate matters are loosely discussed by irresponsibles on both sides of the Pacific to no good end.

It is not at all probable that the present virtual absence of

American mercantile shipping from the waters of the Pacific will last. I can have nothing to say regarding the causes of that shortage. It is the affair of America, and has naturally been of advantage to the shipping interests of Japan; but it has been a detriment to commerce on the Pacific Ocean. Freights have been offered in volume that could not be handled expeditiously, and it is well known that such delay invariably acts farther back on the domestic manufacturer or producer in preventing the offering of goods to be transported. Thus Japan on the whole has been probably a loser, as the United States undoubtedly has been. Now, under conditions of full and active friendliness, if the United States chose to continue its present attitude to its own shipping, why could not American capital invest in shipping built and operated under the flag of Japan, taking advantage of the cheaper Japanese labor for construction and operation?

If, too, American manufacturers possessed indubitable advantages in any particular line, the Japanese user of the object or the commodity could participate in the profits of the American manufacturer.

A score of mutually agreeable possibilities could develop from the practical union of two such Powers, but to the world at large it would be a bulwark and guarantee of peace over half the globe. This hope and this ideal stand for progress. We may well let the dancing-jacks of the yellow-press and the foreign agents in Japan and America ululate, if their crying out results in a firm understanding between the two Powers, both faithful and both full armed to stand off aggressors.

It pleases the sophists and casuists and frank enemies of Japan to bring forward anything that may be twisted into a menace to this class or that, but they leave entirely out of sight the mighty forces of commerce which make absolutely for peace and mutual national advancement. Have they the smallest conception of the ties of trade that bind the two nations? Who is Japan's biggest customer? The United States. The detailed figures for 1915 are not at hand, but on account of the large export trade in war munitions, foodstuffs and textile supplies to the allied nations, notably Russia, there is much departure from the normal of import and export totals in Japan as in the United States where a similar dislocation of percentage occurs. Remember that a yen is half a dollar; and then realize that in 1914 the United States, including Hawaii, took yen 3,877,000 in Japanese rice out of a total of yen 4,974,000 exported; in tea the United States took yen 11,705,000 out of a total of yen 12,709,000; in raw silk the United States took yen 134,799,000 out of a total of yen 161,797,000; in tablecloths the

United States took yen 1,224,000 out of a total of yen 1,647,000; in hats and caps the United States took yen 3,089,000 out of yen 4,238,000; in pottery the United States took yen 3,141,000 out of a total of yen 5,913,000; in fancy mattings the United States took yen 1,863,000 out of a total of yen 2,813,000; in toys the United States took yen 1,034,000 out of a total of yen 2,591,000. And in all other items solid percentages with amounts growing from year to year. It has already been computed that **of Japan's total exports for 1915,** amounting to $304,000,000, **29 per cent. went to the United States,** 20 per cent. to China; 11 per cent. to Asiatic Russia; 10 per cent. to Great Britain, and 6 per cent. each to France and British India. The remainder went chiefly to Asia and Australia. **The United States supplied 20 per cent. of Japan's** $266,000,000 worth of **imports.** Japan's leading import article is cotton, of which the United States last year supplied about $28,000,000 worth. India was first, with about $70,000,000 worth.

Dry as these figures are and out of place as they may seem, the lowest one of them, I humbly hold, is to be preferred to the biggest of the "Sigmund Henschen" type of "roorback" as ridiculous ante-election stories are called. **Every pound of tea, every pound of raw silk is a soldier of peace and goodwill. Let us rely broadly on these actual things of amity and honest trading to offset the mean suggestions and corrupting implications of those who would get into opposing camps two great nations charged with the guardianship of the peace of half the world.**

THE JAPANESE "BUGABOO."

"Royce Rounsevelle."

The yellow newspapers and professional war agitators have already plunged us in war with Japan. "Hoards" of Asiatics are pictured overflowing our Pacific seaboard, with our defenses shattered, our cities laid in ruins, our mint at San Francisco looted, our fair California laid waste, Panama Canal blown up, Magdalena Bay occupied, Honolulu and the Philippines in the hands of the barbarians—imagination knows no bounds. Is such a peril threatened? Do the Japanese sing: "God strafe the United States"? Mr. "Rounsevelle," formerly a United States Consular representative, presents a somewhat different view from the yellows of militant pen and portentous voice.

I BELIEVE some good people some years ago attempted to promulgate a universal language. It was called Volpük. Unfortunately it never became popular. If it had, I believe that there would be no Japanese peril. The greatest peril that can come to two individuals is lack of a common understanding. A common understanding takes its fountain head in a common tongue. Common sense is the natural sequence of common understanding. The quizzical stranger on our shores, who is alien in race and tongue, is quickly interpreted as a suspicious character or spy. I believe human nature and human emotions are much the same the world over, but in the absence of a common language, human nature is invariably misunderstood. I believe that the Japanese mind is sadly interpreted by the English-speaking people of the United States. The oriental, as I have found him, differs little in his character and mental qualities from the average human being on a similar plane of life in any other nation. He is primarily domestic, loves his home and children, has pride in his person, is loyal to his flag, and worships his God. He is governed and animated by the same aspirations as the citizen of any country—except perhaps he is a little more intelligent and much more philosophical. This applies alike to the "coolie," as we have classed the more elemental grades of orientals, and to the upper classes. In Japan and in China, the "coolie" of yesterday may be the prime minister of tomorrow. Li Hung Chang was a "coolie"; so was Marquis Ito; though, in fact, neither was regarded as a "coolie" in his own country.

The "coolies," or "farm hands," who have come from Japan to the United States, are, of course, of the masses. They are recruited, as from Europe, from the farms and from the by-ways of the cities, and they are laborers, not "scum." The scum of Japan, or China, seldom rises from the sloth of its own environment. The

Japanese are a remarkably active and industrious people, due to their form of liberal government, their love of home and family, and their close competition for a livelihood. The upper classes, who are recruited largely from the masses, as in America, are the peers in intelligence of any races on the earth, though of recent development and achievement. They do not want war with the United States, any more than we want war with them. In their adoption of foreign methods of government, they have taken on certain usages and tricks of modern military nations. They borrowed "civilization" from us, civil government from England, government ownership from France, and militarism from Germany. Their pupils were sent out to every military and naval school of the world, and brought home all the good and bad points of the systems they sought to apply to their rapidly expanding and changing régime, necessary to meet the opening trade and diplomacy of the world.

Thus, we find Japanese "spies" gathering data about our land; Japanese merchants putting into practice sharp Yankee practices of trade; Japanese statesmen growing rich through government franchises; Japanese farmers seeking land and public school privileges; Japanese marine men building disappearing batteries, developing high explosives, constructing great dreadnaughts. They are not doing these things for aught but the same reason that we are: for development and defense.

Japan saw England, Germany and Russia gobbling up China. She regards herself as the Great Britain of the East; and her overflowing population and extending manufacturing interests demand that she strengthen herself against trade annihilation. Japan has no ambitions across the Pacific. "We must spread out," said Japan's greatest statesman to me. "We are a manufacturing nation. Only half our land is possible for cultivation. China and Korea are our natural and sure market. We understand their wants. We know how to manufacture to please them. We are of the same race and the same language."

Said the late Admiral Coughlan—"We shall probably never fight the Japanese." Said the late Admiral Bob Evans, "Talk of war (with Japan) is a myth." Conditions have not changed; neither has geography. The Japanese are an intelligent people. The Japanese government desires legitimate and natural expansion in Asia. They are entitled to it, if they can secure it honorably, as we secured our territory from France, Spain and Mexico—just as Japan secured her predominance in Korea and Manchuria. Virile, intelligent nations expand in natural evolution; but growing pains should not be mistaken for explosive militant emotions.

Japanese statesmen—and Japan is ruled by men of the people—big, self-made men who seldom make mistakes—know that war with the United States is a myth. They know that aside from the two or three sections in the Philippines and Honolulu, the territory of the United States is invulnerable to a military attack. They know that to hold those territories against us, even could Great Britain's assent be secured, would be folly. **They know that the cost of a war with the United States could not be financed. They know that a divided navy would eventually mean defeat. They know that they could not land enough men on our shores, even if any, to hold the point of landing.** It took a month to land 25,000 men on Chinese shores in 1901, and every available ship was put into transport service for men, equipment, munitions, and commissary—and the shores of the United States are thirty days away, while the shores of China are less than three days. Coal was plentiful and near-by, and the Chinese were without a navy.*

But aside from the folly of a Trans-Pacific invasion, the Japanese are not seeking war with us or any nation—hardly even China. **In the case of China, they know that diplomacy will accomplish more than war.** Diplomacy, the Japanese understand, because they are a highly intelligent people. No native race in the world's history has ever emerged from seclusion and lifted itself into a world power in industry, science, and culture, as has Japan almost wholly without civil strife or, with two exceptions, international warfare.

There is scattered a lot of buncomb in this country in the catch phrase of "the Japanese peril," largely stimulated because of a local question in California—a local labor and social question. California has developed its agriculture and industries by cheap oriental labor but denies to orientals the rights of other immigrants, perhaps with some reason, for the Japanese farmers and farm hands produce something like 90% of the crops of the state. But the situation is not more a cause of war than the outbreak of a Mafia is a cause of war with Italy, or the explosion of a few over-zealous German-Americans is a cause of war with Germany, or the hold-up of American mails and American shipping in European ports is a cause of war with England. These are questions for diplomacy to settle and courts to adjudicate.

"I am tired, tired of protesting that there is no situation—no cause, no reason for war or unfriendliness," said a great Japanese statesman recently. "It is preposterous to attempt to kindle a 'situation' out of manufactured opinion. **There is no shadow, no lurking skeleton, no lurking ghost.**" I talked with a recent Japanese Ambassador at Washington. When I mentioned the thread-

* The writer of this article was present at the landing.

worn topic of "the Japanese peril," he fairly jumped from his chair. "Jingoism, political buncomb, rank folishness! **There is no issue. There can be no issue! Our governments are agreed on all policies that concern the East. We are overwhelmed with war debts! We want peace and the development of our commerce in China,** just as you do and just as has been guaranteed under the open door policy."

Says another eminent Japanese: "Our people are seeking to expand by the same enterprising trade methods that are characteristic of the Americans. **We want all the trade in China we can get and on equal terms with you.** Our bankers and merchants are speaking English; we are learning the language of your merchants and traders in the east. We shall get along and understand each other better and better."

When our troops landed in the Philippines, we were glad to let in the Chinese coolies by the thousands to do the work. The natives wouldn't work for us. They wouldn't do much work for anybody, not even themselves. If it hadn't been for the shiploads of coolies that were sent over from Hong Kong and Amoy, industry would have been paralyzed and the army without a commissary train from its base to its fighting lines. **There may come a time, after the European war, when these United States will welcome Japanese and even Chinese labor. The flow of immigration from Europe has stopped. It is doubtful if Europe will permit it to recur again, even if the European peasant should seek to come to this country.** Who will do the day labor in this country? Who will build, construct, dig and serve—not the day laborer and servant of yesterday? He is either promoted to the skilled labor class, or has gone home to fight and perhaps lies dead on some European battlefield. Who then will answer the call, so universal in the land, for labor? This is a big question and one that may let down the bars, as they were let down in Manila in 1899 and 1900. In Mexico the oriental is settling and rearing families, intermarrying and becoming a citizen. Perhaps the day will come when the Yellow Peril will have turned into the Yellow Solution.

It is a question for statesmanship and sensible economic legislation, not war. It is a question for educators and social scientists. We have from time to time fought and restricted immigration. We have studied its racial aspects and have contemplated its potentialities in the light of a melting-pot; but in this 1916 we have been confronted with the "peril" of its racial affiliations. We have found ourselves, just what we are, a little Europe grown big, after all. That is, a conglomerate citizenry in which the blood of Europe responds to a motherland and a fatherland. We have passed the crisis and find that the American citizen is no less so because his

grandmother or grandfather spoke a different language and served a different flag. May the principle not expand still farther and encompass, as did Europe in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the blood of the Orient? These are questions that have to do with the Japanese "peril," the economic and social phase of it.

I have lived in the Orient, in India, China, the Philippines and Japan. I have seen the Englishman, the German, the Frenchman, the Austrian, the Belgian, the Russian, in the office, in the warehouse, in the marts of trade and in the club, hotel and halls of government, at peace and comity with each other. I have heard them speaking each other's language and have seen them united in business and in agreement on phases of civil and religious rights. I have seen together in great cities conglomerate races working together without strife and with understanding to mutual profit and betterment. I see no peril in such a mixture of the races, given the common denominator of a common desire to attain legitimate aspirations.

In this country I see professional agitators, propagandists and adventurers, war fantatics and lobbyists for carpet bagging franchise seeking promoters, raising a cry of suspicion against the Japanese. I see "interests" in the far away Philippines building ghosts and casting shadows of Nippon's aggressions across peaceful landscapes. But **I do not see war in the heart of Japan, that debt-burdened, peaceful, efficient nation—the Yankees of the East.** Japanese statesmen; the men who guide that almost-republic, are the A.M's, Ph.D's and LL.D's of Oxford, Bohn, Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Leland Stanford and Princeton. They are not the fire-eating masques of grotesque cartoonists of old Nippon. They are studied in the arts of peace and culture, as are our own statesmen—not spiritless or without the "Bushido" spirit—they can fight and fight to the sacrifice of all on the altar of their country, but **they are as free from the spirit of hate toward the United States as are the simple peasants who till the rice paddies and water the lillies in their gardens.** The Pacific Coast needs a strong army of American soldiers; needs a powerful fleet of battleships and auxiliaries; needs the same consideration from Congress as does the Atlantic. Preparedness against the passions of men swayed beyond the control of diplomacy, is the only peril that demands vigorous attention whether against Japan, or any other nation whose peoples and affairs extend to American soil.

ALCOHOL AND CRIME

ROBERT BLACKWOOD

One of the most extraordinary phases of the continual dispute between prohibitionists and anti-prohibitionists is the shift from emotional arguments to fact arguments. The Forum presents one side of this dispute in this issue, and will present the answering facts in a future number.

THAT the use of alcoholic beverages is the chief cause of crime is an assertion constantly made by the advocates of prohibitory laws. The percentage of crimes alleged to be due to this cause is variously stated as from seventy to ninety per cent., but all prohibitionists agree that liquor-drinking is the principal source of crime. So persistent have been their statements to this effect that their iteration and reiteration have created a widespread and deep-rooted belief in their truth. The general public, seeing these assertions made without contradiction, has accepted them as a matter of course, so that the average citizen, if asked whether he thought that drink is largely responsible for our criminals, would unhesitatingly answer in the affirmative. If pressed for the basis for his opinion, the usual answer would be: "Why, everybody knows that the use of liquor is the cause of crime."

The origin for this popular belief concerning the relation of drinking to crime is to be found in the natural desire of the criminal to avoid responsibility for his wrongful acts. The man of weak will or crooked tendencies, who violates the laws that society has made for its protection, hopes to create sympathy by saying, "I was not to blame; drink weakened my will and led me to commit this crime." When it was found that credulous juries and judges were inclined to look upon a criminal's drinking habits as a reason for leniency, the plea became highly popular, so that in course of time it became the customary thing for a prisoner to say: "I was drunk," or "drink made me a criminal." Al Jennings, the Oklahoma train robber, relates in his autobiography that his fellow prisoners always told the warden or visitors that liquor was the cause of their going wrong, but that in private conversation with him they would admit that this was only a "gag" to enlist sympathy, and help to get them out of jail sooner.

Confusing Cause With Coincident

A second reason why the use of liquor is popularly associated with crime is the indisputable fact that many men who commit crimes drink liquors. The simple statement of fact that eighty

per cent. of all the adult males use some kind of alcoholic beve ages, shows that according to the law of averages a large percenta of criminals must be drinkers. But there is absolutely nothing establish a connection between their drinking habits and th criminal traits. The mere fact that a criminal drinks, does n prove that drinking made him a criminal. The notion that it do arises from the careles habit of thinking that because a certain fa is coexistent with a certain condition, the fact is the cause of t condition. The same loose reasoning applied to other facts yiel some startling conclusions. For instance—the most of crimina are white—therefore a white skin causes crime. Absurd, of cours and yet if the mere fact that criminals drink is to be deemed pro that drinking made them criminals, by a parity of reasoning, th pigmentation is equally responsible for the criminal tendencies white men.

The report of the New York State Commission of Prisons f the year 1914 (Page 557), shows that of the total number of pe sons admitted to the various prisons during that year, 99 per cen had received religious instruction in their youth. What would thought of an unbeliever in religion who should claim that religio training is the cause of crime? Yet there are the facts. Ninet nine per cent. of New York State's criminals received religio instruction. According to prohibition logic this instruction ma them criminals.

To take another illustration: the same report shows that all admissions to prisons in New York State in the year 1914 mo than ninety per cent. could read and write. Will anyone prete that the capacity to read and write made them criminals? To ev suggest such an explanation makes it ridiculous. Yet it is exact on a par with the prohibitionist claim that because some crimina drink, liquor makes criminals.

Why Are Not All Drinkers Criminals?

Convincing proof that liquor-drinking does not cause crime found in the statistics relating to the number of persons who drin and the number of criminals. As stated above, at least eighty p cent. of the adult male population of New York State uses liquo There are nearly 3,000,000 adults in that state, of whom 2,400,0 drink. The report of the State Commission of Prisons (Page 55 for 1914, gives the number of males sentenced to imprisonme after convicition during that year as 19,293, or less than ON per cent. Two million four hundred thousand men drink. Of thes less than one per cent. commit crimes. If liquor makes crimina of the one per cent., why does it not have the same effect on th

ninety-nine per cent? Or to put it another way: if the use of liquor causes one per cent. of the drinkers to become criminals, does it keep the ninety-nine per cent. virtuous? How can drink be held to be the cause of crime, if it affects less than one per cent. of the men who use it?

Weak Wills and Strong Drink.

The prohibitionist reply to the figures above quoted is that liquor only makes criminals of people with weak wills, and that this is the reason why such a small percentage of the liquor users are criminals. If this is true, does it not show that it is the lack of moral character, or of self-control, that leads both to excessive drinking, and to crime? That ninety-nine per cent. of liquor drinkers are not criminals proves that it is the weak will of the one per cent. that is responsible for their criminal acts. If drinking liquor was of itself the cause of crime, all drinkers should be criminals. When the prohibitionists say that liquor-drinking makes criminals only of the weak-willed, they admit that it is weakness of will that is the source of crime.

Even though it could be clearly shown that liquor-drinking is a factor in lessening self-control, this would not explain why a few people are injuriously affected, while ninety-nine per cent. are not. It is a fair conclusion that if only one per cent. of liquor users are criminals, the origin of their criminal tendencies must be either some inherited physical or mental weakness, or the result of wrong training, or unfavorable environment.

The Problem of Crime.

Through all the ages the question as to why men commit crimes has been studied and discussed, without reaching any positive conclusion. The theological explanation was that crime is the work of the devil; that man, originally virtuous, was tempted and fell; and that sin and crime are the result of the fall of Adam. Without entering into the realm of theology, it is sufficient to point out that this explanation fails to show why, if in Adam all men sinned, all men are not criminals. It is true that all men are sinners, in that they do not always live up to the moral law, but the fact that the great majority of mankind do not commit crimes, proves that natural depravity is not the cause of crime.

In recent years, the consensus of opinion among criminologists is that the chief causes of crime are: defective mentality, inherited weakness of will; malnutrition (insufficient or improper feeding in childhood); lack of proper moral training in youth; unwise selection by parents of unsuitable trades or vocations; and very largely,

to poverty. To what extent these various causes influence char acter, particularly in the formative period, is difficult to determine but it is the opinion of many students of the problem that pov erty, and the evils arising out of it, such as over-work, too long hours, child labor, crowded tenements and other unsanitary hous ing conditions, are largely responsible.

In the poem "The Northern Farmer," Tennyson says:

"Tisnt them as has money as
Breaks into houses and steals,
Tisnt them as has coats to their backs
And takes their regular meals."

This homely philosophy is another way of stating the conclu sion of Solomon: "The destruction of the poor is their poverty. The fact that the great majority of all the criminals come fron the poorer classes, and in most cases from the very poor, indicate that this cause is the chief factor in creating criminals.

Serious Crimes Have no Relation to Use of Alcohol.

The claim that liquor drinking is the cause of seventy or ninet per cent. of crime is clearly disproved by a brief examination o the more serious offenses against the laws. There are no complet statistics on this subject for the whole country, but those of Ne York State, with 10,000,000 population, may be regarded as fairl representative. The report of the State Commissioner of Prison for 1914, Pages 494-496, gives the following record of admission to all the state prisons for that year:

Total number of prisoners admitted, 3,368.
Males, 3,327; females, 41.

Convicted of	abandonment	24
" "	abduction	32
" "	arson	47
" "	bigamy	25
" "	burglary (various degrees)	780
" "	carrying concealed and dangerous weapons	127
" "	extortion	23
" "	forgery	106
" "	grand larceny (various degrees)	658
" "	receiving stolen property	100
" "	robbery (various degrees)	318

These offenses constitute nearly seventy per cent. of the tot number. It will not be seriously pretended that any considerab proportion of them are due to the use of liquor or committed whi under the influence of liquor. Men do not engage in burglary whi drunk. It is impossible to conceive of men planning to comm forgery or grand larceny while intoxicated. Drink has no relatio to the carrying of concealed weapons, nor is it responsible for r ceivers of stolen property. If robbers get drunk before starting o in search of a victim the fact is unknown to the police. Pic

pockets do not work under the inspiration of liquor. It is highly doubtful that men are guilty of bigamy because of Dutch courage given by drink. So that of this large percentage of all serious crimes punished with state prison sentences, there is nothing to show that drink was in any way their cause, but on the contrary, the nature of the offenses show that it had no connection with them.

Another important fact bearing on this question is found in the report of the Secretary of State for New York on "Statistics of Crime" for 1914, which gives detailed records of 9,088 convictions for criminal offenses in that year. Of this number the records show that 8,351 convicts were of temperate habits; 707 intemperate, and 30 "unknown." The percentage of intemperate was only 7.77; instead of the alleged 70-90 per cent.

Prohibition Does Not Diminish Crime.

As a remedy for the crimes alleged to be due to the use of liquor, the prohibitionists advocate the enactment of laws forbidding the sale, or manufacture for sale, of all kinds of alcoholic beverages. "Pass prohibitory laws," they say, "and crime, wickedness and evil will be greatly diminished, if not altogether abolished." In support of this claim, they give what purport to be statistics showing that prohibition has decreased crime in the states that have tried it.

Unfortunately for the prohibitionists, the reports from the various states—wet and dry—do not support their claims. Thus the United States Census Bureau reports that Maine, which has had prohibition for sixty years, has an average of 98.3 sentenced prisoners per 100,000 population. Wisconsin, a wet state, has only 71.8. Kansas, prohibition for forty years, has 91.1 prisoners per 100,000. Nebraska, a neighboring wet state, with almost the same soil, climate, and character of population, has only 55.1. North Dakota, dry for twenty-five years, has 63.6 prisoners per 100,000. The sister state of South Dakota, wet, has only 47.8. Georgia, prohibition for eight years, has 191.4 prisoners per 100,000. New York State, said to be the wettest in the Union, has only 137.3. These figures show conclusively that prohibition does not diminish crime, and discredit the assertions to the contrary by the prohibition propaganda.

A comparison of the rates of crime in various wet and dry states at different periods, shows that in some states crime has materially increased under prohibition. The following figures are taken from the latest U. S. Census reports:

	Per 100,000 population.
Sentenced prisoners in Maine in 1904	70.0
" " " Maine in 1910	98.3
" " " Georgia in 1904	91.5
" " " Georgia in 1910	191.4
" " " N. Dakota in 1904	54.6
" " " N. Dakota in 1910	63.6

The number of prisoners increased in Maine 40 per cent.; in Georgia more than 100 per cent.; in North Dakota nearly 20 per cent. If prohibition decreases crime, why was there an increase of crime in these prohibition states?

During the same period 1904-1910, there was a material decrease in crime in various license states. The census reports show:

	Per 100,000 population.
Sentenced prisoners in California in 1904	210
" " " California in 1910	174.8
" " " S. Dakota in 1904	57.9
" " " S. Dakota in 1910	47.8
" " " New Jersey in 1904	131.9
" " " New Jersey in 1910	117.7

The number of prisoners in California decreased almost 18 per cent.; in South Dakota 17 per cent.; and in New Jersey 12 per cent.

No sensible person claims that liquor-drinking diminished crime in these wet states, yet it would be just as reasonable as the assertion that prohibition decreases crime in the dry states. Two facts are clearly established by these statistics: that the use of liquor is not a material factor in the causation of crime, and that prohibition would not in any degree lessen the number of criminal acts.

HERBERT SPENCER'S "THE DUTY OF THE STATE"

With Comments by the Hon. William Howard Taft

At the suggestion of Mr. Truxton Beale, The Forum has been reprinting a series of Herbert Spencer's essays dealing with the question of excessive governmental activity. It was Mr. Beale's theory that these essays, written more than a generation ago, possessed a quality and power of social vision that makes them of exceptional interest in the United States to-day, especially in that many of the complexities of social and industrial evolution which Spencer foresaw have come to pass and are problems we are to-day trying hopefully to solve. Mr. Beale presented his idea to a number of eminent Americans and re-awakened interest in these essays, with the result that some of the greatest leaders of thought in this country agreed to contribute comments, in the light of our present-day problems, on the Spencer essays. The series was inaugurated with Mr. Beale's article on "The State v. The Man in America," and since then The Forum has published seven of Spencer's essays with introductions by Elihu Root, Henry Cabot Lodge, Nicholas Murray Butler, David Jayne Hill, Judge Elbert H. Gary, and others.—EDITOR.

MR. SPENCER, in discussing "The Duty of the State" and "The Limit of State Duty," considers a number of questions which are as alive to-day as they ever were. In the first place, Mr. Spencer arraigns the administration of justice, which he says is so framed as to operate with dispatch and severity on those who commit certain kinds of wrongs that we call crimes and misdemeanors. But he points out that there are many other wrongs committed by one man upon another, of a civil character, the remedy for which can only be secured by the one wronged after the expenditure of so much money as to render the cost prohibitory to the poor. When Mr. Spencer wrote this in 1849, twelve years after the accession of Queen Victoria, the administration of justice in England was a disgrace to its civilization, and the criticisms that Mr. Spencer made were much more deserved then than they now would be. If one would wish to see the advance which has been made in the administration of justice in England, he should read the description of the reforms effected in that country between the accession of Queen Victoria and her Jubilee year in 1887. Great progress has been made in the certainty of punishment for crime and also in the expedition, directness and simplicity of the remedy for civil wrongs. There is still a serious defect in the cost of litigation weighing heavily on the poor litigant and putting a remedy for a wrong beyond his reach. We are behind England in the certainty of our punishment of crime and also in the expedition with which cases are disposed of. I think justice is not too expensive with us, and yet there is much room for improvement in

this regard. I don't know any field in which taxes may be so well expended and with such complete propriety as in relieving litigants from the burden of the cost of litigation. Our ideal is equality before the law. The necessary inequalities in means of carrying on litigation prevent men from being equal before the law. **It is in my judgment the function of the State to make the conduct of litigation as cheap as possible for the poor litigants, by providing that the public shall assume substantially all the court costs in the case.** It is said that this will encourage litigation and that the policy of the law should be to discourage it. I full agree with Mr. Spencer that this is a fundamental error. It may be that there would be more litigation than there now is if it was cheaper to carry it on, and it may be that the machinery of the law would at times be used for unjust purposes; but on the whole, I think the good effected would be very much greater. Litigation must necessarily cost something in time, in effort, in nervous strain, and in the payment of witness fees, all of which would work a substantial restraint upon unnecessary litigation. Indeed, I would not object to public prosecutors of civil wrong, if they were given power to winnow out the unfounded causes or the unjust defense submitted to them. The various legal aid societies that have been organized have done great work in facilitating conciliations and compromises. The amount of injustice done in this matter is not measured by the amount that ought to have been recovered and was not, or by the amount which was recovered and ought not to have been recovered. It is measured by the ratio between the wrong done, measured in money to the means of the person suffering it. This, Mr. Spencer points out with accuracy and force.

Another subject which Mr. Spencer discusses in one of these chapters is the necessity for the use of force by Government in compelling men to do their duty and in resisting their unjust aggression. He admits that in a perfect State, where all men know and do their duty, the use of force would be immoral whether by the State or by any citizen; but he says that while the use of force is an evil, yet in the condition of human nature as it is, the anarchy that would follow its absence would be a more serious evil in the wrongs that would be done to many people, and therefore we must choose the lesser of the two evils. In the same way, he points out the necessity for the use of force by one nation in resisting the unjust aggression of another. **He says war is wrong and immoral, but war is to be preferred to the awful result of non-resistance when nations are as they are, and when their actions are affected by the same human defects as those of the men who compose them.** His argument against pacificism is quite as complete as any supporter

of preparedness in the present day would wish, and he reaches his conclusion after the fullest admission of the arguments against the use of force.

In the chapter on "The Limits of State Duty," Mr. Spencer takes up and presses with strong argument the **laissez faire** doctrine of government, in which he limits the duty of the State to protection and opposes affirmative action to improve social conditions. The world seems largely to have abandoned this extreme **laissez faire** doctrine. The modern tendency has been in a marked degree toward what has been called "paternalism." Our experiments in that direction have vindicated many of the arguments of Mr. Spencer against the enlargement of the state duty into minute social regulations and into a field of affirmative state action. He refers to history to show that all of this has been attempted in the past; that statutes have been enacted to regulate in the minutest way in France and England the methods of manufacture, and the methods of carrying on business. He says that in France this was carried to such an extent that it is no wonder now that the state has become everything and the individual nothing. **He says that the use of taxes to do that which the people by private enterprise will normally do produces waste,** produces atrophy of those tendencies on the part of individuals to do **this work, and so destroys independence of action and individual enterprise.** While we may not go with Mr. Spencer to the extreme which he takes in criticising even a system of public education, there is in what he says a vast amount of truth, which the rapidly increasing expenses of our government—national, state and municipal—are likely to bring home to us in the near future. He urges what so many of our legislators are blind to, that the machinery of government must be adapted to the capacity of those who are to constitute the government and to be governed. Laws which are adapted to an ideal people, moved only by the highest moral considerations and governed by every proper self-restraint are ill adapted to people as we know them. The laws thus put upon the statute book promptly become dead letters and are demoralizing in their effect upon all law and its enforcement. The theory that by the initiative, the referendum and the recall, and by the general primary, we could put in the hands of all the people complete governmental power which would be exercised solely in the interest of the people and with intelligence and foresight, led to the adoption of this change in the machinery of representative government. It was hoped that in this way the evils of corruption which had manifested itself in legislatures, councils and in party conventions, would be entirely eliminated because the people would be acting for themselves and

could be counted on to be honest with themselves, to know what their own interests required and thus to follow their own interests in their actions. The failure in these experiments has not impressed itself as fully upon all the people as it is likely to do in the future, but most men who have given any attention to the operation of these new nostrums and panaceas, have found that they are not as well adapted to bringing about good government as the old representative system. These nostrums have failed both through the fact that much of what is attempted is expert work, to be done by expert agents of the people, and representatives rather than by the people themselves, and because people cannot be counted on to do their electoral duty under such a system, when for its proper working they must be far more diligent, attentive and scrutinizing than they have either time or inclination to be. Mr. Spencer points out with convincing force, the fact that a government cannot be made better by machinery if the material of which the machinery is made is not adapted to the proposed working of it. A conscientious reading of these two chapters would put a lot of good sense and practical ideas in the minds of our legislators—a knowledge which if properly improved and digested would certainly help the State.

THE EYES OF DAWN

WITTER BYNNER

I LOVED you, loved you, with your unseen eyes
Sweet to my lips in nearnesses of night,
Sweet to my fingers that were trembling light
Upon your face to prove my true surmise
Of eyes that opened, witnessing with mine. . . .
There had not been a sign nor ray of sight
But only love to prompt my guess aright. . . .
Then dawn revealed you slowly line by line.

At first I held away your dreaming face
From my face. Till the dark-blue light was keen,
Still, still I held it—though my passion beat
For it. And then all heaven on the place
Came down, and nothing ever to be seen
Again can hide your eyes, so wild, so sweet!

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

WORLD STRUGGLE FOR SHIPPING SUPREMACY

GEO. WEISS

Mr. Weiss is a member of the staff of the "Journal of Commerce," and as such has had peculiar facilities for keeping in touch with commercial developments of New York. Mr. Weiss will be a monthly contributor to THE FORUM.

WHILE the nations of Europe are engaged in a titanic struggle, fifteen of the leading nations of the world including those now plunged in war are battling for the supremacy of the seas. All are cognizant of the fact that the road to future prosperity lies on the seven seas. Each is striving to accomplish more than the others. Hundreds of steamers are being built in every country possessing building facilities. Countries not having ship-yards are now creating them. It no longer is considered necessary to have raw materials. These can be bought elsewhere. Steamers can be built on any stream capable of floating a keel, and judging from the overwhelming expansion of ship construction there will be vessels building in practically every civilized country of the world having access to the open seas. It is a case of the lion and the mouse. While England, the lion, is tethered down by war, the other countries of the world, literally the mice, are industriously performing the tasks that England formerly did for the universe. All are planning to wrest from England her commercial power on the ocean. Will they succeed?

There is no need to cry wake up, America. The business world is fully awake as to the possibilities in the shipping situation. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been invested in shipping, direct and indirect, since the beginning of the war. Whether the economists of a certain type will still insist that as a self-contained nation we do not need a mercantile marine, it is apparent that the country is now bound to have one of immense proportions. To believe that we will snatch England's laurels on the seas at this early date would give a false impression. Some facts that illuminate the path of progress towards an American merchant marine are here given. Since the beginning of the war, **thirty-seven new American steam-**

ship lines have been formed, each running from two to ten steamers a month. Every one of these lines, while in the first instance war-trade upstarts, has now been put on a permanent basis and will remain in trade after the war. On January 1, 1916, there were over 350 more vessels flying the Stars and Stripes than on August 4, 1914. These vessels have increased the tonnage of the American merchant marine by more than 1,500,000 tons. We have displaced Germany as having the second largest merchant marine. When the boats now building in American yards are completed we will have attained an increase of fully 1,750,000 tons in our merchant marine. We are making progress at an extremely rapid rate. Our Consuls abroad no longer report the absence of the American flag in foreign ports. The entire shipping situation has undergone a startling metamorphosis.

The big banking interests of the country are irrevocably committed to the development of American shipping. W. R. Grace & Company are now a fullfledged American concern. Their steamers fly the American flag. They have bought the Pacific Mail. The Grace facilities form the nucleus for the mergers that the National City Bank interests plan through the American International Corporation. The ship mergers accomplished by Morse in his palmier days will be insignificant compared to those now under way. The American International Corporation has cast envious glances at the International Mercantile with its bumper treasury despite bankruptcy. The United Fruit Company with its extensive ramifications in Central America and the West Indies, the New York & Porto Rico Line, the coastwise lines—have all come in for their share of investigation towards the accomplishment of one huge shipping merger that will be able to fight with the monster that Europe is creating. Then, Gaston Williams & Wigmore, now greatly enlarged in scope, have wonderful plans for a world wide shipping service. The Guaranty Trust Company is behind Gaston Williams & Wigmore. They are now operating steamers to a number of ports in Europe.

Our American shipping lines are no longer content to operate in trades where restrictions give them an advantage. Luckenbach abandoned the Panama Canal when that waterway was closed by slides and is now sending boats to China, Japan, Australia and South America in open competition with the British lines. The Garland Steamship Company, an offshoot of the British-American Tobacco Company, is running to United Kingdom ports and also to China. Gaston Williams & Wigmore have the Globe Line running to Bordeaux, Archangel and Lisbon and ready to go anywhere freight is offered. The American Hawaiian Line find

great satisfaction in chartering out the larger part of its fleet, receiving as high as $135,000 a month for some of its boats. These boats did not cost more than $500,000 to build; so they are earning their cost inside of a half year. Go on the floor of the Maritime Exchange of the Port of New York between noon and two o'clock; and you will find about three hundred shipping men doing an active business! The Superintendent of the Exchange will tell you that never before has the exchange had so many members. At Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Norfolk, San Francisco, Seattle and other ports the same condition obtains. Along both seaboards shipping is the brightest spot in the commercial sphere.

Talk with editors whose entire lives have been devoted to shipping news finds them radiant with the prospects for the firm establishment of an American mercantile marine. One daily paper is now securing more shipping advertising than ever before in its 90 years of existence. A new shipping monthly started a year ago has gone up from thirty to seventy pages, being carried along by the boom. Officials at the Custom House were forced to ask Washington for over one hundred additional clerks to handle the increased business. A walk down Broadway below Wall Street any night after ten o'clock will show nearly all the shipping offices with light burning brightly and clerks trying to make order out of the chaos. Along the docks in Manhattan, Brooklyn and Staten Island, the loading and unloading of steamers never ceases. Day and night work is going on. Men are not available in sufficient numbers, although the large dock companies have from 500 to 1,800 extra men on their rosters. Tug-boat men in New York have never enjoyed such prosperity. Steam lighters have been bought from as far south as Florida in an effort to cope with the avalanche of freight in New York harbor. The railroads have been congested for over a year, declaring embargoes on and off.

Shipping lines were sorely perplexed to find men to handle the increased business. In some of the offices of the large lines, mere boys are delegated with the power of booking freight orders. Demand for experienced clerks has been tremendous and any shipping clerk who has been unable to better himself lacks initiative. At the beginning of the war one clerk I have in mind held a $25 a week job. Now he is secretary of a $5,000,000 shipping corporation. A Norwegian came over here a year ago and took a $12 a week compatriot out of a shipping office and made him a partner. To-day that clerk has an income of $75,000 a year.

Can We Build as Cheap as England?

There are many pessimists who declare that our boom in ship-

building is being overdone and that the reaction will carry down many of the new enterprises. From a close study of the shipping situation, I feel that our expansion has been natural. There has been a general absence of wildcatting in shipbuilding and shipping lines. One or two efforts to sell stock failed of success because the public knows that capital need not be solicited for good shipping enterprises. When Europe annexed our laurels as shipbuilders, we were busy building railroads. Now that our interior development has reached completion, we are ready to return to shipbuilding; and we are returning at the most opportune time. American shipbuilders will be able to hold their own against the competition of England. They will be able to do so without difficulty. Schwab, Farrell, Gary and other important steel interests, who know shipbuilding from the keel up to the cross-trees, say so. The heads of such yards as the Newport News Shipbuilding Company, the Cramps, the New York Shipbuilding Corporation, the newly formed Sun Shipbuilding Corporation are so confident of their ability not only to hold their own but forge to the head that they have invested upwards of $100,000,000 in new facilities since the beginning of the war. Our shipyards to-day are largely self-contained. Where the steel mills do not own the yard outright as in the case of Schwab and the Fore River, Sparrows Point and Union Iron Works, the shipbuilders have some close relation with the steel mills. Schwab has the iron ore, the blast furnaces the rolling mills and the ship-yards. Could anything be more self-contained? Take the Sun Shipbuilding Corporation which is building a plant at Chester, Pa., capable of constructing six 600-foot steamers at the same time. The organizers of the company bought the plant of Robert Wetherrill & Co. to manufacture the engines. They took over the Seaboard Steel Casting Company to make the castings, and being near the largest plate mills in the world they can get its steel plates without trouble.

The American steel mills are preparing to supply the shipbuilders with all the steel they need. The mills rolling steel plates are now building enlargements that will double their capacity, so that shipbuilders need not suffer from the lack of steel. When these enlargements are completed, the mills will be the largest in the world, rolling plates over 300 inches in width. The enormous plants of Worth Bros. Company at Coatesville, the Lukens Iron & Steel Company near Philadelphia, the Carnegie Steel Company and the other large rollers of plates—are being expanded solely to meet the increased demand from shipbuilders. Certainly, the steel mills would not risk the investment of over $50,000,000 if they were not sure that a new and large demand had been developed.

Steamers that are now being built in this country cost $135 a ton for 10,000 ton boats, and $150 a ton for 5,000 ton boats. These prices compare with a normal of about $40 a ton before the war. This added cost must be earned by the shipping companies before rates return to normal. Opinion is general that peace is not far off. But the shipping lines are so sanguine that high rates will continue for two or three years after peace is declared that they have no hesitation in ordering ships at the present high prices. Before freight rates return to normal, these ships will have earned their cost. The British shipbuilders are beseeching the Norwegians and others who are placing orders in this country to wait until the war is over and they will build vessels cheaply for them, but the Scandinavians have an eye to current profits.

Meddling by Our Government.

Why the Wilson Administration persists in ramming down the throats of the people its pet theory of a government owned merchant marine when American shipping men have almost universally declared that the proposed legislation would prove destructive is beyond the ken of reason. The first ship bill drafted in the early days of war died in Congress; but hopes are now held by the administration that a bill of this nature can be passed. The bill provides for a board to be known as the United States shipping board, which will be allowed $50,000,000 to buy steamers for government lines. Now $50,000,000 would not buy more than forty steamers of about 10,000 tons each. A concern having only forty steamers could not run more than four lines. It would be a competitor; but would its competition be vital?

Under a cloak of being a body to seek the upbuilding of an American merchant marine, the board's main duty would create government owned ship lines. The bill attempts to furnish a panacea before making a diagnosis of the cancer that prevents the growth of our merchant marine. We are now in the midst of a tremendous revival of American shipbuilding. On April 1, there were 360 vessels building in American yards of 1,067,856 tons. Our shipbuilding capacity is now taxed to the limit. The yards are filled with business up to the end of 1917. Where can this Government board build vessels if it had the $50,000,000 to spend? It cannot buy them from other countries; as Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Norway, Sweden, Brazil, Chile, Greece and other maritime nations prohibit the transfer of any tonnage now flying their flags. It cannot build them in American yards unless it will take delivery two to three years hence. They cannot be built in Navy Yards, as the yards are full, and if the plan

to resurrect old naval establishments were followed out, whe
will the steel be obtained? The steel mills are demanding $80
ton for steel plates for delivery this year, and $70 a ton for deliver
in the first half of next year. Can the government board afford
pay such prices for steel, go through the red tape of naval shi
building and then have vessels that it can operate profitable a
in competition with private lines?

Instead of giving some encouragement to private shipbuildin
the pressing of the Government ship bill constitutes a wilful a
unfair use of governmental powers against individual enterpris
Governmental cooperation is needed. McAdoo may have been
genius in building the Hudson Tubes and financing the Wilso
campaign; but when he goes into shipping he is going into dee
water, far too deep for him.

Despite England's rules and regulations, foreigners are buyi
English vessels. All they need do is organize an English compa
and appoint an English subject as manager controlling sever
shares. Even then England could control the vessels because th
are British owned. But there are no men so tricky and adroit
the shipping men, and to them no regulations are insurmountabl
The foreigners owning a British vessel instruct the manager
charter the steamer out to them at a low rate and for sever
years. The English government gets its war tax out of the lo
charter rate, while the foreigners operate the vessels at high rat
Whenever the British Government ascertains such cases,
promptly requisitions the steamers at its own rates; but I kno
of hundreds of cases where the deception has not been uncovered.

While the neutral ship owners are earning two dollars to eve
one dollar earned by the British, it must also be remembered th
the English are now earning three dollars for every one doll
earned by them before the war. Clarifying this statement, it a
pears that the earnings of neutral ship owners have increased s
hundred per cent., while the England ship owner enjoys a thr
hundred per cent. gain. **Fairplay** of London, the well known shi
ping journal, takes the earnings of twenty-three representative En
lish cargo boat companies for last year and analyses them.
ascertains that the profit in 1915 amounted to £3,392,779, as again
£818,825 in 1914. These companies gave an average dividend
21.55 per cent. and a total bonus of £799,404 in 1915, while in 19
the average dividend was 10.41 per cent., with a bonus of £346,37
This wonderful accomplishment has been made after £2,034,4
had been written off for depreciation, although in 1914 these co
panies allowed only £355,571 for depreciation. Take the case
larger representative English ship companies. The Cunard earn

£261,000 more in 1915 than in 1914, the White Star profits increased from £795,955 to £1,803,817, Houlder Bros. & Co. from £45,766 to £224,545, British & Argentine Steam Navigation Co. a gain of £40,104. According to the **London Statist,** the British shipping companies increased their earnings 575 per cent. in 1915 over 1913 after making allowance for the 50 per cent. tax on excess profits. Reports of the English shipping companies now being made for 1915 operations show increases in profits ranging from 25 to 150 per cent., and in some cases the increases run as high as 400 per cent. Thus we find shipping companies doubling their dividends and giving immense sums to their stockholders in the form of bonuses, which often run as high as 100 per cent. England's shortcoming is that this money cannot be reinvested in shipping. England's ship-yards cannot take orders for new tonnage.

England Not Benefiting From High Rates.

English ship owners are grimly seeing the Scandinavians, the Greeks, the Spanish and the American ship owners securing the cream, while only a small portion of the skimmed milk remains for them. England is paying the freight. English ship owners cannot partake of the high prevailing rates for freight movements. In the first place, 57 per cent. of her merchant marine is under government requisition, while the remaining 43 per cent. can only move in trades permitted by government license and carry freight at government rates. Lord Curzon, chairman of the Control Committee, recently told Lord Beresford in the House of Lords that of the 20,000,000 tons of steamers flying the English flag, 9,000,000 tons are employed in naval and military operations, 2,900,000 tons have been turned over to France, Italy and Russia as England's contribution to fighting strength, while the remaining 9,000,000 tons are left to the ship owners but must be operated so that England's civilian population must not starve. The English ship owners are being milked. They are kicking hard but of no avail. With their profits limited by government regulation of rates they must also turn over 50 per cent. of their excess earnings to the government as a war tax. Thus they are earning less that the neutrals. England supreme on the seas is the smallest participant in the wealth that the war has created.

As to neutral earnings, the English are observing the financial accounts with envious eyes. Sir Archibald Williamson, M.P., a shipping authority, recently declared that by the end of the present year the ship owners of Holland, Norway, Denmark and Sweden will have acumulated no less than $400,000,000 in excess of their normal profits since the beginning of the war. And all this money

is going right back into ships. "More ships" is the cry of every maritime nation.

Sir Owen Phillips, Chairman of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, one of the five largest lines in England, declared: "It is recognized on all hands that the position in regard to our depleted mercantile tonnage calls for urgent remedy. The lack of ships to carry our commerce has bred a scarcity of supplies in this country (England) with an inevitable advance in prices. The remedy for this condition of things is ships, and more and more ships. Every encouragement should be given to capital to acquire foreign tonnage wherever possible, to add to the British registry." But England can scarce retain the ships that it now has much less buy vessels from foreigners. England is being steadily drained of its existing tonnage. Lloyds in its report for 1915 states that 232,949 tons of shipping were sold to foreigners. The Swedes, the Dutch, the Norwegians and the Danes are always buying English vessels. The Greeks and the Japs likewise. Glance over the English shipping papers! See the numerous sales! English ship owners feel that it is better to take a large profit in a lump by selling than continue to operate vessels subject to the red tape of war officials. The English government prohibits foreigners to own British vessels, and it also prohibits the transfer of British vessels to other registries. However, there is a loophole. A loophole so big and wide that one of the largest British ship companies, the International Mercantile Marine Company, is owned in this country.

Little Shipbuilding in England.

Ship yards in the United States, in Japan, Norway, Sweden, Holland, and even in sleepy Spain and warring Italy are rushed with business, but the ship yards of England are not turning out any merchant vessels. All English ship yards are "controlled" establishments. That is, they are subject to the orders of the Ministry of Munitions. Lloyd George wants definite results towards the increase of fighting strength. He does not feel that merchant vessels can help towards this end. But the ship yards can and must do naval work and it is on such work that they are now solely employed. Both natural and unnatural conditions hamper the English ship yards. Hundreds of vessels that were started before Lloyd George forbade their completion are now in shipbuilders' basins with English ship owners beseeching the government to permit the ship yards to finish them. In the quarter ended March 31, 1915, there were 424 vessels having a tonnage of 1,423,435 tons building in English ship yards. Not one of these vessels had been ordered after July of 1915; which indicates the tie-up of

ship construction in the Kingdom. Last March, the English Government gave permission to certain ship yards to complete work on 500,000 tons, so that some more vessels can be added to the depleted merchant fleets.

Even if the English ship yards were in a position to go ahead and build merchant steamers to their full capacity, they could not do so. In the first place, the steel mills are controlled establishments and every ton of steel that they can produce is going into munitions. And even if steel were available, the work could not progress. Ships are not only hulls. They must have engines and other equipment. The hard steels needed for engines are needed much more urgently for guns. Then again the Germans ruined the English shipbuilders in the guise of supplying them with forgings cheaply before the war. The Germans manufactured about 80 per cent. of the shafting and forgings used by English shipbuilders, and the English plants turned to other lines of endeavor, leaving this field to the Germans. The English can make forgings; but the huge hydraulic presses are not obtainable over night and the plants capable of making them are controlled establishments; for hydraulic presses are needed for cannon and not ship shafts.

Ships are being built not only for current needs but for use after the war as well. They will be urgently needed after the war, and the stolid British shipping men know this. With their own yards barred to them, they are placing orders in this country, in Japan and even in China. The Canadian Pacific Railway has ordered three 10,000 tons steamers to be built at Hong Kong. Two big vessels are building at Newport News for a Glasgow ship concern. The Japs are rushed with work. Holland is building vessels with German materials. The Spaniards have turned their naval establishments into merchant ship yards, while now in Canada both in the maritime provinces and out in British Columbia, shipbuilding has received an impetus of no small proportions. The Japs are building steamers for the British and no doubt will build them well. They will not be original in design, for the Japs are frank and faithful imitators. Their naval architects have been sitting at the feet of the British and German teachers in Japan and have acquired the lore of shipbuilding. They have worked in the yards on the Clyde, Tyne, and also in Germany and no doubt know as much about shipbuilding as did their tutors.

English ship yards are taking orders for the construction of vessels, work on which is to begin as soon as possible after the termination of the war. Contracts have been placed recently by British shipping houses that call for delivery in 1919. Many

the English shipping houses have found it difficult to place such orders. In the first place, the shipbuilders do not know what the cost of building will be. The ship buyers wants a set price, the shipbuilder a "time and line" contract, providing a percentage over the cost. Out of the various conditions developed by the war the fact that is revealed most brilliantly to those who have the interests of an American merchant marine at heart is that the English will not be able to build vessels cheaper than we can. For instance, one larger English shipping house placed an order with a Clyde yard for a duplicate of a steamer built for them in 1908. The new steamer will cost £97,250, as against £53,000 for the older vessel. The engines which cost £19,000 in 1908 will now cost £34,000, while the hull which cost £34,500 will now cost £63,000. This boat is to be delivered in 1919 and can be built in this country for delivery early in 1918 for $450,000, as against a cost of $486,250 in England for 1919 delivery. English shipping authorities are aware of this condition. One of the leading writers in England recently declared, "If they (the American shipbuilders) are supported by their government and if the ship owners receive similar support, British shipbuilders will require all their ability and all their resources, if they are to hold their own in the competition that is coming."

The English ship owner whose boats are in the service of the Government will experience many trying days before his vessels are again in suitable condition for commercial purposes. Repairs have been neglected by the military and naval officials who are operating the steamers; and when the boats are returned to the owners there will be a rush for repairs that will clog up the shipyards of England. There has also been a complete dislocation of the apportionment of steamers over the seven seas. Boats of certain types that should be operating to the Orient are down in South America and vice versa. Discussing the post war situation with the head of one of the important lines recently, I ascertained that the English shipping associations are in accord that high ocean freights will prevail for at least three years after the termination of hostilities. The process of readjustment will be slow. England alone will experience a serious shortage of labor after the war that will hamper the reconstruction of its merchant marine. With the English ship yards full with orders for new boats, repair work will suffer; as the former is better paid.

Efforts to arrange for the coming struggle are now observable everywhere. At the recent conference in Paris, where representatives of all the Allies met to discuss economic conditions, the subject of action against the neutrals of the world as well as against

Germany, was discussed; it being conceded that the future commercial war will have the powerful neutrals as active combatants.

English Lines Preparing for the Struggle.

English shipping companies do not propose to stand by and see the loss of their business. Just now we are in the midst of reports of gigantic combinations of English shipping companies. The Cunard Line is planning a world service after the war. It has bought the Commonwealth & Dominion Line, it controls the Anchor Line and the Anchor-Brockelbank Line running to India. In conjunction with the Ellerman Lines, it recently purchased the seven steamers of the Watson Steamship Company, thus revealing a stronger bond of unity between the Cunard and Ellerman lines than was generally suspected. It took over the fleet of the Canadian Northern Railway, and now the most monumental amalgamation in shipping is being discussed—namely, the merging of the Cunard and Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. English shipping interests in these combinations concede that amalgamations are particularly desirable to offset the increased strength of the neutral shipping concerns. Underlying these English ship mergers appears the hand of the British Government. The Cunard Line has always had close relations with the British Government, and the deduction therefore is not far fetched. The British Board of Trade through Mr. Runciman has given close attention to the shipping problem after the war. English trade lies on the seas. It must be protected by an English merchant marine. The Board of Trade is working towards effecting one huge operating agreement that will assure harmony among the British lines so that British trade can benefit to the greatest extent possible.

The Germans Are Awake

Whatever the outcome of the war, Germany's great shipping industry will be prepared for the resumption of the campaign for commercial expansion. The sudden halt called on August 4, 1914, has not harmed the plans of the German ship lines. Although up to the present time the Allies have captured or sunk 614 vessels of 1,508,733 tons flying the German flag, or almost 33 1-3 per cent. of the German merchant marine, the German ship owners are ready. They have made considerable progress towards replacing the boats that have been lost. German shipyards are busy, and the Germans have ordered boats in Holland, Sweden, and even in this country; although it is not generally known that American yards are turning out vessels that will be ultimately operated under the German flag.

Over 1,500 German vessels are tied up in neutral ports of the world. With characteristic German thoroughness, they are ready to take to the high seas. They are in the prime of condition. Their engines are tip top, their bottoms are not foul. In sum, from the standpoint of condition, they are much better than 90 per cent. of the boats now on the high seas. This factor alone will render them vital competitors. The German Government has already set its plans for the reintroduction of its mercantile marine on the high seas. A bond of unity among all the German lines is being arranged. There will be no inter-competition but competition only with other nations.

German shipyards are very secretive about the work they are doing. On May 19 the German steamer Cap Pollina, of 21,500 tons, was launched "somewhere in Germany." She has accommodations for 2,000 passengers. Her construction in war times is quite an accomplishment. The German ship yards are building over 150 steamers. The Bremen Vulcan Shipbuilding & Engineering Company of Vegesack reported that on December 31 last the value of merchant ships building in its yards was 14,760,000 marks as against 7,430,000 marks the year previous. The directors reported that they had sufficient work in hand to provide full operations for several years ahead. The German shipyard of J. C. Tecklenborg & Co., of Bremerhaven, reported gross earnings of 2,470,000 marks in 1915 as against 1,860,000 marks in 1914, the increase being accomplished in a full year of war. The German shipyards are extending their facilities to cope with the increased demand for tonnage. A new shipyard is to be built at Lubeck, the Henry Koch Company, of 15,000 tons steamers, the old shipyard having limited them to 8,000-ton boats. The English have been astounded by the amount of steel the Germans have been supplying to the Dutch shipyards. They cannot conceive of German steel mills being able to roll plates when steel is needed for munitions. An English friend of mine recently declared, "We may take over the German mercantile fleet when the time comes—in lieu of indemnity—and other countries may do as have Italy and Portugal, but we have to reckon with the recuperative power of Germany, and if we cannot best German shipbuilding fair and square on prices and costs, the less we say about our supremacy the better. For there is to be no sentiment in the war after the war."

Japan a Strong Factor

The Japanese government in its astute foreign trade propaganda is not allowing the opportunity in shipping to slip away. In the fiscal year ended March 31, 1916, the Imperial Japanese Gov-

ernment granted shipbuilding subsidies amounting to 1,000,000 yen ($797,600), this being apportioned to fifteen ships of 68,104 tons. Thus, while the Japanese lines must pay much more for their boats because of the fact that steel must be bought here and not in Germany or England, the subsidy helps to offset the increased cost. The Nippon Yusen Kaisha and the Osaka Shosen Kaisha have not allowed grass to grow under their feet now that the Pacific Mail has withdrawn from the Pacific trade. The Toyo Kisen Kaisha bought the steamers Siberia and Korea from the International Mercantile Marine Company a short time ago, and they are building four fine steamers in Japan. W. R. Grace & Co., who control the Pacific Mail now, plan to go back on the Pacific this summer, but they will find the Japs ready for them. With cheap labor in shipbuilding, large Government grants for construction and operation as against American high labor and high operating costs, the fight is bound to be one-sided.

Since the beginning of the year, the Japs have increased their shipbuilding facilities from eighteen to thirty-seven yards and 40,000 shipbuilding mechanics are employed in these yards. The Osaka Iron Works, the Mitsubishi yards, the Kawasaki yards, the Watsuo Iron Works, the Uraga Dock Yards, the Harima Dockyards and other important concerns have enough orders to keep them busy up to 1919. Skilled Japanese laborers get 70 to 75 yen a day (about 34 to 37 cents a day) while in this country riveters get from $5 to $6 a day. This matter of labor cost alone is sufficient to put American boats out of the running.

I have before me a statement prepared by the director of the Shipping Affairs Bureau of the Ministry of Communications, in which it is asserted that Japan has 272 tramp steamers of over 1,000 tons each, the actual tonnage being 715,012 tons. The Toyo Kisen Kaisha thought it good business to pay $2,000,000 each for the Siberia and Korea, although the International Mercantile Marine only paid $1,000,000 each for them when it purchased the Pacific Mail fleet.